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## HAROLD, THE BOY-EARL:

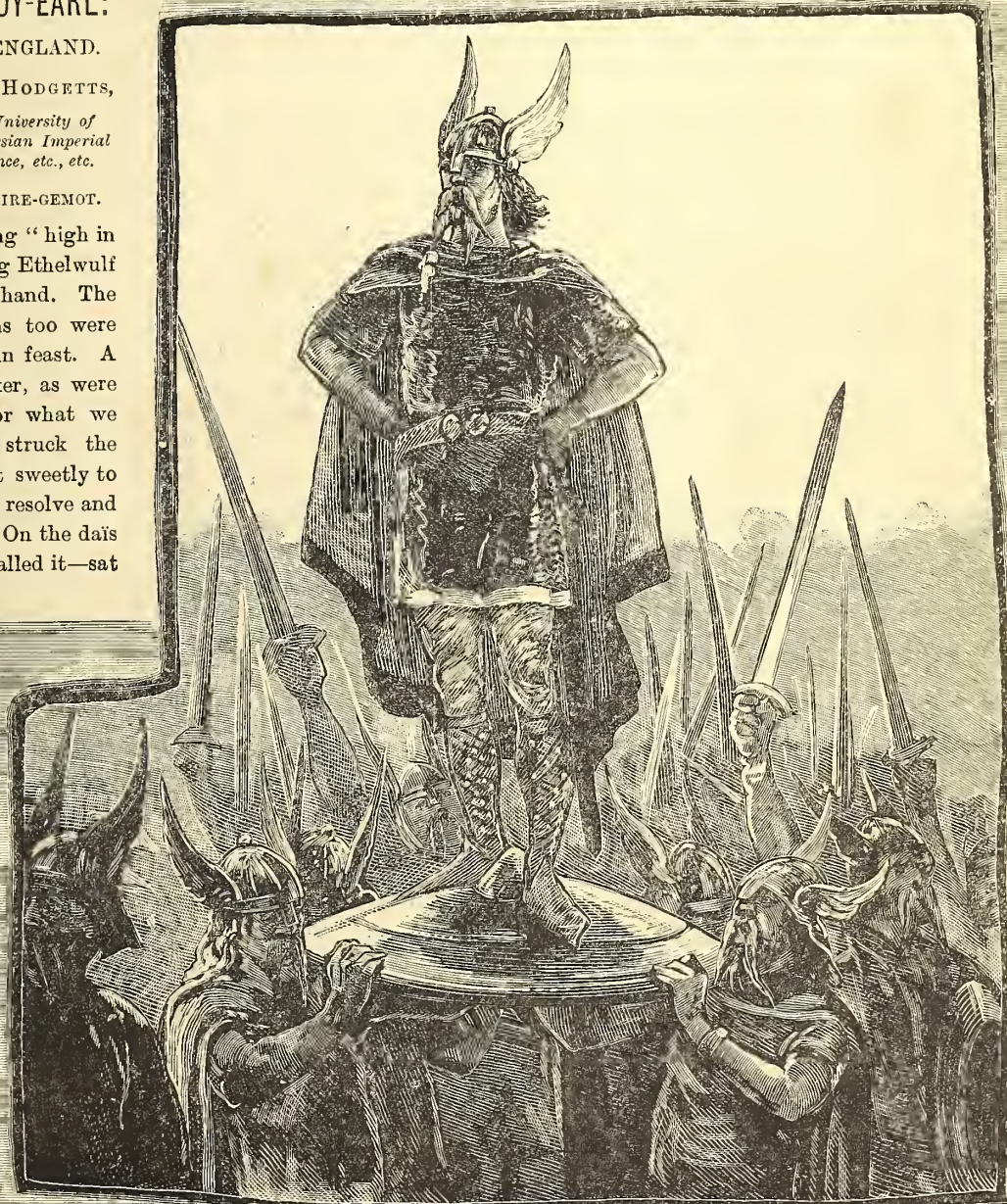
A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

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CHAPTER XIV.—THE SHIRE-GEMOT.

EARL ROLF was sitting "high in hall;" the Æthling Ethelwulf sat there at his right hand. The Hlæfdige and maidens too were there. It was a solemn feast. A scald—or scōp or maker, as were the English names for what we now call minstrels—struck the chords, and sang most sweetly to the notes a tale of high resolve and of our fathers' daring. On the dais—or high bank, as we called it—sat



"They carried him triumphantly in sight of all the throng."



the earl, his wife and Hilda, the Æthling, and a herald from the king, come to proclaim a meeting of the great lords of Wessex. But there was too much sadness for mirth within that chamber. The earl and lady mourned the loss of their son Harold. Among the thanes in hall were those whose boys were missing. A cloud hung over all, and the scōp's song unheeded rang to the soot-spread roof. The horns passed round in silence, and gloom hung over all, when from the western door a soldier entered, breathless, and, rushing through the chamber, stood opposite the high bank, mute as a wooden post. He would not break that silence—for the scōp's lay was hushed—until the lord or lady should give him leave to speak.

Then Blue-tooth to the Æthling with courteous gesture said, "My lord and elder Æthling, wilt thou permit this soldier to tell us what good tidings he brings to us in hall?"

"Earl," said the Æthling, "I much wish to know all that concerns thy land. A triple bulwark has the crown in thy strong arm, thy wisdom, and thy love, therefore thy weal is ours, thy sorrows ours too. Let, then, the champion speak; I long to hear his tale."

Without more notice from the prince or earl the soldier thus began: "Dread lords and masters, mighty Ethelwulf, and thou too, noble earl, I bring you joyful news. We men have taken in the last night's watch two youths escaped from Britain with news of young Earl Harold. We gave them all attention; have brought them to the homestead. They now are here. I and my fellows crave they may have a hearing before the noble princes assembled in the hall."

Great was the excitement caused by the soldier's words, but awe of grim Earl Blue-tooth, dread of the royal Æthling, and discipline combined to hush the whole assembly. The grim earl himself was deeply moved, but he gave not a token of feeling more than usual. "Good my lord," he said to Ethelwulf beside him, "is it your pleasure that we see these men?"

"By all means let them enter," said the prince, graciously. "Their story may be of great importance in dealing with the Witan that we are called to join."

With that the soldier left the hall, but soon returned with Owen and the rough robber churl, who spoke "our native English because he was a Norseman or a Dane."

"And who are ye, my masters?" said the earl.

"I am a British prince, Owen ap Gwynn by name, imprisoned by Llewellyn in the same tower with Harold because the false usurper feared I might claim his throne, that rightfully Penruddock claims through a long descent, and he is now thy prisoner. Llewellyn wears the crown, and would get rid of me as kinsman to Penruddock. He took thy boy in hopes that, hearing of the outrage, thou wouldst have slain thy prisoners, the king and Princess Gwennyth. Chance put it in my way to aid thy son's escape. By some mistake, however, we lost our way in finding an outlet from the prison, and so were all retaken. I was condemned to die, but through a friend of Gwennyth's contrived escape from prison, and Harold also fled, this time by his own daring. We met at Hylln Dhu's, known by the name ap Fergus, who gave us food and shelter and aided us to flee. But, as ill-luck would have it, one of the bands of robbers infesting wretched Britain laid us

again in bonds. Harold now lies in this rude rebel's hold awaiting thy decree. The captain of the band demands a thousand ounces before he sets us free."

"Is my son well?" exclaimed the anxious mother, who all this time was hanging on the Briton's words with fear of some more dreadful tidings.

"Lady, they all are well, Harold and Beorn and Keulf, Hugo, and all the rest; but they had fared right badly without good Hylln's aid. My lords, if it be true, as stated by our people, that our good prince King Morwen, styled among us Penruddock, is prisoner to your might, I, with the earl's permission, would be right glad to see him. He and the Princess Gwennyth both know me, Owen Gwynn."

Here there was a pause all round the presence-chamber. No champion spoke. The maidens who by ancient custom filled up the horns with mead forgot their occupation, and listened all to Owen. There seemed a strange strong feeling in Owen Gwynn's disfavour. The Æthling frowned, uncertain whether the tale were true. Earl Rolf looked black as thunder; he liked not Owen's tones. At length he told a servant to hasten to Penruddock and beg in courteous manner his presence at their feast, and, if he would permit it, he should be glad if Gwennyth might be allowed to come. Tidings had come from Britain which they might understand, but which to him were riddles.

The messenger withdrew, but in short space returned with the old British stranger with whom our tale began, and by his side there followed his granddaughter, not captives, but clad in robes of honour, and treated both as guests. And when young Owen saw Morwen, called Penruddock, sit at the upper board with Rolf and Ethelwulf, he bent in low obeisance, and said these words in British: "Best of our kings, thy humble kinsman Owen begs thee confirm my tale that I am known to thee." Then rapidly he told in British all that he had said before the earl and Æthling. Then Gwennyth, at command of her good lord and kinsman, translated to the earl what he desired to say—that he knew Owen was most true so far, and they were of kin, though very wide removed. But he had heard no good of Owen Gwynn; he was a thriftless, useless, idle boy. Still, this tale might be true, and Gwennyth said, for her own part, she thought so; there was a fervour now in Owen's speech that was not there before. Perhaps his hardships and the words and acts of Harold had done their best to change him.

A smile passed over grim Earl Blue-tooth's face. The gentle praise of Harold by one thus held in bondage, the sweet and noble bearing of this true Christian maiden, quite won that stern man's soul.

"Thou art as good a maiden," he said, much moved, to Gwennyth, "as any in the land. And if it please King Kenwalch to join to mine his forces as my high lord and master, we soon would have thee righted—these and thy noble kinsman. As to the news of Harold, I hardly form a judgment; they seem in contradiction whichever way they come. Our royal guest the Æthling, and thou, good Hildeberght, and others who were with you, bring tidings of a murder done on our English boys! This British youth informs us that all the boys are well! How can we tell which tale is true, when one account as offered straight contradicts the other? Of course I think the soldiers who rendered up our Æthling spoke more from vulgar

rumour than what they could have seen, while what the Briton tells us passed under his own ken."

"As to this false Llewellyn, I sent three of my elders, well-armed and noble warriors, as heralds to that king. I told them they should ask him for news of our dear children, and if he should deny that he knew aught about them, to tell him I, as heretoga of our great lord King Kenwalch, would try, by force of arms, to teach him that the English are not mere flocks of sheep meant for the knife of butchers such as that felon king. I bade them hurl defiance in the usurper's teeth, to say that good Penruddock was here an honoured guest, that Gwennyth in my lady had found a bosom friend, that if the boys were injured I would avenge the wrong with sword and fire and slaughter all through his wretched land. I bade them call him nothing, coward, usurper, loon, and threaten his destruction unless our boys were sent unharmed and full of honour back to our arms again. I acted without orders. King Kenwalch lives too far to send for an opinion just on the eve of war! And now I ask the Æthling, as nearest to the throne, to say if it were better to march upon the dastard, or wait the witan's doom?"

This speech caused great emotion among the martial guests. Applause loud and frequent showed how the warriors longed to attack the Britons and well avenge the boys.

Then rose the noble Æthling, and spoke in that fair hall so that the tones were audible by all assembled there:

"Beloved Earl Rolf and nobles here met in friendly guise,—Both I and my dear brother are deeply in your debt. I know your boys' adventure was dared in love to me. The king, my brother Kenwalch, would surely not gainsay what this good earl has spoken, be it for peace or war. He is our country's 'heretoga,' leader of our troops, the foremost earl in England to keep our rule supreme. He wars not out of vengeance for evil done to him, but to protect the country from wrong and evil deeds. I tell you that my brother will send his host in arms to aid Earl Rolf in meeting this nothing British knave. As I am heir-presumptive to the West Saxon crown, my brother always wishes to see our views agree. And I can tell your leader, Earl Rolf, our friend and chief, that all that is decided by him or by his thanes will only give my brother fresh joy to put in force. To quell these British robbers I will myself bear arms, and, as Earl Rolf's lieutenant, march on the dastard foe. My heart bleeds for the children. They were all sent to Britain to render me a service, to learn how I was faring, to aid me if in danger, and for my sake they went. My lords, I do beseech you to call a shire meeting, and good Earl Rolf as heretoga shall ask his chiefs and champions if I say truth or no. I will attend the meeting, and after all is settled, ride as the earl shall wish it to aid him in the war."

There was loud applause as the Æthling spoke these words, and horns were clattered and rattled, and health was drunk to the Æthling and the earl, and all looked bright again. But Owen and the soldier were standing all the time opposite Blue-tooth's dais. At last the soldier said,

"May I have leave to speak?"

"Say out thy say," quoth Blue-tooth.

Then the soldier boldly addressed them all, and said,



"Ye talk without much thinking, for where the boys are hidden is only known to Britons. Your boasted armed champions would never find the cavern where our bold master hides him. Without my guidance thither the place is lost for ever where your fair sons are hidden. Should the sun twelve times rise on Britain, and I do not return after those twelve days' absence, the English boys will *hang*! And hear me further, chieftains. I am no friend to Britain, but I have taken payment and mean to serve my master; and this I tell you boldly, unless the gold be given which we have now demanded I will not guide you thither! Of course you are free to kill me. I can make no resistance, but what of that? When I am dead you will never find the secret of that path. Earl, I have spoken. Do thy worst or best!"

The grim Earl Blue-tooth much admired this speech, and taking off a bracelet from his arm, said,

"Thou art bold and fearless; take this reward from me, and if thy master perish I take thee to my service. Go yonder, rest and drink, but under guard at present till I have seen my witan. Guards! see that he escape not, but feed the fellow well! Owen ap Gwynn, this maiden declares what you have told us about your kinship to her to be the very truth. I greatly hate the British, but for thy deeds to Harold, and still more to the others, a debt is due to thee. I here invite thee frankly as friend to our brave youngsters to the high bank with me. The Lady Edelgitha will be most glad to welcome one who can give her tidings of her beloved boy!"

"Thanks, my lord earl," said Owen, really at heart affected by the grim earl's kind tones. "Thy kindness is not wasted, for I can be most grateful; and that I served Earl Harold I fancy no great wonder, for all who know *must* love him. All men had done the same except the base Llewellyn. And for the robber cavern, I know the place all over, and I will guide thee thither without this Norseman's aid!"

These words were spoken in more manly strain, and were at once applauded. Owen stepped full lightly on the dais, and took his seat near Morwen, who spoke with him in British, but with an air of coldness that the grim earl observed. Then spoke again the Æthling, and he said,

"I marvel much thy heralds, Earl Rolf, have not yet brought us tidings from false Llewellyn! Say when they should be with us."

"Noble prince, to-day. I have expected to hear the horn proclaiming their due return to us. Let us decide on meeting in the full shire assembly the day after to-morrow; then we decide on all, whether to war with Britain after my full defiance, or just to cross the frontier, release our sons from bondage, and let Llewellyn grumble or meet us if he will. Nobles, a place for Owen I crave among my champions as friend to Beorn and Harold, to Hugo and to Kenulf, and all our noble band; and this I say," he added, "if all be true he tells us, and which I now believe, I will confer the knighthood that he has well deserved upon the first from Britain that became Saxon knight. The day after to-morrow I hold my shire-gemot of witan, the wise men in my ban."

Loud were the plaudits which this speech received. The lady begged that Gwennyth, the Æthling, Morwen, and Owen Gwynn should join her in her chamber, and listen to the tale which Owen had to tell them

of her darling son. Earl Rolf, as chief and heretoga, remained in hall and listened to what the gleemen chanted and what his champions said. His heart was in that chamber, and he would fain have listened to Gwynn or any person who could have told of Harold, his own, his darling boy! And yet on those proud features none present could decipher a thought beyond the moment or interest in them!

The good old King Penruddock was by degrees promoted from herding with the gleemen or minstrels of the train, and now obtained apartments where oftentimes with Gwennyth he passed the sweetest moments he ever knew in life. In her he saw his children again in childhood's form, although so tall and slender and strong in love and faith. The Lady Edelgitha loved Gwennyth as her child, as though she were her own.

The Britons never as a general rule tried to convert the English. They were "pagan dogs," unworthy of compassion—fit for slaughter, pirates, robbers, wolves. And yet the Britons had forgotten that these same pirates had been begged to come—ages had passed since then—and guard from Picts and Scots the sires of these poor Britons. On the other side, the English had forgotten that they, allies and strangers, took from the humbled Britons their pay as hired servants. But, alas! the thought that they were Christians puffed up the British pride, while, seeing that the valour of British men was low, the English called them cowards, and thought the name of Christian was a disgrace to bear, as meaning coward, traitor, anything most base.

But to our tale. The next fair day that opened over Rolf's broad lands brought news of great importance. The heralds he had sent to King Llewellyn had returned in bitter wrath. After due conference, the earl resolved to have these men examined by the witan; he then convened his shire to aid his solemn council, and to show how best to deal with Britain.

The day came, and all the thanes and freemen of the shire had come to the gemot. At twelve at noon they met, and in free air where freemen breathe the best. They came unarmed, except with sword and shield, because no strife should ever mar the "Ting," or Witenagemot, as it was called in after times in England. They bore the sword to show that they were there to combat for the truth, but not to brawl or squabble with their neighbours, so axe and spear, and javelin and arrows, bows and slings, were banished from the "Ting." Earl Rolf, as heretoga of the West Saxon race, claimed power over many thanes and earls. His "Ting" was next important to that held by King Kenwalch, and called the "Folk-gemot."

We shall describe the meeting, and then our patient readers will be the better able to judge of what those meetings held by the Anglo-Saxons were really like in form. First a large plain was chosen, in which some stones of granite, according to the number of thanes or earls or vassals, were all arranged in circles. In the midst three mighty stones erected served as the place of judgment and of doom—of punishment and pride. They were so placed that two of them stood upright in the ground; the third was placed across to form a sort of table. On this the human victim was often "sent to Odin," and the bull, the horse, the falcon were offered by the priesthood. On these when first elected the king was made to stand. And here in the

assembly of all his thanes and vassals he swore to govern well. All round the centre altar (or throne, or place of slaughter) circles of stones were set. These stones were most gigantic for mortal men to move. But to give praise to Odin no labour was too great "in the brave days of old." The circles marked the places of earls and thanes and freemen who flocked to that assembly in honour of high Odin or to obey their king. And from this form of meeting the Parliament of England to us has now descended from Anglo-Saxon times. The stones were rolled by freemen as tribute to All-Father; so their chief god was named. Their dearest wealth was courage combined with strength of sinew, and this they freely offered to show the gods of Valhall that they who asked their blessing were not a race of "milkops," but stalwart men of muscle, of iron will and frame. Thus in the days of Hengist the stones now called Stonehenge were raised by English muscle in Salisbury's ancient plain. Some say the Druids built it, that strange and lasting temple, but that is not the truth. The very cult is *English*. They brought their god their tribute, their dearest, best possession, the tribute of their strength. May we who know the Saviour devote all power to Him! To our brave Saxon fathers the meaning of such structure was that in holy temples no roof should intervene between God and His people except the vault of blue, which they at once called heaven, and Valhall's azure floor. As place of meeting for the free no roof should come between a nation and its god. As place of judgment, doom or punishment or death, it typified to them that between God and man, when crimes were being judged, no human screen should stand to shield the wrong from light. Ah! they were grand, those men of early English race. They had grave errors, too, in their rough warlike creed; but war is human life—war against sin and vice that rage against our hearts for us to conquer them; and when, the battle done, we sheathe the sword of faith, may we be found as ready as our old pagan sires to meet the final day!

Near to the hall there stood a similar array of wonderful huge stones, arranged in circles round the centre triple pile. All round the outer stones great ropes were tightly drawn, for it was held a point of very great importance to have a *circle closed*. The morning of the meeting to which Earl Rolf, the Æthling, and all the noble English that dwelt in Blue-tooth's shire, were summoned to appear, was lovely in extreme. The sun shone bright on the fair land of England. It was autumn, late, and a light mist was rolling from the plain like to a curtain-scroll, revealing noble deeds. First a troop of *thralls*, or slaves, degraded from the rank of free for some dishonest conduct, or they were warlike prizes taken in grim hard battle, losing their name as men because they rather yielded than die upon the field. These men arranged the circles, stretched fast the outer rope, and then they placed a ladder by which the earl and Æthling, attended by the priesthood, might mount the triple stone. Next came a guard of freemen, armed with the double axes called in this country *Danish*, although an English arm as well as Scandinavian. Then there came the free landholders and their men who held farms of them—wealthy men and true, all armed with sword and buckler for the "Ting." Next came the thanes, for whom an inner row of upright



stones was kept. Then came the "king's thanes" and the earls, with well-gilt leathern helmets and gold rims about the helmet base. All were in blue, with golden fringe and rings, with golden ornaments upon their swords and bosses on their shields. Then came the Æthling, in all his pomp of gold and blue and purple. Last came Earl Rolf, with the high priest of Odin to sacrifice a horse as fitting offering meet for such a grand occasion. The Æthling's dress was grand, but grim Earl Rolf was armed—that is, he wore his armour, a shirt or dress of mail or little rings linked into one another, forming chains, and of these chains a garment. He wore no lance or spear, but bore his battle-blade hung at his strong left side. He wore his battle-helm graced with the eagle's pinious marking the son of Odin. The ample mantle, of the deepest blue, was fastened on the right by an enormous brooch of solid gold that held the garment on. His legs were cased in leggings, all of white, crossed with gilt leathern bandages or straps, dyed red fastened just where they crossed with little golden studs. On his right hip was seen the deadly seax, worn without a sheath, thrust in the open armour through the rings. A fearful knife to see!

Then came the priest in white and reverend robes, with many strange devices worked in gold. Upon his breast the figure of the sun was worked in rich gold thread. Within the sun the eye of Odin shone as emblem of the wisdom of the most wise of gods. Then came the three brave men who had done Rolf's high bidding to the court of that false King Llewellyn. Owen too was there, so was the soldier who had come with him, so was Penruddock, in tunic of fine white and with a purple mantle trimmed with fur, a crown upon his head, or rather coronet bound round his helmet's base.

When the assembled throng had taken up their places in the rings according to their several ranks and stations, the proud white horse was slain, the priest surveyed him as he breathed his last, and said that from the signs shown in the dying creature's lungs there was much good in store, a prosperous war was waving their pennons with its wings in the not distant future. He then held up a silver ring, a foot across it measured. He dipped it in the victim's blood, presenting it to Blue-tooth. Upon the ring the grim earl swore to do his duty in that shire-gemot as heretoga, earl, and subject to the king. Such was the custom in those ancient days, when all things had a mystic influence on men and life and manners. The ring was used in a symbolic sense to show eternal duty, strength, and wisdom; thus it was fitting emblem for an oath on civil matters of the State. But on all points of war they swore upon the sword "in the brave days of old."\*

The priest retired with the ring into the "temple-house," where all the vestures, rings, and other rich insignia were kept. Then slaves removed the horse and purified with water the huge stone whereon it had been slain. When this was done and every trace of slaughter removed, the grim earl mounted on the stone and made a glowing speech that tingled in the ears of the assembled champions. He told them how their friends had been received by King Llewellyn with discourtesy and

threats to keep them hostages for Morwen, how the catiff king had lied to them touching the boys and Harold, declaring he had never seen them there, while all the time he held the lads in prison and even sought to murder one if not all the boys. The noble Æthling, Prince Ethelwulf, had heard on British ground all round Llewellyn's country how this foul deed was known. And yet, from what he gathered from the story told by Prince Owen Gwynn, it seemed as though Earl Harold, Kenulf, and their companions, aided by Owen's kindness, had fled the felon's knife, and although bound by robbers were freed from false Llewellyn and were in better hands than of that "rascal" king. He then proposed a march across the border with bill and blade and bow to set the youngsters free, thence to declare Llewellyn false to his oath to him, Earl Rolf, as Heretoga of England, false to the king his master, good Morwen ap Penruddock, who had sought shelter there with them. As he concluded his long speech, which we here give in substance, the throng of warriors round him drew each his gleaming blade, and beat it on his buckler, until the iron clang resounded through the welkin like thunder through the sky. Then spoke the noble Æthling, and in the name of Kenwalch gave sanction to the war. Again applause followed, again the thundering clangour of blade and buckler burst from the encircling rings. Then the three men who had been sent as heralds told what reply was theirs when they had begged Llewellyn to tell them courteously what cheer the youngsters made. This time no sound was heard; a solemn silence reigned throughout the rings, token of deep displeasure and wrath and high disdain of all Llewellyn's doings and anger at his name.

Then twelve brave thanes well noted for fair and upright judgment were ordered by Earl Blue-tooth to judge those civil claims which men had brought before him for judgment in the "Ting," for so the early Saxons had named this court of law. These causes were not many, for most of Blue-tooth's subjects preferred their swords to lawyers, and fought their fights alone! And when the Ting was ended Earl Blue-tooth drew his sword, and leaping from "Doom-stone" upon the level earth, stuck the broad blade before him upright into the turf. Then called he to his chieftains.

"My lords and friends!" said he, "earls, thanes, and freemen of every class and grade, I swear to smite Llewellyn, and give his land again to our good friend King Morwen. I swear it on my sword, but I accept from Morwen for this good deed of mine that land beyond the border marked out by him for us. I swear war, to Llewellyn war, nobles, to the knife. I call on all my chieftains who ride with my ban to swear to aid King Kenwalch against this British fox, and in three days to meet me with byrnie, bill, and blade, each with his armed following of horsemen and of foot. Now as ye are my chieftains, grim sons of war and blood, I call you by your fealty to Kenwalch and to me here to renew your promises, as he is newly crowned, that ye made formerly to me when first ye joined my ban. There stands my sword as token of pledge and 'wed' of war, and I now ask you chieftains to swear your faith thereon."

Again the thunder from the shields beat by the lightning blades sent forth a ringing war note that brave men loved to hear. Then came they in rotation, earls, thanes, and landed men, and opposite Earl Blue-tooth each stood and gave his hand over the hilt of the good sword standing before the earl. That was the oath of battle, that was the pledge in war. The grim earl grasped each warrior as thus they passed in line, and then invited all of them to dine with him in hall. Then they approached the Æthling and begged him of his grace to let them bear him on a shield up to the grim earl's hall. They seated him upon a shield and bore it up on high and carried him triumphantly in sight of all the throng. Then they besought Earl Blue-tooth upon a second shield to ride homewith the Æthling, borne by their willing hands. Then rode these chiefs in triumph, the Æthling and the earl, until they reached his dwelling thus throned on human love! And all along the pathway those sturdy men of war chanted glowing battle songs of men long passed away, of gods and godlike warriors of "that stern iron time."

The feast, in great profusion, was ready for the guests, and all was mirth and merriment and jest and minstrel play. The Lady Edelgitha, with all her troop of girls, presided at the banquet, and joyed to see the thanes and noble champions round them consume the plenteous fare. And when the boar's-head, roasted, was passed around the board, each champion touched the forehead and swore by his good blade never to yield in battle to any British foe; never to leave their chieftains while life was in their hearts; to honour Thor and Odin; to honour woman's name; to fight for home and England so truly as the sword should bite the shields of foemen and flash for English truth! Then mead was drunk in beakers made of the wild ox horn, and "all was mirth and merriment and jest and minstrel play."

The feast was at the merriest when Edelgitha rose and took a horn well mounted with gold and silver rims, in which rich gems were bedded—a glorious sight to see—and opposite the flame she stood like Frigga, fair and tall. And then she called each chief to her, who over those fierce flames there yielded up his sword to her as lady of his lord. Then, bounding through the burning flame, he bent before her grace, but she had given the broad sword already to the earl, who gave it back again to him with many a courteous word, and then she reached to him the horn to drink a health to her, to good King Kenwalch and the earl, and then to Thor and Odin, as the rulers of the war. This form, repeated every time when each bold champion came, did yet not tire that noble wife—that gem of womankind. And when each stalwart warrior had pledged the horn of war, she then ascended to the dais, and looking round the hall, she said, in tones of sweetness that won each rugged heart, "May that great God above us, who made the shining sun, reward you with such blessings as Harold is to me! I know that ye must vanquish, ye battle for the right, to rescue feeble children from the oppressor's hand, and give the rightful monarch his own fair land again. And now may Thor and Odin, and Frey, the bold and good, so prosper all your efforts as ye are pure and true!"

She spoke and left the presence, and the courtly chieftains stood till she with all her maidens had parted from their view.

\* See an account of the reason for these customs in Hodggett's "Older England."

\* Oath of obligation—promise; hence *wedding*, or pledge of marriage.



Then loud and boisterous cheering resounded through the hall—"Long live good Edelgitha, our lady, and her son!" And so they sat there drinking, as was the custom then. They drank, but none were drunken though they sat till break of day. Then each man sought his slumbers where his massive shield was hung, and they slept like peaceful children, though men of giant mould. Such were the customs of our sires who won this land for us, and we should love their memories as long as we

can speak that dear beloved language which comes to us from them, and as long as we are honest and pure-souled Englishmen. For much has come down to us from these rough pagan men, which we should proudly cherish as long as we have breath. And while freedom and religion are the watchwords of our race, let us not forget our debt to them of that old iron time.

By noon on the third day from the great shire-gemot the English were in forec. Morwen Penraddoek rode beside the earl.

The Æthling had departed to bear to Kenwalch all the news, but before parting had reviewed the troops, and told the good grim earl that they were in perfection, and he should return with joy to fight with such "brave blades" in grim Earl Blue-tooth's ban. With courteous greetings and with much goodwill they parted, after which the English crossed the border.

(To be continued.)

## GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

### VI.—THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR.



Ceylon on 13th June, 1782. All went well with her until 2nd August, when her officers thought they were three hundred miles from land. Then two days of cloudy gusty weather were experienced, during which the ship was laid to under foresail and mizen staysail, and in the morning watch following the men aloft sighted breakers through the haze. One of the men, Hynes, gave the alarm, but the third mate refusing to credit the report, Hynes rushed down to the cabin and woke the captain. Instantly Captain Coxson hurried on deck and gave orders to wear ship. It was too late. She struck. Her stem was forced high on the rocks, her bow beneath the waves.

Three men attempted to swim to land with the deep-sea line, and one of them was drowned. By the line a rope was drawn ashore, and by the rope a hawser. The hawser was hitched round a rock, and tautened by the capstan, the ship heeling over shorewards. A raft was made but it broke up as soon as launched, and passengers and crew—men, women, and children—had to make their way to the beach along the hawser bridge.

The gale blew off the shore, and the ship soon broke in half, so that her bow swerved round against her stern. She had been wrecked on the east coast of Africa, a few miles to the south of Delagoa Bay. The captain, however, imagined that he was within fifteen or sixteen days' journey of the Cape, and instead of leading his people to the northward in search of the Portuguese station, or making a boat or raft and sailing down the coast, resolved to proceed overland along the beach to the nearest Dutch settlements. In those days, it should be remembered, the Cape of Good Hope belonged to Holland, and Holland and Great Britain were at war.

The scene of the wreck was not uninhabited. Many Kaffirs had appeared when the ship drifted ashore, and helped in the rescue, but on the morning of the 5th they had returned in greater force and began to plunder. Looking on the shipwrecked folks as fair prey, they refused to help or shelter them. Nothing could be had by the castaways except by barter carried on with the exorbitant unfairness so characteristic in these days of the Central African kings.

On August 7 the party started for the south, and the next day split up into small divisions so as to attract less attention from the Kaffirs, who persistently harassed them. When they had proceeded about thirty miles, they met a body of natives, among whom was a runaway

slave from the Cape named Trout, who told them of the dangers they would be sure to meet and endeavoured to dissuade them from their attempt. Trout's advice, however, was disregarded, and the advance was resumed.

The Kaffirs soon clustered round them again and continued their thieveries, and on the fifth day, when the party were crossing a deep gully, three of them, in anger at being denied some trinket by the captain, held their spears at his throat. This was too much for his equanimity, and he resolved at once to drive them away. Leaving the women and children at a distance, he drew up his eighty men in order of battle, and began a brisk attack on the natives, who numbered from three to four hundred. In a very short time the Kaffirs had had enough of it, a parley was called for, and with the gift of some of the men's buttons the savages marched off and left the castaways in peace.

That night the camp was pitched in a ravine, and the howls of the wild beasts prowling round it rendered sleep difficult. The next day the tinder-box was stolen, and henceforth the men had to march each with a lighted torch in his hand for fear they should fail to find a fire to cook with. Again the natives—a new tribe—came crowding round to plunder. The watches were stolen, and the ladies were forced to unroll their hair and take out the diamonds they had therein-concealed.

And now, on account of the anticipated difficulty in procuring food, the captain divided the party. With him went the chief mate, Mr. Logie, his wife, the third mate, Colonel James and his wife, Mr. Hosea and his wife, Mr. Newman, the purser, the surgeon, and five children. Of the other party, the second mate, Mr. Shaw, was in command; with him went the fourth mate, Mr. Trotter, the fifth mate, Mr. Harris, the steward, and thirty-nine others, including a boy named Price and a little fellow of seven years old, named Law, who had cried at being left behind by the steward, to whom he had taken a fancy. The captain led his party inland, and they were never heard of again. The second party kept to the shore, and with them our story rests.

Slowly they made their way along the coast, little Law walking as far as he could, and then being carried by one or the other of them when he was tired. Much of the interest of the eventful journey of the Grosvenor's crew gathers round this child, to whom, in all their troubles and weaknesses, the men never changed in their thoughtful care. The two boys were the life of the expedition, the smaller one finding his work in keeping the fire ablaze and watching the cookery, while the elder, Price, was the foremost of the foragers. For food soon ran short, and all that could be found to eat was what grew or was cast on the beach. And the drinking water went, and all that could be had was brackish, procured by digging wells in the sand.

The party skirted a wood in which the cries of the wild beasts were heard, and then came to the bank of a large river too deep for them to ford. For three days they marched inland, feeding on sorrel and on the berries they saw the

birds peck at. Then they made rafts of reeds, on which they crossed, and then they returned along the other bank to the sea for the sake of the shellfish, which they used to open by throwing them into the fire.

Thinking they must be near the dwellings of civilised man, Hynes ascended one of the trees and found the coast trending away south-westward for many and many a mile. Still, however, they pressed on. A whale was found cast ashore, and, as their knives had been all stolen, they cut into it with oyster-shells. Soon the whale flesh was gone, and the party divided, to meet again, however, very soon afterwards, and again to part. And all the time the boy Price kept up, and little Law was carried in safety, and the burning torches were unextinguished. Again they were attacked by the Kaffirs, and some of them seriously injured, as they made their way up the banks of a river in search of a ford. A catamaran was built, and on it they crossed; and then, when they got back to the beach they found a piece of wood with spike nails in it washed up by the sea. The nails were heated and flattened out into knives, and soon after came into use on the carcass of another stranded whale. A calendar was then started by notching a stick, but this was soon lost when crossing on a raft another river.

Bad weather now came on, and the party divided. Among those left behind were the steward and Law. The leaders, however, found a seal, and in two days all mustered together again. And now they reached a lofty headland, which they had to climb or go round. They resolved to go round, and in doing so lost their provisions, and the torches were put out by the waves. The loss of fire was a serious one, but in a day or so a fire was found alight that had just been deserted by the natives, and at it fresh torches were set ablaze. Another river was crossed on a catamaran, and then a native village was reached, where the works of a watch were exchanged for a bullock; and though the men would give nothing save by barter, yet the women took pity on the child and gave him a little milk.

The march was resumed along the desert by the coast, and after a time a native was met, who signed them to go inland. They did, and milk was at once given to Law; but as soon as the people found the white folks had nothing to trade they drove them off. Another seal was found, and then another, and then many days passed before they came to food again. Passing round a bluff, they found themselves in a wood where the grass was eight feet high and some of the trees torn up by the roots. Suddenly a herd of thirty or forty elephants started up in the midst of them, and they fled to the rugged beach. Finding no food, they cooked the shoes which some had made from the bullock's hide and ate them with wild celery.

And so day after day was spent as they journeyed onwards. Rivers had to be crossed on rafts, and food had to be searched for on the rocks, for they had no weapons, and could not otherwise procure it. Frequently Kaffirs were met with, but these scorned them as beggars, and merely plundered and maltreated them.



One by one the party had dwindled down—dead, dying, or left behind in torpor—until now but a few remained, and these, on the verge of starvation, were but shadows of themselves.

The little boy had bravely borne up, and, hard pressed as the men were, they still brought him with them. At last, however, through sleeping on the cold rock, he fell ill, and it was resolved to divide the party, some to remain with him, while the others went on in search of help, which could not be far distant. This proposal gave place to another, to bring him on by slow stages with the rest, and the men all waited for him. It was but for a few hours, however, for during the night he slept away his life, and when they went to awake him for breakfast the poor little fellow was dead. For over a hundred days the child had been carried and tenderly cared for, and the roughest of the seamen had gone without food to keep him alive. And when he failed to answer to the call and was

found to be cold and dead, those much-troubled men stood round the corpse and fairly cried their hearts out as they buried it.

The steward was inconsolable, refused to leave the grave, and remained to die near him he loved so well. Seven men and a boy now only were left out of the hundred and more who had started from the wreck. No food being obtainable, one of the three who formed the rear division proposed they should cast lots who should die to yield a drink of blood to the survivors, for the pen revolts at having to record the substitutes they found to nourish them. The other two resolved on making one more struggle and tottered on, fortunately to meet with Price and the four who had gone in advance, and who had discovered a stranded seal.

The seal was eaten, and again they were on the brink of famine, when they were fortunately met by two Dutch farmers, who took them to one of their homes close by. It was the 29th

of November, and they had been one hundred and seventeen days on their journey from the wreck. Price was lame, and was detained at the farm until he recovered. The others were sent on to Zwellendam, and thence to Capetown. One of them, Wormington, was put on a man-of-war, and, detecting the boatswain in dishonest practices, was smuggled by him on board a Danish war-ship under way, and got back first to England.

The Dutch, regardless of the war, very nobly gave the survivors their liberty and sent them home. They also organised a relief expedition, which found two black women and a few of the lascars who had dropped behind to die and been captured by the Kaffirs.

Afterwards another expedition was sent in search of the captain's party, but after travelling thirteen hundred miles to the scene of the wreck they failed to find any trace of the missing men.

## THE TIGERSKIN: A STORY OF CENTRAL INDIA.

BY LOUIS ROUSSELET,

*Author of "The Two Cabin Boys," "The Drummer Boy," etc., etc.*

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE REHABILITATION OF THE TIGER.

IN the evening, at the table of the Tigerslayers' Club, the conversation was monopolised by the events of the day.

Holbeck and Barbarou were undeniably its heroes, but if no one sought to eclipse their glory everybody had some thrilling or amusing adventure to relate, for the contest at the last moment had been very exciting.

Captain Beynon had had his horse gored, and, rolling on to the ground with his mount, would have been tossed by an infuriated bull had it not been shot dead on the spot by the Rev. Mr. Shortbody, who, notwithstanding his peaceful profession, was one of the best marksmen in the camp.

The superb Chief-District-Magistrate Peernose had by a sudden movement dropped his double eyeglass and shot a calf which he had mistaken for a redoubtable bull. He had chased it with ardour, and assassinated the poor animal by firing at it point-blank, an exploit quite unworthy of a serious sportsman, and which only his shortsightedness could excuse.

Much more lamentable had been the adventure of Assistant Deputy-Commissioner Whatafter. Like Barbarou, his horse had run away and borne him far from the scene of action, but, less happy than the sailor, it had thrown him off into a muddy swamp, whence he was dragged out in a most deplorable condition. As he was a philosopher he was soon consoled for his misadventure, but it is to be feared that his poetical wife took some time to forgive him.

To sum up, there had been no serious accident, and the escaped horses had of themselves come back to the camp.

"Gentlemen," said Butnot, at the close of the dinner, "I beg to apologise publicly to our learned friend, Dr. Holbeck, for having mistaken him this morning for a bear. We ought to know that, far from being a bear, our excellent colleague is the pleasantest and jolliest companion it would be possible to meet in a day's march."

Loud and prolonged applause greeted this declaration.

"Now I have expressed my appreciation of his personal character," continued the

general, "I am free to confess that any other sportsman in my place would have made the same mistake. Which of you does not know that Master Bruin is a great authority on ants, and that to regale himself at his case on their larvæ he digs into and destroys every ant-hill that comes in his way? Many a time have I noted this in the hills about Nagpore, where bears are very numerous. I have often surprised and had a shot at a bear engaged in that occupation. Perhaps if I were to tell you of a little affair that happened to me, it—"

A loud shout of "Go on, general! we are listening," was the answer to his hesitation.

"Well, last year," continued Butnot, "after I had inspected the garrison at Palamau I took advantage of being in the neighbourhood to get into the hills about Sirgondja, where I had heard there were a great many bears. In fact I killed eight in the first four days. I had with me two shikaris from the tribe of Larkas, who were about the steadiest and bravest fellows I ever went out with. When they found a bear they had no hesitation about irritating him and making him give them chase, so that I could have an easy aim. And with this they seemed to have a sight or a scent which enabled them to find an animal among the densest of thickets.

"One day we were going up a nullah crowded with boulders and bushes when one of them touched my arm and whispered, 'Bear!' pointing to a spot comparatively near me. For some time I could see nothing, and then I caught sight of a dark mass half hidden in a deep hole. The bear, surfeited with ants and their larvæ, was asleep in his lair. I raised my gun and was going to fire, although I felt the repugnance that a sportsman always feels at killing a defenceless enemy, when one of the Larkas said, 'Sahib, leave him to us!'

"As he said so he drew forth a leather thong, from which hung one of those long bells that the natives attach to their beasts, and which they keep tied up with rag to prevent its sounding on the march. Having thus armed himself, he said a few

words in a low voice to his companion, and, leaping into the nullah, glided off towards the sleeping bear. What new folly were they going to try? At all events, I held myself ready.

"Suddenly I saw them jump on to the bear and hold him down in the hole by main force. It was not an easy thing to do, and long growls testified to the displeasure of the bear at being so roughly roused. Then the two Larkas jumped off quickly and the bear arose, and I saw what they had been up to. Master Bruin was wearing round his neck the bell that I had seen in the man's hand.

"You should have seen the grimace which the bear made when at the first movement he heard the bell jingle on his chest—you should have seen the jumps, the capers that he indulged in! His flight, his pauses, his starts, such are beyond my powers of description. I shouted with laughter, and I had neither the thought nor the strength to put an end to the scene. The enraged bear fled through the woods, filling the air with the sounds of his bell. In two days he was heard of two hundred miles away, and returned to die of fright and exhaustion not far from the village where I was encamped."

This recital was received with great applause, but on such subjects everybody had something to say, and so Butnot had hardly finished when the president took up the running.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I should say that it has very seldom happened in any country for such a number of sportsmen to meet together as here. I say nothing of your gallantry in the field, but considering the varied districts in which you have distinguished yourselves—northern, southern, and central—I think it would give us all a good deal of pleasure if we were each to relate a few of our experiences in the chase. If one of our younger members were to publish these adventures the book would form a very valuable souvenir of the conferences of the Tigerslayers' Club."

"I have very great pleasure in seconding that," said Holbeck. "I am much interested in such matters; although I know



very little about them. I never miss an opportunity of acquiring information. As I have only a humble panther to my credit, I shall be glad to hear my comrades, the tigerslayers, say something about their interviews with the greater feline. Besides, the accounts will be of great value to those who are thinking of going out after the king-of-the-tigers. They will profit by the experience in which we shall all share."

"Gentlemen," said the president, "to put the idea into working order this evening, I will call on an honourable colleague, General Butnot, for, although he has only been entertaining us hitherto with his friends the bears, every man in India knows that there lives not a more successful tigerslayer than the gallant general."

"Your turn, Butnot!" shouted the members.

"Gentlemen," said the general, as he rose, "I accept your gracious invitation. But I am no orator, and you must allow me to tell my story in simple sporting language. In my opinion it is much easier to kill a tiger than to talk of how it is done. And now let me say a few words in favour of our friend the tiger. Yes, gentlemen, I hope to show you that with very rare exceptions the tiger is a useful animal, I might almost say an indispensable one. When I say indispensable I should like all those that I see around me to think for a moment what our existence would be like if it were not for the tiger? He it is who alone affords a distraction to the gloomy routine life of the garrison, and I say boldly that if the tiger did not exist we should have to invent him to prevent the whole of our civil and military functionaries sinking into a state of imbecility!"

A long salvo of applause interrupted the general in his painfully humorous exordium.

"But I see the eyes of our scientific friend turned towards me with a look of reproach. The estimable Dr. Holbeck, philanthropist-like, seems to say that the service rendered to the British officer by the tiger is somewhat open to discussion, while the damage inflicted by the tiger on the natives is undeniable. I hear him already quoting from the lamented Forsyth, who estimated that every tiger killed was responsible for from fifty to seventy head of cattle per annum, or £650 sterling destroyed by each animal. I have no doubt that our excellent friend derives much comfort from the figures so pompously arranged, analysed, and synthesised in the Blue Books and returns; but the figures are due to an entirely mistaken notion, and have been drawn up and presented in that fashion solely to calumniate our friend the tiger, who is one of the most useful animals in the world."

At this Holbeck, who had been listening to the general with a smile of surprise, could not help muttering, "I wonder how he is going to prove that."

But the general, stretching himself up to his full height, resumed, "In a very few words I will convince you of the truth of an assertion which at first sight seems rather paradoxical. You know that cattle represent the only wealth of the Hindoo peasant. Cattle do his field labour for him, and serve as beasts of draught and burden. Cows give him the milk which is his principal article of food. But the Brahman law absolutely prohibits the Hindoo from eating beef, and the immolation of one of his herd would be a more abominable action than that of murdering a man. The

consequence of this law is that the herds increase indefinitely. When a peasant finds his bull useless to him, and his cow run dry, he gives them their liberty, and away they go, feeble and useless, to wander behind the stronger animals that the shepherd drives to pasture. Here it is that the tiger comes in to play his providential part. He it is who seizes and clears away these wretched malingers, whose presence is a hindrance and a danger to their congeners. Do not imagine that in the gaiety of his heart the tiger attacks a vigorous, healthy bull, who knows how to defend himself with his horns. Not at all; he crouches in the bushes by the roadside, watches the herd go by, and when he makes up his mind to spring from his hiding-place it is upon some poor old laggard that the man has abandoned without even turning his head. Am I not right, then, in saying that the tiger is an animal of incontestable utility?"

"Perhaps so," interrupted Holbeck; "but—"



"He heard the bell jingle on his chest."

"I hear," said Butnot; "but hear me out. Unfortunately the tiger does not always restrict himself to this providential career. Not content with eating up feeble old cows, he occasionally dines off human beings, and spreads terror among the peaceful population. I admit that that is a fact—that it is a frequent fact—and I am unable to deny that we are here to-day with a view of chastising one of these very criminals. But I ask you, gentlemen, should we condemn a whole race on account of a few assassins? Should we exterminate the canine tribe because when once the faithful companion of man is seized with anger he becomes a hundred times more formidable than the wildest of the wild beasts? No, you say. Well, then, be not too hard on the poor tigers. The man-eater is an exception amongst his congeners. I dare affirm that the honest tiger keeps as far away as possible from his natural enemy, and that when he is unearthed, tracked, and wounded by him, and makes up his mind to kill him, he in nine cases out of ten abandons him without deigning to eat him. Ask the drover and the shepherds, they will tell you that they never hesitate to rush up to a tiger who is attacking their charges, and that their cries and threats are always enough to drive off the jungle king."

"And now let us say something for the man-eater. Here is a gallant tiger, who for many years has been relieving the

villagers of their useless beasts. What recompense does he receive for his services? Insults and injuries and a selection of bullets! At length age comes on him. He gets the rheumatics, his muscles ankylose. It is with difficulty that he can bring down a bull and carry it off in his jaws to his dining-room. The time comes when even a tottering old cow can resist him. At last he can stand it no longer, and, all of a tremble, he approaches the formidable-looking man, and asks him for charity. To his surprise he beholds the superb monarch of creation fall to the ground at his approach, and obligingly offer him his neck without the faintest attempt at a struggle. The tiger throttles him, discovers that he is remarkably good eating, and resolves to make a fresh start, but as his cowardice continues, notwithstanding his unhopd for success, he devotes himself at first to the consumption of old women and young children, and it is not until some time has elapsed that the supper of his declining years is furnished

by full-grown man. The tiger only becomes a criminal by necessity. That is why I say to you, 'Down with the murderer! Wage against him relentless war, for he is the enemy of the human race; but do not exterminate the tribe to which he belongs.' Gentlemen, may we never see the day when the much calumniated tiger disappears from the fauna of India."

"Three cheers for the general!" shouted the assembly.

"That," said Holbeck, "is what I call the complete rehabilitation of the tiger. It would make a most capital paper for the Animals' Protection Society."

"Be it clearly understood," continued the general, "that it is far from my thoughts to condemn the pursuit of the tiger, which I look upon as the noblest of sports. But I contend that at the same time our adversary merits our respect and esteem, and since you ask me for one of my adventures, I will give you one of which the hero was a noble fellow who died regretted by all who had known him."

"About nine years ago I was on service in Madras, and having taken up my quarters at Hebsore, I there relieved the country of a man-eating tigress that was ravaging the villages round. After this exploit, which brought me a good deal of reputation, I heard of a tiger to whom the natives had given the name of Bahadour, on account of his immense stature and imposing demeanour. This tiger was positively the



favourite of the whole country. He was the mildest and most inoffensive animal that I ever saw, and he never in the least molested the smallest child. But to make

having even erected an effigy of him in the village temple, they had persuaded themselves that no human bullet would ever reach him.



"I saw Bahadour glide into the water."

up for it he was a great lover of beef. He adored a beefsteak, and he liked it good, and enough of it. There was no mistake about that. He knew the customs of each herd, quietly waited for their return to the village at night, selected a bull to his taste, and without unnecessary hurry trotted off with it to the jungle and devoured it at his ease. Even in his depredations he was most thoughtful, and levied his tribute in succession from each of the villages which constituted his royal domain with an impartiality that prevented all complaint. Once only had he done harm to a villager, and that was almost in spite of himself, for, finding himself surrounded in error by a lot of wood-cutters, he had upset a man in jumping over his head, and if the unlucky fellow died that was not entirely the fault of the tiger.

"The peasants had ended by looking upon Bahadour as a sort of demigod, and

"That rather ruffled my self-conceit, and I declared war on the superb Bahadour. It would take me hours to relate all my unsuccessful attempts to triumph over this wonderful tiger. All I tried miserably failed. I chose the best beaters, organised the best hiding-places, passed night after night in trees—all to no purpose.

"Every time I came back to camp I saw the footprints of the artful Bahadour on the ground round my tent. The brute was laughing at me. I grew wild with vexation.

"At length one day a frightful storm raged in the jungle. The cattle dispersed, frightened at the thunder, strayed off, and Bahadour made a huge hecatomb. The next morning I heard that the tiger had been seen not very far off asleep on a heap of dead cattle that he had accumulated. I immediately collected the beaters, and

mounting my old hunting elephant started off in all haste towards the spot in question.

"The beaters soon began operations. The men advanced slowly and fearlessly, beating the bushes with their sticks. I kept by the bank of a stream which formed a sort of clearing in the wood. Suddenly I saw Bahadour glide into the water to cross to the other side. I was surprised to see him so near to me. I fired too quickly, and I missed him. At the report of the gun the tiger sprang away up the bank, and I thought we had lost him. But even as we followed his trail we found that he was slowing down. Bahadour had probably no idea that he would be so interfered with. He had dined heartily the night before, and the hundred or two pounds of beef he had stowed away was rather against his running far.

"Soon the beaters pointed out the place where he was, and, leaving my elephant and sending him away, I climbed up a tree which I thought would command his road. In fact, I had scarcely settled myself before Bahadour appeared. He seemed to me then to be very big, for I had never before had a good look at him. His good cheer had made him fat and heavy, and as he jogged along he puffed noisily. He seemed in no way suspicious, and thought that we had gone off. The idea never occurred to him to look up at his enemy, who had him in range and was covering him completely. As he came nearer I let go my right barrel and shot him in the neck, and then with my left I planted one in his back. He uttered a terrible growl and rolled over, beating the air with his talons, but suddenly he got up and disappeared in the jungle. My beaters followed at his heels, and twice he looked as though he would charge them, but at last he slunk into the bushes, and, night arriving, I had to abandon him.

"The next morning I mounted my elephant and went in search of the tiger. He had moved some distance since the evening, and it was only after a long search that we discovered him. He was lying, tired out, in the centre of a small clearing. Hearing us approach, he lifted his head and looked at us, giving a hoarse growl as he did so, but he never attempted to get up, and I finished him.

"That was the end of the famous tiger. It was with some pity that I contemplated the legendary hero stretched at my feet. Said the natives near me, 'He never did us harm.' And, in fact, Bahadour died as he had lived. Even in the heat of the fight he never attempted to molest one of his old friends. Shall I confess it? At the moment I would have given anything to have restored him to life, and it seemed to me that in slaying Bahadour I had killed the brutal but benevolent genii of the jungle."

(To be continued.)





## THE WHITE RAT.

BY THE REV. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S.,

*Author of "Cacus and Hercules," "A Dunce's Disasters," etc.*

## CHAPTER II.

THE Reverend John Porchester, D.D., head master of Highfield House School—whose name was somewhat irreverently abbreviated into "Poco" by the youngsters of his establishment—was a learned and commanding personage, with grey hair and a benignant countenance. He had formerly been second master in one of the public schools, and, having inherited a small fortune on the death of his father, he had purchased the Highfield property, and retired there to seek comparative ease and pleasant labour by opening a school for smaller boys, whom he did not imagine could be such an anxious charge as those of an older age. Perhaps he found himself mistaken in this idea. He was, I should think, about sixty at the time I am writing of.

A sister, some few years younger, lived with him to keep house, for he was an old

bachelor. She was a kind and genial lady with ringlets and a large frilled cap, not anxious to appear younger than she was, except so far as to use a hair-wash—at least, this was a popular superstition, for her ringlets were always black and glossy, like the plumage of a rook. However, she went about her duties with cheerful pleasantness, and superintended the arrangements of the household with zealous care. She liked the boys, and often had detachments of them to tea, and entertained them afterwards. She was very amusing and

original in her ways, and had learnt several tricks of legerdemain, which she loved to perform before the little boys, for they were sure to appreciate her wonderful skill, and were not like some young gentlemen who are so familiar with the marvels of the Egyptian Hall and the "BOY'S OWN" that they turn up their noses with scorn at the feeble attempts of an amateur in the magician's craft.

We left Harry Stephenson dismayed at finding the workbox gone. It was no good looking for it. Clearly the owner had



"Oh! I am fainting!"



carried it off, and what would become of the precious rat? Harry returned to his lessons with a heavy heart, and his thoughts distracted his attention so much that he failed to satisfy either his master or himself. After school he hovered about and made a surreptitious visit to the front hall, but the workbox was not there. So he gave up all hope, and dismally left the house, thinking how disappointed Dickey would be. Now as he walked down the drive he heard one of the front windows open, and Miss Porchester's voice called him.

"Good evening, Harry. How is your dear mamma to-day?"

Harry looked up, took off his cap, and answered, "She's pretty well, thank you, madam."

That was the title assumed by the doctor's sister in her relations with the school.

"I am glad to hear it. Do you think your little brother and sister would like to come to tea to-morrow afternoon? Some of my young friends are coming at four o'clock, and I should be glad if Dickey and Molly would join the party. You might bring them, and take them home after school."

Harry's face expressed his delight at this gracious invitation. "Thank you, madam, very much indeed. I am sure they'll like to come awfully. It's very kind of you to ask them."

"Very well, then, I shall expect them. Good-bye."

The window closed, and Harry, with lightened heart, set off with a run for Sunnyside.

It was a fine evening towards the end of September. The elms were still "swaggering in all their leafy gallantry," not yet changing their dress of sombre green for the golden glories of autumn. But there was a coolness in the air and a sadness in the silent regret of nature for the passing away of summer. ("Eheu fugaces, postume, postume! Years glide away and are lost to me, lost to me!")

Harry was not a moralist, but no one was more sorry than he when summer was over, for he loved the gladness of sunshine and the endless varied beauties of woodlands, heaths, and hedges. Deepwells village was in one of the southern counties which contest the proud title of "the garden of England."

Harry soon reached home, and his heart smote him to see Dickey's anxious little face at the nursery window. He could see the expression of excitement which so eloquently asked, "Have you got the white rat?" and a pang of regret shot through Harry's soul.

He ran up to the nursery, burst in, and at once said, "Very sorry, Dick; I could not bring the rat after all. But I've got such a treat for you and Molly! Miss Porchester has asked you both to tea to-morrow afternoon. I'm to take you and bring you back, and you'll enjoy yourselves awfully!"

Molly left off tidying the doll's-house, and jumped about the room singing and flinging her curls in wild disorder. Dickey looked rather grave and said nothing; he could not get over his disappointment all of a sudden, and even the thought of the tea-party could but partially compensate for the absence of the rat.

However, Harry's insinuating efforts at length prevailed, and the small boy was to be seen galloping round the table on his big brother's back, waving a flag and

shouting "Tally-ho!" till the room rang with his merry voice.

I remember once seeing Dickey when he was ill with bronchitis. I timed him to be breathing a hundred and forty times in the minute. Day and night, for half a week, did he keep up this rate—such terrific exertion to prevent his frail life from flying away. A boy with sound lungs could not breathe half so quickly, even after a sharp run. Dickey's wrist measured just three and a half inches round with a tape.

Boys—you who are strong and sound in health and limb, you who can play up vigorously at football, and run the mile in the athletics with a good chance of a prize—I want you to feel some sympathy for this poor little chap, who in his first six years had known more of the infirmities that flesh is heir to, than perhaps some of you will ever know in a long life. Never despise the weak, but be always full of thankfulness for the priceless blessings of health and strength.

Dickey's cold was much better the next day, and the two children were ready when the time came for Harry to start for school.

Miss Porchester was beaming with smiles. She had on a green silk dress with green ribbons in her cap, and her curls had an extra twist, and were more glossy than ever. The tea was sumptuous—cakes and muffins and buns and bread-and-butter with apricot jam. And after tea they played dumb crabs and blind-man's buff, and had singing and dancing. And then Miss Porchester made a little speech, and informed her guests that she was going to astonish them with some of her wonderful conjuring tricks. The children were in ecstasies. She brought sugar-plums out of empty boxes. She swallowed an egg entire, which a moment after she reproduced, like a cow chewing the cud. She took plums from a bag previously turned inside out to show that it was full of emptiness. She made a ball go fast or slowly down a string obedient to her slightest nod. She made butterflies of tissue-paper, which flew when fanned as if they were alive. Dick and Molly had never seen such wonders. Their astonishment and delight knew no bounds.

"And now, my dears, I am going to show you a very marvellous thing. And you must remember these are only tricks which can be learnt with practice. I don't really eat the egg or create the sugar-plums; and when I tell you that I am going to turn a handkerchief into a gold watch you must understand that I don't really mean it. But I pretend so cleverly that you feel sure I actually do what I say."

The conscientious old lady was afraid she might be teaching the children deceit, so she relieved her scruples by making a full confession. But they were only more mystified, and those who understood what she said thought it more wonderful that she should *not* be doing what they saw her do with their own eyes, than if she were really doing the marvels. So her conscience was satisfied, and they were doubly puzzled; and her performances were received with outbursts of amazement and applause.

"Well now, my dears, you must be very still, and watch me very attentively. See, here is a small red ball. There's nothing uncanny about it. You may pass it round and examine it closely. It's only painted wood. And here is a little cup made out of boxwood, nicely turned and polished. And this is a wooden hammer, the handle

of mahogany and the head of ebony. Now I'm going to put the ball into the cup, and stand the cup on the table, and then, giving the ball a smart tap with the magic hammer, I shall say the words, 'Hi, presto, pass!' and the ball will go right through the cup and the table, and you will see it tumble on the floor. Isn't that a wonderful performance?"

Miss Porchester was as good as her word. She tapped and spoke the words of mystic lore, and the red ball fell promptly on the floor. The children were delighted and clapped their hands. Dickey came forward and looked hard at the table, but could not see any hole. No, not even the trace of a crack, though he crawled underneath to examine more closely. They begged Miss Porchester to repeat the wonder.

"Certainly, my dears; and to make it more wonderful still, I will put my workbox on the table, and the cup on the workbox, and drive the ball through the cup and the box and the table, all in a moment. See, here is my workbox; there's nothing unusual about it. I open it to show that—Oh! oh! OH! What is it? Take it off! Help! John! JOHN! Oh, I am fainting! Ah, ah—h—h—h—h—h—h."

That was the most astounding of all the conjuring tricks.

No wonder the "magiciness" was overwhelmed. For lo! as she opened the workbox—with the rapidity of lightning there darted out a living thing! A spring—a flash of white—a scramble up her arm—a scuffle up her dress—a jump into her cap—and as she subsided into a chair, her screams growing weaker and weaker, there appeared perched on her head, nestling among the green ribbons of her cap—the form of a white rat!

The shock was too much for Miss Porchester. She lay back in the chair gasping, unable to lift a finger. The rat sat up and blinked its pink eyes. It licked its paws and washed its face, and scratched its ear, and paid general attention to its toilet, which had probably been neglected during its period of imprisonment. Then, having looked round and seen the children beginning to show signs of plotting its capture, the nimble creature calmly slid down over the lady's nose into her lap, down her dress, on to the floor; and then, with a hop, skip, and a jump, whisked its long tail and disappeared behind the chiffonier.

This was a nice state of things. Her ladyship in a swoon, no one present of discreet years to render any assistance, only a parcel of small fry thinking but of the beautiful white rat, wondering how ever it came to be in the box, imagining that it was all part of the performance, and expecting Miss Porchester every instant to jump up and cry "Hi, presto, pass!" when the rat would be conjured into a red ball or a packet of sugar-plums!

Molly showed most presence of mind, and said to the rest,

"I think Miss Porchester has gone to sleep; shall I wake her up?"

"Yes, do," said all.

Molly walked on tiptoe up to the sleeping beauty, and, fairy-like, touched her arm with one finger.

No notice.

She then laid a hand on the arm, and said, softly,

"Miss Porchester, will you please conjure back that lovely white rat, and let



No notice.

A glimpse of the workbox was enough for Harry, who guessed what had happened. The chance was too good to be lost. He was at Dick's side in a trice; and the two together instituted a rat hunt after the manner of the ancients: for they surrounded the woods with nets; that is, they encircled the space between the chif-

The doctor now came into the drawing-room, and found his sister unconscious in her chair. He knew, however, that she was rather liable to hysterical attacks, and concluded that the excitement of the evening had been too much for her nerves. So he lost no time in dissolving the party. A servant took charge of the other children to escort them safely home; and Harry soon put on Dickey's greatcoat and Molly's jacket and hat, and the trio were off. The walk home was perhaps the best part of the entertainment, for Dickey's delight at the thought of his white rat was intense, and Harry was no less pleased to see the small boy so happy; and Molly, the imperious, thought she must be pleased too—and so with bright eyes and rosy cheeks, and hearts free from care, they reached Sunnyside just as the sun went down behind the distant line of purple hills.

(To be continued.)

I have now, I think, dealt with all the noises we encountered save those of the bull-frogs and jackals, and these did not come on till evening. The jackals taking the place of the hooluks and barking-deer. It was difficult for a newcomer like myself to realise that they were not ably and powerfully assisted by the agonised cry of a few score of victims suffering mortal torment on the rack. The jackals speak English quite plainly—I am not quoting *Æsop* or any other dealer in fables. First one begins, slowly and with a wail of anguish betraying intense personal feeling, in a key much in favour amongst dogs when baying the moon, and cries—oh! how he cries!—"Here's a dead Hindu!" the last syllable of "Hindu" receiving six bars, more or less, all to itself the first time. This sentence is then repeated, but the second time the "Hindu" receives several more bars, and extra emphasis is put on by taking a higher note at "du." After this sentence has had sufficient repetition to satisfy the taste of the leading vocalist, he changes it for "There! There! There! The-re!" the last one dying away only when the leader's breath is exhausted, say after about a page and a half of bars.

The first "There!" and following two or three "theres" are barked out rapidly and in evident excitement; then the others become peevish in expression and resemble the final and supreme wail of a spoilt child suffering cruel disappointment. The music is then taken up in chorus by the pack, all crying, "Where? where? where?" in short, sharp tones, in varying keys, and these are replied to by the leader with "Here! here! here! he—er! he—er!" performed somewhat like the first "There." This music is about the most weird and at the same time the most horribly expressive of human agony and suffering that throat can produce. Until one has had long residence here to gradually grow accustomed to it, it is more than appalling; it is blood-curdling.

I must pass over the peculiar “tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tar-r-r-r-r-up” of the woodpecker, frightening out the insects from his hollow tree. I must not make this chapter all sound by enlarging upon the effect produced by the myriads of bull-frogs, all cr-r-r-roaking together in the marshes and rice-fields, so I will proceed again with my narrative.

After proceeding at a walk till four o'clock in the afternoon, without meeting a soul or even seeing an animal of any description, my unfortunate attendant ran a splinter or thorn into one of his feet, and lamed himself so badly he could not keep up with my pony at the slowest walk, so he lagged behind, and I believe that when I turned a corner and he found himself out of my sight he sat down, for I did not see him again for some time. The road had bends at short intervals, and so I could never see far behind. When I missed him I rode back a few turns, but not seeing him, and having no idea how far back he might be, I was obliged to proceed again, as the pony was getting very tired, and I had no idea where or when I should find another, so I felt how necessary it was to husband his strength, as in that heat and on such a road I knew I should have little chance of ever arriving at my destination—wherever that might be—if compelled to resort to Shanks's mare.

The road had improved a little, thanks to a higher level, which thus allowed the water to run off. I had been urging on my tired beast wondering when I should come across a remount or some tea plantation at which I could make inquiries, when, turning a corner in the road, I saw, about a hundred yards ahead of me, standing in the centre of the road, and facing in my direction, a huge wild elephant. He was a splendid fellow, with enormous white tusks, and he was lazily flapping the flies from his

BY CHARLES H. LEPPER, F.R.G.S., M.B.A.S., ETC.

## CHAPTER IV.

EACH step the poor pony took it made a noise in extracting its feet from the mud like drawing a cork. When it was not tripping over a root it was stumbling into or out of an elephant's track. In places the mud let the pony sink up to the girths, and then I had to get off on to the nearest dead trunk or piece of root I could find to support me and relieve him of my weight before he could extract himself. To see the *syce* picking his way was a lesson in agility. It was a hop or a jump at every pace, from one bit of wood or root to the next.

Occasionally the wild oats grew in across the road, leaving only a bridle-path, and the oats lashed our faces on both sides as we forced our way through them. In these patches of wild oats we learned something about leeches. The blades of the oats appeared to be alive with leeches—in a very tremble with these disgusting creatures as they hurried towards us from leaf to leaf. Down our necks, up our sleeves, down my top-boots and in through my socks, as fine as needles in the ingoing, to swell as thick as my little finger before they finished their repasts. Wah! how they made me shiver when I found them on my neck and up my arms! I must have had a good fifty on me during that day's ride. A little tobacco juice from the bowl of my pipe soon made those I could see or reach let go their hold and drop off. But some were down my back, and others up my legs and on my ankles, and I could not even relieve the tickling by pressure, as the leathers of my boots were too thick. They came up the pony's legs; they had a way of turning up when not expected, sending a thrill and shudder through me.

Then we had the vicious gaddies—about as big out here as large cockchafers at home. These have a suction-hose about the size of the stiletto in a lady's work-basket, and the blood trickles down from the wounds made by these flying ten-teeth-pawer bloodsuckers on the skins of elephants, ponies, horses, etc. One observation I have since made concerning these gaddies:

they will desert white for any dark colour, people dressing in white being left comparatively free from persecution, where darker-clad people would have a dozen gadflies resting on their back at a time.

Mosquitos, sandflies, gadflies, leeches, etc., were our companions, and stuck to us through all our troubles and difficulties with a zeal and attention all their own. In the trees the cigales—called "scissor-grinders" in China from the peculiar noise they make—ground out a noise only to be compared to an international exhibition of grindstones all grinding at full and competitive speed. One of these little fellows on a tree overhead could monopolise all the capacity for sound contained in a radius of thirty yards, having his note as its centre. Their noise is a terribly loud one; but it is not only its loudness, it is its peculiar character which so monopolises all sense of hearing that all other sounds produce no effect whatever on the ear under its influence.

Then there were the peculiar cries of the hooluks, or wild black apes. This cry cannot be described. It is, if anything, like a suddenly jerked-out shout of "Ah! who!" repeated slowly at first, and then so fast that the words run into each other like an echo, and finally finish off, with an effort to overcome the hoarseness produced by the high-pressure repetition, in a hoarse "Who! whooo! whoooo!" Half a dozen of these in full cry at once in one's vicinity are about equal in effect to a chorus of a whole asylnful of lunatics all pretending to be steam-engines at the top of their voices!

Every now and then we startled a barking-deer feeding near the road, and the pretty little fellows—we could not see these wild ones, but I have seen tame ones since, and so I know they were pretty—would start off barking as loud as a collie-dog. These “barks” are also jerked out—forced out as though a sudden blow in the ribs had compressed the lungs and forced out



back and sides with some small branches held in his trunk.

Here was a *rencontre* with a vengeance! My host at the landing-place had told me there were wild elephants in considerable numbers in this district of Assam, and that I might meet some, though not as a matter of course. He had told me that they were terribly afraid of horses or ponies, and that the best thing to do on meeting one was to charge right at it at full gallop and it would be sure to make off into the jungle as fast as it could, probably trumpeting with fright. This was all very well to talk about over a dinner-table in cool blood, but it required a certain amount of faith before being put into execution in real life; at least I thought so at the moment, and I began forthwith to feel uncomfortable doubts as to the amount of faith within me on the point.

What was I to do, however? I had not passed a human being, much less a house, in all these hours. To go back all that way at this time of the evening on an almost worn-out pony was out of the question. To stand still for long with that huge beast for a *vis-à-vis* my pony objected to quite as much as I did, and he was all for going—going anywhere, provided it were only out of sight of that elephant. He was not particular where to, judging by his uneasy behaviour and attempts to break away back, or into the tangled jungle, one side of the road, then the other, anywhere. The sight of that elephant renewed his jaded energies in an astonishing manner. From dragging one leg wearily after another, he was now dancing, pulling, backing, and snorting from a reserve fund of energy that I had no idea he possessed.

For a few seconds I had enough to do to keep my seat, and when I looked up again at the elephant, the brute was watching me, and perhaps enjoying a joke at my expense. He was quietly munching the twigs he had just been using as a fly-flapper. There was no sign of an inclination to move on his part as yet, not a bit. "No thor ughfare" was as clearly legible in his attitude as though it were printed all over him. I confess I did not like the situation, but I was in it, whether I liked it or not, and something said very plainly that I must make the best of it; as to go on indefinitely sitting a fidgety pony, "setting-to-partners," as it were, with a wild elephant, was preposterous and absurd. What risk there was I must take it; I saw that too—saw it better than I liked, or than the pony liked either. We were agreed on that point, though we had a slight difference as to the proper course to take to simplify matters.

The pony had finally made up his mind, after the first blind terror had given place to reasonable anxiety, that a retreat would be admirably discreet on this occasion. Now, after a few moments of hesitation, I had made up my mind that I would risk my all on the advance-at-a-charge theory. Drawing liberally on faith, you will say. Perhaps it was, but I did not see what else I could do; twenty miles from the landing-place behind me, and nobody knows how many miles from anywhere in the only other direction. Finally man's will, supported by two spurs and a whip, overcame that of the subordinate animal, and off we started at a doubtful sort of a canter. The pony's heart was not in it, and I could feel that he was quite prepared to swing round and countermarch past his own flanks at the slightest provocation.

We got to within fifty yards of the elephant, and so far he had retained his position. His ears cocked forward, he appeared engaged in wondering as to how much nearer our impudence would permit us to venture. I had planned that I should approach to within about twenty-five yards, when, if he did not show signs of retiring into the forest, I should retreat to allow myself twenty-five yards start in the event of pursuit. At fifty yards I waved my arms about and halloed as loud as I could. Only a supercilious sort of inquiring look in return! This was beginning to get serious. I went on shouting like a madman and waving my arms. Forty yards, and the elephant apparently quite prepared to receive cavalry. My pony's pace began to slacken, and the human will,

ably assisted as before described, was losing its influence. All depended upon the next fifteen yards. Thirty yards, the elephant was raising his trunk into the air. What was that for? Was he going to meet charge with charge? My heart—well, imagine all about my feelings; too troublesome to describe; the usual thing in moments of supreme suspense and anxiety, when one's life is in the extremity of peril. No, his trunk in air, he gave one great trumpet—scream describes it best, but trumpet is the conventional term—and was off as hard as he could bolt, crashing through the forest.

Lucky for me! for I was off too—on my back in the mud. That scream upset my pony; he upset me. When I regained my legs my pony had vanished back by the way we had come! I sat down on a fallen trunk for a while just to argue a few points. It is not necessary to mention them here. The result was that it was six o'clock; would be pitch dark in less than an hour; that I knew I was wet through; fairly saddle-sick from my not having ridden for so long till this day; that I was some twenty miles from shelter and hope in one direction, and any distance from either in the other. Do not forget the mosquitos, gadflies, sandflies, and leeches, just by way of counter-irritants to the depression of the moment; fill in with a knowledge that wild elephants, tigers, leopards were likely to prove the only wayfarers I should come across, and you have the picture of a dismounted traveller by road in Assam. Yet stop, do not forget that it was raining most of the day, and that just after my pony and I dissolved partnership the rain came on again at the rate of half an inch per hour.

My pony had taken away my biscuits, eggs, and flask, which I had put in the holster attached to the saddle since the *syce* had lamed himself, so I was without refreshment of any kind, and had eaten next to nothing since morning. An English railway-station refreshment-room sandwich, as dry as flannel and about as nourishing, would have been welcome now, if only for its associations, by the contrast of the latter to the surroundings of the moment. In about a quarter of an hour, however, I was rejoiced by seeing my *syce* leading my pony round the corner, as he had captured it on its way back. A cloud or two seemed to pass away just then. Bad as the general discomfort was, the prospects till that moment of sighting the pony had been worse.

We struggled on till seven o'clock, and then just as it was getting dark I came across a remount outside a little hut by the wayside. It was a great relief to have a fresh animal under me, and made me feel ever so much brisker myself. I could not even ask the new *syce* how far we had to go, nor could I in my complete ignorance of the language obtain any other information from him; this was almost exasperating under the circumstances, as I might have been going to travel all night for all I knew.

Such a "road" now! The track opened out from the forest on to a large clearance. This was a plain under rice-fields. Now, rice grows in water. So this plain was under water, and the path was under water too—in some places the water was up to the pony's girths. Remember it was pitch dark. Well, these rice-fields appeared some miles in extent. The road was not so apparent as the extent of the rice-fields; so in the darkness my *syce* missed it. I think we went twice round the edge of that clearance before my *syce* could find the opening by which the road entered the forest again on the side of the rice-fields opposite to that on which we had entered them. This only meant about six miles' terrible wading for nothing, but I could hardly blame the *syce* under the circumstances, had I known even two words of his language to express my censure in.

On entering the forest the track kept splitting up and forking in various directions in a very confusing manner. The man evidently had completely lost his way again. At last we stumbled upon a stockaded village. We could not enter it, owing to the high stockade erected round it to keep out the tigers at night having its gates closed for the night when we ap-

proached. I made signs, by producing two rupees and gesticulating in various ways, that my *syce* should procure a guide from the village.

He understood me. In the course of half an hour he had attracted attention by shouting and had induced two villagers to accompany us. One, it appeared, would not go alone, as he would be afraid to return by himself at night through this tiger-infested forest. The men provided themselves with bamboo torches and led the way. What a path! So narrow that the thorns tore my clothes on both sides of me at once. In places we were on a footpath at the very edge of the high bank of a river. The water glinted under the light of the torches twenty feet below us on one side, the thorns of the jungle scratched us on the other, so narrow was the path. A false step and we should have been over into the deep water below us. It was so dark that when the torches were out of sight round a bend I could not see the ground or trace the path under my pony's nose. I had to leave him free to pick his way for himself.

At eleven o'clock at night we came to a bungalow. Oh, rapture! I was famished, and so tired I could hardly sit my pony. Eleven hours in the saddle, at a walk, on two weary animals, was rough to commence riding practice with, after not having been in the saddle for years. We pulled up at the bungalow. I thought we had arrived at last. Alas! no. This bungalow's European had gone off to spend Saturday and Sunday with the people at the factory I was bound for, so the English-speaking butler in charge informed me. He had nothing in the bungalow for master to eat. Very sorry; would master have a bottle of beer?

Well, I was told that my destination was "quite close;" I should soon get there. When pressed to say how far, the butler said, "Only three or four miles." This is "quite close" in Assam; the man was only conforming to local phraseology. Those three or four miles, however, proved to be a good six or seven, and it was not till half-past one in the morning that my pony awakened me by halting at the verandah of the bungalow, as I had ended by going fast asleep on his back.

I have not told you how, some of the bridges being carried away by the floods, we had to get into canoes hollowed out of single trees, and swim the pony across three rivers during the night; yet this is the Main Government Military Trunk Road of Assam. I give it all its titles so that you may (vainly) attempt to picture what the inferior roads are like. I have omitted several other incidents, all aggravating the discomforts one has to endure—not to call them by any more harrowing name—when travelling in Assam during the rains, as this chapter has already reached a wearisome length.

On our arrival the Europeans were soon roused from their slumbers, and some food was prepared for me, and the usual dose of quinine was forced upon me to correct the dreuching and night malaria. The quinine-bottle holds the place of honour on the sideboard, or camp-table doing duty for a sideboard, of all Europeans in Assam. Without quinine Assam would be again what it used to be—the white man's grave.

The place of honour is not bestowed upon the quinine-bottle—the white man's life-preserver—without good reason, and that position testifies only too faithfully as to the quality of the Assam climate. The following morning being Sunday, I was able to take out my full share of well-earned repose without being awakened at half-past four by the factory gongs.

I am not much the worse for the ride. I do not think it will be long, however, before I am back in dear old England. "Things are not always what they seem," and tea-planting, as represented in England by a comfortable fireside is one thing; the getting to it is all I know about at present, but, judging by first impressions, tea-planting, *in situ* or *in loco*, is about the last resource of the despairing. First impressions are very open to correction. *Nous verrons.*

(THE END.)





STUDIES FROM NATURE.—II. THE POLAR BEAR AT HOME.



## STARS OF THE MONTH.

AUGUST.



Fig. 1.—The Northerly Sky at 10 p.m. on August 15.



Fig. 2.—The Southerly Sky at 10 p.m. on August 15.

[At 9 p.m. on the 22nd the constellations on the meridian are the Lynx, the Giraffe, the Little Bear, the Dragon, the Lyre, the Fox and Goose, the Arrow, the Eagle, and the Archer. The only bright star on the meridian is Polaris, but the line passes very close to Vega.]

Away from Vega draw a line  
To cut the Dolphin's space,  
And just as far again you'll find  
The Water-bearer's place.

Between Aquila and Pegasus, and below Vulpecula, there comes another fairly marked constellation, Delphinus, or the Dolphin, the tail star of which lies away from the Pole. The Dolphin is very small, and takes up hardly more room than the three bright stars in Aquila. In shape he is described as "a periwinkle just extracted from its shell."

Below the Dolphin comes another feeble group, in which a very vivid imagination may find the figure of a horse's head—a kind of chess-knight upside down. The constellation is that of Equuleus or Equus, and its four faint stars are, on a small scale, not unlike the square in Pegasus. As nothing but the head ever appears on the celestial maps, this asterism is not infrequently called Equi Sectio. Below it comes Aquarius, bounded on one side by Pisces, on the other by Capricornus, and at its base by Piscis Australis and Sculptor.

Aquarius is represented as a man pouring a huge stream of water out of a very small pot. In looking at his presentment one is irresistibly reminded of the swell who, after regarding a fire-engine at work for some ten minutes, drawled out to his friend, "What a vewy extraordinary thing it is that so diminutive-look-

ing an appawatus should hold so much wattah!" This is decidedly the watery part of the sky. We get the Fishes, and the Southern Fish, and the Sea Goat, and the Whale, all together, and the Dolphin close handy. Aquarius has no bright stars; his three principal ones all begin with S—Sadahmark, Sadalsund, and Skat.

From Scorpio to where Aries shines  
You catch no brilliant ray,  
Through twice two interjacent signs  
To mark your trackless way;  
Yet would you know where from his urn  
Aquarius pours the stream,  
From fair Andromeda descend  
O'er Markab's friendly beam.

Which shall be our last quotation from Admiral Smyth, from whom, with very many thanks, we part.

## A CANOE CRUISE IN THE SOLENT, ETC.

BY C. PENROSE, M.A.,

Member of the Royal Canoe Club and Joint Author of "Practical Canoeing."

## CHAPTER IV.

AFTER another sail or two in the harbour and at Spithead, though it was getting too wet and squally for outside work to be particularly comfortable at this end of the island, it became time to depart, so I took leave of my friends and got under way for the last time, for the present, in salt water.

In passing out of Haslar Creek, my mainmast being lowered, I forgot all about the mizen, and attempted to pass under a ship's warp that stretched across the channel.

Snap went the little mizen-mast, short off at the deck, so I stow it below, pretty well satisfied with its good sense in having put off getting smashed till the last day; raise my mainmast, hoist mainsail, and, with a fresh breeze against me and a strong tide in my favour, beat up to and into Fareham Lake. There is a ridiculous little eighteen-inch "popple" running, as there generally is when the wind meets a strong tide.

Sailing in a "popple" is described in "Practical Canoeing" as very wet work; the wavelets "are too small to be dealt with separately, and the only thing is to disregard them, and to keep as dry as possible by battening down (i.e., completely closing) the well and putting on waterproof coat."

Unfortunately I had "disregarded" not only the little waves but the rest of the above advice, so first I had to bundle away a lot of things, including the mizen, that were drying on deck, and next, one of these impertinent little harbour

ripples succeeded in effecting what its big brothers of the outer sea had never done, and sent a good bucketful of water into the Mayflower and over her skipper's legs, which were encased in his cleanest and best-repaired trousers with a view to appearing on shore at Fareham and on the railway.

On reaching the landing-place I bundled all my things ashore, and laid some of them out to dry on some beams of timber while a cart was got ready, and the hot sun took the damp out of them, including the garments which had got wet in beating up the harbour.

It seems as if wet clothes were less likely to give one a cold if the water is salt, but there is a curious quality about cotton things which have been wet with sea water, that they always seem damp afterwards, unless they are thoroughly washed out in fresh water.

The moral is to avoid all cotton linings to one's garments, and to have the inside of one's sleeves and waistband of flannel in all clothes intended to be worn afloat.

The cart arriving, the canoe is soon once more at Fareham Station, and the train shortly afterwards carries her to Surbiton, whence she is carted to the river, and paddled to the Royal Canoe Club boathouse at Kingston.

Thus ended my little cruise, and, if uneventful, it was none the less enjoyable.

It is not as a record of adventure or of feats in any way remarkable that I have hoped the

story of it may be of some interest. My object is to give some idea of the ordinary events and pleasures of a canoe cruise, and to show what an amount of cheap and wholesome amusement may be had in a vessel of that description.

One has all the fun of yachting in a small way, plus a certain element peculiar to the canoe. The interest which the performances of so small a craft excite among the people one meets with contributes partly to this. Another point is the way in which a canoe adapts itself to a variety of purposes. To quote from "Practical Canoeing," "Nothing can beat the canoe. One day paddling among the lilies, perhaps in a stream too narrow for oars; on another spreading white sails to the sea-breeze and safely contending with the waves; now carried over obstacles, now housed in boathouse or in shed, in a room of the inn, or, in fact, anywhere that there is room to swing the traditional cat; and again at anchor in the tide, or hauled up on beach or grass, she is herself the nightly bonie of her crew."

Not only can we enjoy such cruises as the one I have described, but we can go almost literally wherever there is water. Far away in the upper waters of the Thames and other rivers, on tiny streams, on lakes and meres, or flooded fields (once even on a pond!), the little Mayflower has carried her crew, and if the pleasure was different from that met with on the sea, still the pleasure was always there.



Ordinarily, several different kinds of boats would be required for navigating such various waters, but the canoe does the work of them all, and does it well.

But then the canoe must be a *canoe*, there must be no aping the sailing-boat. If she is made light enough for two men to carry her easily, with her ordinary fittings on board, she will not be too big; while at the same time she may be made big enough to sail well, to meet rough water well, and for one to sleep on board, to stand up, or to move about in her safely and comfortably.

Complete arrangements for covering the "well," together with a waterproof coat, are of the very greatest importance to the canoeist, as they keep him dry in rain or rough sea and prevent the canoe from being filled with water.

Equally essential are watertight air-chambers in the ends of the canoe, as they prevent sinking in case of an upset, a "swamp," or a leak. Indeed, I do not think a canoe ought to go to sea without them. The Mayflower had these, as a matter of course, or if she had filled her lead would have taken her to the bottom like a shot.

The things required for canoe-sailing in perfection are plenty of water, combined with sufficient shelter; interesting or beautiful scenery; fine weather; enough time; and, of course, a canoe.

One can sail, and sail pleasantly enough, in narrow streams, if not too much sheltered by trees and hills, as the prettiest rivers unfortunately often are, but for *real* sailing, turning to windward and manœuvring under sail, space is necessary.

The Solent, with Spithead and the harbours and rivers leading into them—not half of which I visited in the cruise—forms perhaps the best sailing-ground in the south of England. Then there are the rivers and "broads" of the east coast, very quaint and interesting; the Cumberland lakes, very beautiful, but rather rainy and squally, and without water communication from lake to lake; the lochs, both fresh and salt, on the west coast of Scotland; and the rivers and lakes which form a network in Holland, Denmark, and southern Sweden, all within a short journey of our own shores.

Nor have only sheltered waters been explored in canoes; Shetland and Skye, Scilly and the Land's End, and many another cape and isle have they visited. Very seldom do we hear of serious accident, owing doubtless to the fact that most sea-going canoes are fitted as life-boats.

But I am drifting far beyond the end of my voyage, and I must "bring up" without further delay; so here goes. "In mizen sheet, down with the helm—main sheet—smartly now! Stand by to let go—LET GO THE ANCHOR!"



## FISHING FOR THE MONTH.

AUGUST.

YOUR dace-fishing of the preceding month will probably have provided you with plenty of baits for pike, which fish will now be in excellent condition. If not, you must see about catching not only dace, but roach and gudgeon, for the purpose; and it is always well to take with you a large bait can, that you may preserve those you require for jack baits. Of course, however, when you get home you must change the receptacle, for a dozen or two of baits will not keep alive unless in roomy quarters. If you have a running stream, a box made of wood, closed in with perforated zinc, is the best; and care should be taken to remove those fish showing signs of furring, or the fungus disease, to which all fish are liable, especially in confinement. If you do not require live bait, but desire to spin—certainly the most sportsmanlike method—the baits may be killed and dropped into a preservative mixture, which is sold by Mr. King, 1, New Street, Commercial Road. This keeps them beautifully bright and tough, and is a very useful fluid. Of course I am speaking now for the benefit of those who cannot always find live bait to hand.

As pike will now be in full season till March, it is well to look over your tackle and repair any worn parts, test the gimp of which your spinning-tackle is made, and oil the swivels, so that they work easily. The jack-fisher need hardly be reminded of this; but in case there are those reading this to whom jack-fishing is not perfectly familiar, it will be well, perhaps, if the necessary tackle be also briefly recounted. There are three ways in vogue of pike-fishing—spinning, trolling, and live-baiting. Spinning-tackle consists of a flight of hooks, which is composed of three triplet hooks placed about three-eighths of an inch clear of each other on gimp, and a lip hook. Page 611 of Vol. iii. shows this arrangement. Then there is the trace. This is simply a yard length of twisted gut or gimp, with swivels placed at intervals of a foot; at the upper part is a lead to sink the affair when it is thrown out into the water. This trace should be tested, to see that it is not rotten; and if the trace is one of last year's, touch up the whipping with shellac varnish to preserve it during the forthcoming campaign. The gorge hook is simply a double hook with a conico-cylindrical shape of lead enveloping the shank. This is attached to a length of gimp. Remove any rust that may have accumulated on the hook, and look up your baiting-needle—for in gorge-fishing the bait is threaded from head to tail—and see that no rust remains on it; on the contrary, make it bright and sharp. The live-baiting tackle consists of a double hook without the lead, which is sometimes hooked through the back fin, though oftener threaded under the skin of the bait's back, a length of gimp, a lead, and a large float. The same precautions may be observed as to strength of gimp, etc., as with spinning, and the float should have another coat of varnish. In all cases dry the varnish before the fire or in the sunshine.

Though the rod and line to which reference has been made is a very capital contrivance for small fish, yet I would recommend that another and a stouter one be procured for pike-fishing. The same sort of wood—namely, nut and ash—will do very well, but a stouter plaited line is the best for jack, though water-cord is very good if properly dressed. Perhaps of all the dressings in use the simplest and at the same time the best is a mixture of solid paraffin and resin, in the proportion of two parts of paraffin to one of resin. This is to be melted together in a pipkin, and the lure immersed when the dressing is just warm enough to slightly burn the finger. The line is to be drawn out through a split cork, so as to get rid of the superfluous dressing, and immediately stretched between two uprights. When hard it may be polished with a little powdered talc or pumice-stone, and the result then is a most beautifully smooth dressed line, equal in all useful respects to the costly eight or sixteen plait pike-lines one sees in the west-end tackle-shops. In fishing for pike be careful where your hooks are going. I once had the flight embedded in the back of my head by a young gentleman of my acquaintance not watching what he was doing; and at another time the following ludicrous incident took place. I had just shown an amateur friend of mine the way to throw his bait, when a curiosity-led cow came up behind him to see what the fuss was about. Having satisfied herself, she must have turned to go away, when all at once I heard a shout, and there was the cow with tail erect, and a flight of hooks sticking in it, galloping away, followed by my friend, who, with rod in hand, was vainly endeavouring to prevent a solution of continuity between her cowship and himself. However, a smash ensued, and the flight had to be cut out of the cow's tail eventually.

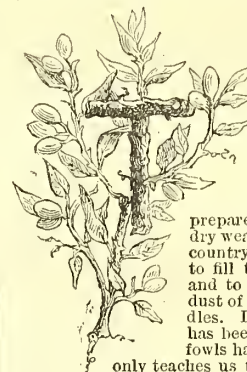
In August you will find that the pike are, during the heat of the day, half hidden by the weeds, and only at mornings and evenings very anxious for food. Still they will feed all day, especially if the sun be not too powerful, and a nice light south-west wind ruffle the surface of the lake. Mr. Alfred Jardine, of the Gresham Angling Society, is probably our greatest of pike anglers (he has two thirty-five pounders preserved in one case), and used a paternoster or leger live-bait in most of his big achievements. This consists of a stinker at the end of the line, and a gimp hook attached at right angles to the line some foot or eighteen inches above the sinker. This is baited with a dace, roach, or gudgeon, and the line is thrown out some ten or fifteen yards at each cast, and gradually worked towards the angler. It is uncommonly deadly.

It is not sportsmanlike to trimmer or "wire" pike, so I shall not describe either method to my readers. Of course I mean when there is no immediate necessity

for getting rid of the pike. In the trout stream in the charge of the writer there are pike which do more damage in one week than the same number of otters would in a month—i.e., they kill and eat the trout. Of course wiring and trimming are then admissible, but under no other circumstances whatsoever.

Still look out for worms of all sorts during this month, and store those not to be immediately used as follows: Get an old washing-tub—of course it must not contain holes—and place in it some three inches of good turfy mould; now get some old pieces of sack and shred them into pieces of about two inches square; wash them thoroughly with clean water, and after pressing the superfluous water out, strew them on the mould. Now get a good lot of moss and place on the top of all, and then put your worms on this. They will, if covered over, keep for months perfectly fresh. Of course for fishing purposes they should be scoured, as explained in the DOINGS for July. Pike, however, must be your quarry before all if you are in the neighbourhood of lakes or streams containing them.

## DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.



THE POULTRY RUN.—We predicted hot weather for this summer. The words we wrote were penned in April. The middle of May brought it all too soon, we fear, for many poultry-fanciers, whose runs, shelters, dust-baths, etc., were not quite

prepared for it. After the hot, dry weather in most parts of the country came drenching rains to fill the gaps in the ground, and to turn the not over-clean dust of the runs into filthy puddles. In many places diarrhoea has been the consequence, and fowls have gone off laying. This

only teaches us that the poultry-fancier must never be caught napping—he should always be fully prepared for all weathers. Our readers would do well in August to glance at the last portion of the first paragraph of our DOINGS for July. Let them continue also a plentiful supply of green food.

Supposing you have begun to set fowls pretty early, you will now have a good idea of what is worth keeping. If it is prize stock that you possess, you will well weigh the properties of seemingly good cockerels, and keep only the *crème de la crème*, and not over many of these. To pot or market with the others as soon as fat. You may pen them for this purpose if you please, but it is in our opinion unnecessarily cruel. Just put them in a place by themselves where they cannot run about too much, and feed, feed, feed—five times a day is not too often. We ourselves believe in soft farinaceous food; oatmeal is capital, and it may be mixed dry with mashed potatoes, boiled rice, with a little treacle—sugar is preferable, because it does not run through so quickly—and fat of any kind, so long as it is wholesome fat; and the last four or five days give suet and oatmeal and a little milk, but do not make the food sloppy. At four months old a chick should be ready to fatten well.

Look over your pullets, and of these also you are only to keep the best.

Moulting will be appearing among your first hatched, and if you think you have a bird that is likely to be a winner, separate it during moult, and be as careful of its feeding and comforts as if it were a canary.

Bumble-foot is a disease not uncommon at this season of the year. It is produced in a variety of ways needless to mention, sometimes occupying a toe or two, sometimes the whole foot. It should be seen to soon, or it may degenerate into an unhealthy suppurating tumour. Pare away any hard skin with a very sharp knife or lancet; if there be a boggy feeling then it must be opened and the matter let out. But this is not enough; the fowl must have some contrivance in the shape of a sock to keep the dirt out, or the labour of opening will have been in vain, and the sore should be dressed twice a day with carbolic oil. If there be no indication of matter, then painting the swelling twice a day with the strongest tincture of iodine is the best plan, but in either case the sick fowl should be removed from the run.

A good breed of poultry to go in for, and certainly a very showy one, is the Langshan. In points they are somewhat similar to black Cochins, with extra-feathered legs. They are excellent mothers, and their eggs are large and good. The flesh of the bird is also white and delicious. They deserve to be even more popular than they are.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—The breeding season will close about the end of this month, or first weeks in next, according to circumstances. A greedy breeder generally commits the faults of beginning too soon in the season, and continuing too late; by the first mistake he gets weakly progeny, by the second he weakens the parents.

Continue to keep the loft in the pink of purity, and if you have not sold your young birds as you have been breeding, do so now, thinning down the loft as much as possible. What you cannot sell you can easily put in a pie. Feed well, and keep the loft well ventilated, and have the area or flight in good order. This is the



month of mixed weather, and towards the end it may come on gloomy, wet, and unwholesome. But if your loft is in good form, and not overcrowded, you can defy disease.

It is not generally known that the droppings of pigeons and the sweepings from the loft make very valuable manure. The best way to keep it is to put a little ashes in an old soda tub, and each day, when the manure or scrapings are put in, add a little ashes—we refer to common cinder siftings—or failing this a little dry earth. Do not let the rain get into the barrel, and you will have a most valuable dressing for early vegetables in spring; if you do not go in for gardening you will have no difficulty in selling it to those who know its value.

The *Trumpeter* is a pigeon that is a great favourite with some fanciers. It is so called from the strange sound of its cooing. It is far less common than many that fanciers devote a lifetime to breed up to a certain standard. Its principal peculiarities are those of feathering—in legs and feet. It is not difficult to breed good specimens, that is why we recommend it to boys. The drawback is that the birds are not strong in constitution. In general appearance it is a broad, low, short-legged bird, with an immense quantity of leg feather; on the front of the forehead is the strange-shaped feathering called the *rose*; behind this the large crest. The voice is very pleasant to listen to.

THE AVIARY.—Read the DOINGS for last month. A word or two about moulting may not be found unacceptable to young breeders this month. Moulting is not a disease, but there is always more or less of constitutional disturbance during its progress; and as the birds are more delicate, and also require additional

nutriment for the supply of the new material, extra care is always required, as well as extra attention. Bar a little saffron in the water just to tinge it yellow, medicine will seldom be required—if it is just two or three drops of castor-oil will be enough. But the food should be more nutritious, and the cages should be placed in a warmer corner, but quite out of the reach of steam, smoke, or draughts. When dust is flying about cover up the cages. Cover them always all night and partially during the day. Let the water be always fresh and pure, and a little maw-seed may be mixed with the other. These directions are very simple, but we think they will be found equally effectual. *Foreign Birds*.—The same rules hold good for these as for canaries, though of course you do not expect all kinds of foreign birds to moult at the same time as our canaries.

THE RABBITRY.—Make hay while the sun shines; gather bedding and herbs that you can dry and mix with the sweet hay or clover that you put in the racks of your favourites in the winter months, when snow may be on the ground. Many of these, carefully dried, make a wholesome addition to the diet of rabbits. Let the bunnies have plenty of bedding, but beware of wet and cold. Keep the houses where your lops are very well ventilated. We greatly deprecate the plan adopted by some fanciers of confining lops to a close warm box, in order to get length of ear, and quite agree with most breeders—that what you gain in ear you lose in constitution.

THE KENNEL.—We have little to add to last month's DOINGS. We never want a hint to give, however, and here is one. Puppies must be fed as often as they will eat. We are convinced that if a dog falls away when

very young it never again makes up its leeway. Have you tried the new cod-liver-oil biscuits for dogs that seem "going light," as our Pigeon Editor would say? Do, then.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—Continue to weed and water. Never procrastinate in the matter of watering—a shower may come by-and-by, and save you the trouble, but then if it doesn't your vegetables suffer. When you do water, go heartily at it; a mere sprinkling does little or no good. Continue to plant out winter greens. Sow lettuce, earth up celery. Make mushroom beds either out of doors or in a shed; any gardener will show you how to do it.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—Remove decayed blooms, and leaves and weeds, and keep the earth loose and tidy in your flower-beds, and the grass tidy around the edges. You can prolong the blooming and freshness of flowers by removing the seed-pods before they are ripe or as soon as the flower fades. Sow biennial seeds. Stick and tie hollyhocks, and water well. Plant cuttings of pinks, pansies, etc. Seeds of annuals to bloom in spring may be sown in the end of this month. Nature sets us the example.

THE WINDOW GARDEN.—Train your creepers every day. See well to flowers in hanging baskets; these very often suffer from want of water, so it is an excellent plan to have them arranged to hoist up and lower down. They are thus as easily seen to as the outside window-boxes themselves. The amateur should make a study of his window-box, and a study of every one he sees if his mind runs in this direction, and whatever flower will bloom easily in it, that transfer. But do not overcrowd.



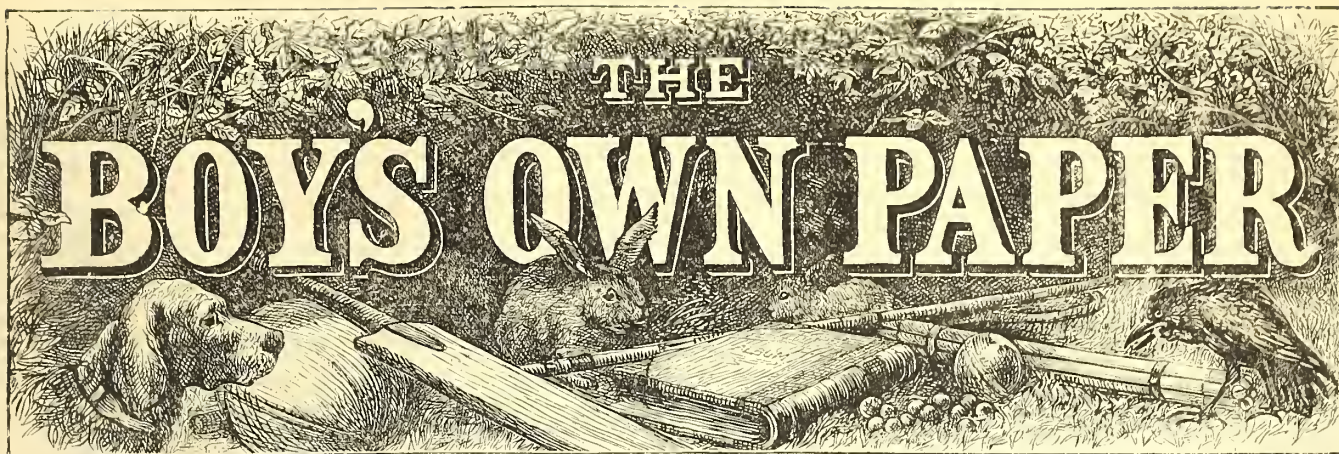
Our Pictorial Calendar.

August.

1. Lipwings congregate.
2. Swifts go away.
3. Hornet.
4. Peacock Butterfly.
5. Red Admiral Butterfly.
6. Clouded Yellow Butterfly (Male).
7. Clouded Yellow Butterfly (Female).
8. Silver Y Moth.

9. Brown-Tailed Moth.
10. Field Convulvulus.
11. Poppy.
12. Harebell.
13. Cow-wheat.
14. Corn Bluebottle.
15. Corn-cockle.
16. Nipplewort.





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## HAROLD, THE BOY-EARL: A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

By PROFESSOR J. F. HODGETTS,

*Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor  
to the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science,  
etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER XV.—RESCUE.

WHEN Kenulf went with Blue-tooth into the treasure-house his eye was greatly taken by a huge and ponderous axe. This axe was double-headed, or cut in either way. The cutting blades were rounded in the shape of a half-moon, and the handle thrust between them was of iron, not of wood, so we may judge it weighty, and no easy task to wield. Well, Earl Blue-tooth bore this battle-axe as



"Blue-tooth, in his anger, dealt stern and fearful blows."



lightly in his grasp as a child may sway a battledoor, or a boy a mimic sword. And when he rode to battle he was a gallant sight, clad in his chain-mail armour, with his shield beset with gold. He wore the eagle's pinions in his helmet ringed with gold, and his horse was trapped with leather embossed and set with gold. But the face of that grim warrior showed the leader of the war, and had he been clad in tatters the chieftain had shown through and have gilt the meanest poverty with the glow of martial fire. No mean habit could have disguised him, he would have beamed through all a chief; and no splendid dress could raise him above his native pride. The man himself was splendid, both in body and in mind. And his dress? That mattered little, he was always the grim earl.

On one side of Earl Blue-tooth King Morwen rode in arms, but of the Roman fashion though of British cut and make. On the other side rode Owen in a tunic edged with gold, on a beautiful black charger, a present from the earl. Behind them came the soldier who had left the robber-hold to come to seek Earl Blue-tooth and ransom all the boys. This man was strongly guarded, and his hands behind his back were bound with cords to keep him from attempting an escape. His rein was guided for him by a soldier of the guard, and two others were appointed at once to cut him down at the slightest token given of the least attempt at flight. So the grim earl commanded, and so the march began. Behind these came the chieftains, the leaders of the host—Thane Hildeberght, Earl Totsig, Thane Cerdic, and the band of those who hung their weapons in grim Earl Blue-tooth's hall. But besides these household warriors there rode in Blue-tooth's "bau" all the great thanes and leaders of the shire he led, and many other nobles who loved to join the earl, because he was a leader who surely gave them work and plentiful occasion to see the game of war played as a general plays it, with knowledge and with skill, not as a savage leader who butchers all his men by madly rushing on the foe like blinded bulls enraged. But still it would be little use to give their various names and say with what a following each joined the famous earl. Their names are now forgotten and their deeds have passed away, yet they live on in their children in this new Victorian age!

"Now Owen, tell me truly, dost thou really know the way? or must we trust the Norseman to guide us to the cave?"

"Sir earl, I tell thee truly, thou canst rely on me, and if I lead thee falsely hang me when thou wilt. But I will guide thee safely, of that thou canst be sure; my own dear head depends on it, and that is a shrewd reason why I should lead thee rightly, whatever thou mayest deem; for though to such stern champions as thou and thy fair son it may seem mean and weak to think of heads and limbs, I like to keep mine safely unless there be some need to place the same in danger in defence of king or land. Now, no such need existing, I think a man a fool to throw away for nonsense what might have served his turn at some more distant moment!"

Few dared to speak to Blue-tooth as this timid Briton spoke. He was not very valiant, that we have long since known; he loved intrigue and plotting much better than a fray. He was deceitful, mean, and full of guile, but intercourse with Harold had so influenced him that he

felt rising in him some of that pride in arms that most young men are born with, and feel, some more some less. He greatly liked Earl Blue-tooth. It seemed that at his side all meanness must be banished, all fear at once subdued. Blue-tooth was sorely puzzled about this Owen Gwynn. He could not fully trust him, he did not like his eye, but yet he felt quite certain Owen would never dare openly to deceive him and lead him far astray. So when the youth suggested that they should make a halt and leave the Norseman fettered while he rode on before to guide the earl in secret down to the robbers' den, Blue-tooth consented quickly, and would have ridden forth with Owen unattended down to the felon's hold. But Owen laughed and told him there were many men assembled in that cavern, while he was only one, and though he knew Earl Blue-tooth would never shrink from odds—yet still it was incautious to throw himself away, especially at this moment, when many things combined to make incaution weakness; nay, he would not go on unless the earl consented to take athane or two and about thirty soldiers, in case of tougher work than he perhaps expected or could alone encounter.

"Thou art not stupid, Owen. Thou hast much solid sense, but still I rather Harold had his amount of daring, although he lack thy brains," quoth Rolf the Earl. Then calling up Thane Hildeberght he said, "Hark ye, friend Hildeberght, Owen ap Gwynn says that this cave is near."

"Some two miles off, Lord Rolf," broke in the Briton, quickly. "More it cannot be, nor can I think it less."

"Well, more or less, about two miles. What thinkest thou? Shall we ride on and find this wolf's nest for ourselves, leaving the men behind?"

"Except," said Gwynn, "some twenty men or so to help us with the robbers."

Blue-tooth smiled—that odd, uncanny, strange, weird smile of his that made so many tremble. "Now, my dear thane," he said to Hildeberght, "we follow this adventure. Take anythane or other leader that thou wilt and half a dozen warriors, and visit Harold and thy son. Hey, man, art with me?"

"Thanks, my good lord," replied the flattered thane. "Yes, I will ask a friend to ride out with us for a little space, and take some people with us. But, Earl Rolf, how many shall we need? a hundred spears, or fifty Danish axes?"

"Nay!" exclaimed Rolf the Earl. "Too many would excite the villains' rage and they might slay the youngsters. Half a dozen men, we two make eight, and Owen there—that's nine; and Harold and the boys would aid us, though we may not count them. What thinkest thou, Owen? Is that enough or not?"

"I counsel twenty men," said Owen. "Less than that would hardly stop the passages these foxes have for flight. Then I must beg that yonder Norseman in the robber's pay be left in safety here. He might cry out and warn them as we come, and some might then escape us. More than this, I would suggest we march not martially, but as it were in parties—twos and threes. It would make too great bustle all to march at once right on the robber-hold, and might be death to Harold."

"By Thor! thou hast become a soldier whether thou wilt or not," quoth Rolf the Earl. "I tell thee, Owen, thou hast been shamming all this time, playing the heart

of hare to hide the champion. All is fair in war, but I must see thee at it. What! wilt thou have the captain, and show me how thou bearest thyself against a foe at bay and taken? or wilt thou show thy skill on one of his retainers?"

By this time they had marched the English force upon a plain some distance from where the robbers lurked, and Owen begged a halt of all the army might be called, and that some ten stout soldiers besides the thanes and Blue-tooth should seek the cave unmounted, walking apart and distant, though not too far for joining any that claimed assistance. More than this, he strongly begged Earl Blue-tooth to start with about thirty, leaving at certain spaces a man to give a signal to the next nearest to him until the chain of signals should reach the centre army, and aid be surely gained.

This pleased the grim earl hugely. "Although thou art a Briton, a weakling, and a Christian, I find that thou hast brains."

"Ay," quoth the youth, "I know it, but where would be my brains, earl, or any other portion of this most British body, if I loved toys like that?" He pointed to the weapon which hung down by the saddle as grim Earl Blue-tooth rode.

All these and more precautions did Owen make in seeking the hold of the marauders who held the captive boys. At last they all dismounted; Earl Rolf unslung his weapon and flung it on his shoulder, striding along the way. The men were duly stationed, and when Rolf reached the cavern there were but three armed men, himself, the thanes, and Owen, just seven men all told. Arrived where the huge fissure gave Harold the first entry into the robbers' hold, it was at first not easy to find the hidden path, for it was piled with brushwood and hidden from the view. At last he recollected how they had turned in passing, but found that entrance gone! So with a sturdy spearman he tried all kinds of inlet, and still without success, when just as he was standing almost inclined to venture to use the chain of sentries as signal for the Norseman left in the camp behind them to make him find the way, a heap of piled-up brushwood, fresh, green, and like the thicket by which it was surrounded, began to shrink away as if withdrawn by some one concealed within the thicket. A signal with his finger now was made by Owen promptly, and all the seven hid. At last the pile of brushwood was quite withdrawn before them, and two men left the gap made to permit their exit, and which revealed the pathway downwards through the fissure through which the boys had ridden when they were made to enter as prisoners to the robbers on that unlucky day. The men now left the opening and stood upon the field gazing with care around. Then Owen Gwynn sprang forward and cried aloud in British,

"Stay. Do not close the opening, but lead me to the captain. I come without your comrade, who stays with the grim earl until the ransom mentioned for his dear son, Earl Harold, shall be agreed upon."

Astonished to see Owen without their own companion and comrade of the band, they seized him somewhat roughly.

"Nay, gently, friends," he said, "if we are roughly treated you lose your share of plunder, for I shall tell your captain of how you act to me!"

Without so much as pausing or replying



they pinioned Owen Gwynn with very great rapidity, the fruit of years of practice in this most subtle art. But scarcely had they bound him and pushed him on before them head foremost through the gap, when a crashing blow from Blue-tooth cleft one man clear asunder right through from head to sword-belt, as thou wouldst cleave a log of wood to light a fire. And the same moment saw the javelin of Hildeberght pierce through the second rascal, who fell without a groan.

"Thanks for that blow," said Owen; "I long have wished to see thee give that rough toy some play, but it's an ugly weapon, and, pardon me, too savage to please my British taste. The javelin is cleaner, more polished, *not so heavy*, and, after all, it does the work as well!"

Earl Rolf enjoyed the coolness of Gwynn in this adventure, and liked him more and more; still there was in this Briton something which the English could not at all endure, and even while he praised him Earl Rolf said to himself, "I cannot understand him. Is he a fox or wolf?"

But having found the entrance, they all marched on in silence round all the winding pathway up to the rocky floor where, as the reader noticed, the cavern doorway opened where Harold was confined. The fire blazed most brightly, the tables all were spread, and round about the fireplace the robbers lay in groups. Some twenty of the party, their captain at the head, were pouring wine in drink-horns when Owen reached the place.

"Ha!" cried the captain, laughing, "what news from grim Earl Rolf?"

Scarce were the words well spoken when he rolled on the ground felled by a blow from Blue-tooth, who said as he sank down,

"He sends to thee this greeting and thus he answers thee!"

Up sprang the robbers in dismay. Some seized their arms, some fled, but as they reached the entrance fresh foes appeared to rise, and as they rose, to mow them like grass beneath the scythe. But Blue-tooth in his anger dealt stern and fearful blows. The robbers fell before him like snowflakes in the sun. Some struck at him with daggers, but the earl's chain mail was good, and all their dastard efforts fell like the rain on stone. Then quickly Owen opened the barred gate of the cave. Forth sprang the young Earl Harold close to his father's side, and well he plied his javelin in that unworthy fray. Two robbers he had vanquished who had tried to reach the earl, who coolly hewed the miscreants as if he were chopping wood. He called to young Earl Harold, "Let be, my son, let be! My axe is somewhat rusty. I test its edge on these. They are not worth thy ardour, but I will show thee how useful double-axes are in dealing with such foes. The upward backhand motion few men can well withstand. It cleaves through Roman armour as a seax cuts through cheese. Now watch this rascal Briton just stooping for a spring. I take him on the hip, Harold, thou seest. So, I mean."

But we cannot tell our readers how the robbers fought and died, nor how the grim Earl Blue-tooth mowed down these men unmoved, how Gwynn was rather frightened at this grim taste of war, and Harold took a lesson as his father showed the way to shift that dreadful weapon and use its blades so well as to dispatch his enemies just as he pleased to strike. The soldiers and the nobles stood by and gazed

respectfully. Not one durst raise his weapon without the word from Rolf, who said at last to Hildeberght, "My dear and valued friend, let the men now attack them; my lesson's done."

He left that place, with Harold and all the boys as well as the little pouies following their masters up the rocks, and Blue-tooth left the soldiers to clear the robber-hold of those who had infested it and gained such wealth by crime. He called to good Thane Hildeberght to come and join the lads, and Kenulf was delighted to see his stalwart sire. They reached the plain before them where the army lay at rest, and the earl then mounted Sigurd, his battle-horse, that stood and waited for his master in most uneasy mood. He chafed at his long absence, he foamed with gallant zeal to bear his noble master where the foe was thickest found, and he arched his neck in pleasure as the good Earl Rolf drew near. Then he eyed young Harold and his pony with delight, and the other boys and Hildeberght, and when he felt his rider upon his back again where was a prouder war-horse in all that pleasant land?

The sweet converse between Kenulf and his father was too sacred for our pen, but their joy was most complete, and when they rode together it would have been impossible to say which of the twain was happiest, sire or son. Blue-tooth and Harold spoke much less. But the father pressed the hand of that same daring Harold, but with such an earnest grip as made the fingers tingle, and it made his heart throb high. He looked at his grim father, who sat a tower of steel, and he vowed he would grow worthy a sire so grand as he. He saw his father's pleasure in his glance, and felt it in that iron grip.

"Why didst thou not return before?" asked the grim earl at length.

"First, we were all imprisoned, and we could not escape."

"Why was the dove not sent to warn us of thy fate?"

"It died, Earl Rolf, and we had then no more. They made me give my word to them that we should not escape."

"How!" cried the earl, disdainfully. "And hast thou broke thy word? Harold, this is too bitter! How darest thou venture here?"

"I never broke my word, Earl Rolf, for I should scorn such deed. I am no nothing, father, but brave Earl Rolf's own son. I told the nithings openly because they dared to doubt my word, which I have kept all through unspotted and unbroken. I told them plainly I withdrew that word, that I was free to fly, and fly from them I should. Was that a nithing deed, Earl Rolf? Should I have tarried then, or thinkest thou that I was free to take my word again?"

"Nay, that is like my Harold. When they had scorned thy word thou didst well to withdraw it, if that were understood by them as such withdrawal. But did they understand?"

"I told the worthy Domina, who speaks our English tongue, and she interpreted my words to that same nithing king."

"That alters all the matter. I feared from what I heard my son had been a traitor, which I could not have borne. But it would have been falsehood had they not understood that the promise was withdrawn from them in formal, honest way."

"And that it really was, father; no doubt is on my mind. I heard the Domina explain; I saw Llewellyn frown, and then

he ordered stronger ward, and rushed to meet his witan."

"How earnest thou in that foulden?"

"They took us in the wood, and but for Owen's British tongue we should have fared but ill. Hast thou seen Owen, good my lord? he rode with thee I trow."

"Yes; he rode with me, and is somewhere with the train. He will be here anon, Harold. But now I want to learn how thou wast treated by yon king and that same nithing court?"

"I was most kindly treated by the Hlæfdige, his wife, the officers and soldiers, and the grooms through all the 'hold' were very good to all of us as sons of English earls. They fear the grim Earl Blue-tooth and that battle-axe of steel, and since I saw thee use it I find them in the right, as sheep should fear the wolf-dog, or the cushat dove the hawk. But wilt thou forgive me, father, if I ask somewhat of thee?"

"Say on, son Harold; ask thy fill," said Rolf the earl.

"They say—but that is nonsense!—that Earl Rolf has magic charms; they say no steel can harm him, no foes can bring him down; and this is due to witchcraft. He bears a charmed life, and all attacks are fruitless unless they break the spell. I never gave them other than a passing thought or laugh, and I wondered how stern men-at-arms could be such fools as they. Now I have seen thee mowing fierce, wrathful men to earth, and I saw the knaves attack thee with lance and sword and axe, while thy form stood like an oak-tree when the summer breezes blow, and never bend its branches or force the head to bend. Or like a rock in water when the billows round it rave, and it stands unmoved amongst them, unyielding to the last. They rushed upon thee, father—and thou art but a man—and they fell before thy battle-axe like leaves before the wind. Thou art most strong and valiant; but tell me, was it right to trust thy precious person in such a nithing brawl? Forgive me, earl, for asking if thou dost think it wrong, but I was most astonished at thy doings, good my lord."

The grim earl smiled more grimly. "Thou hast the right to ask, for thou shalt soon ride with me over the borderland and drive these dogs of Britons into the hills, the waves, or any other refuge they may find from English steel. As to the charge of magic, it is a common trick of low and nithing natures to think what is too deep for them with their poor addled wits must be the work of witchcraft or some such secret art. We know for very certain that the prophetess and seer can often tell the future, but they seldom use their skill to direct the foeman's weapon, or do such things as they believe our good priests and valas practise in the land. Allfather rules the battle, and as His will may be, so we must fall in conflict or vaquish in His name. The battle is to Odin, but when a champion falls what is it? Life is better in Valhalla's halls than here. When man is always ready to meet his end in war death shuns him like a pestilence, and gives him room to breathe; the coward dies in terror to see the broad sword gleam. As for yon hounds of robbers, I shame me that I deigned to slay such filthy earrion. I might have called the men and let them clear the cavern. However, it is well. I would fain show thee, Harold, the sterner side of war. It is not always lovely, and in yon robbers' den it was a piece of slaughter of nithings, hardly men. And



yet I marked some three or four who bore themselves right well. Shame that a valiant blade like him who bore the halbert should be a robber knave. As for my person, Harold, I longed to see thy face, and peril is around us wherever we may turn. If I drew back from danger, whatever foes we

front, my star in England blanches, and our name is lost to fame. The axe-play was but practice; thou soon wilt learn to wield this weighty mass of iron as lightly as thy lance. Look! there rides Owen yonder. How likest thou the youth?"

"I shame to say I like him not; and yet

but for his aid we should have been in prison until this very day."

"For that we owe him gratitude, and I shall prove his friend. Yonder is the encampment. Forward! march!"

(To be continued.)

## THE TIGERSKIN: A STORY OF CENTRAL INDIA.

By LOUIS ROUSSELET,

Author of "The Two Cabin Boys," "The Drummer Boy," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XXIV.—MORE TIGER STORIES.

THE little general's narrative was received with signs of enthusiastic approval, and the members rising from the table adjourned with a good deal of noise to the coffee-room which opened on to the garden.

attack an animal which our friend has just sketched in such attractive colours? However, I am only doing what I conceive to be my duty when I declare that in my eyes the tiger is a cruel, hateful, cowardly monster, that we should all do our best to

his prodigious muscular strength the tiger remains a souvenir of the prehistoric fauna. He should rejoin the fantastic monsters destroyed as much by human influence as by natural causes.

"The tiger, gentlemen, is the most cowardly of animals. He only attacks the feeble, and no matter how fierce he may be, he always trembles before the firm straightforward look of man. Even the terrible man-eaters only choose for their prey the feeble women and natives palsied with fear. Over and over again have these redoubtable tigers been seen to leave their victims and fly for their lives from a child armed with a stick. The instinct of the man-eater will always lead him to retreat before the European hunter that shows a bold front.

"Last year I was at Nassik, in the Dekkan, and heard that a man-eater was pursuing his depredations in the neighbourhood, and that he so completely barred the road to Palmit that no native dared to venture along it. Innumerable had been his victims, and the terror was great, and I had some difficulty in finding men to guide me to the tiger's haunt when I promised them to rid the country of his presence. At last two shikaris who had often accompanied me on similar occasions plucked up confidence and consented to be my guides.

"As we entered the wood I placed my two shikaris in front so as to hide me. In this order we advanced with much caution. I held my double rifle at the ready in case the brute should attack us on the flank, but I knew that this he very rarely did. And, in fact, when we had gone about a couple of hundred yards I saw, some twenty yards in front of me, the tiger come out of his thicket and block the road. He was in no hurry. Sure that his prey could not escape him, he seemed to choose his victim. Superb in his brutal magnificence, he crouched down, and with his look threw a fascinating spell over the shikaris. As we had agreed, the two trembling men, at a given sign, cleared off, and left me face to face with him. With my gun at my thigh, ready to fire, I fixed my eyes on the monster. I cannot describe to you the really magnetic effect which my look produced on him. A deep fear, a sort of stupefaction, rose into his savage face, and as I shouldered the gun and made a step forward he lay down, crushed, on the ground, and, turning his head, looked as though he was about to flee into the jungle. The movement was his destruction. I saw his exposed shoulder, fired, and the brute rolled on the ground, but at a bound he was up again, and fear giving him courage, he faced me once more. My second shot failed to stop him, and he came on at



A Garden Party.

"What seems to me so extraordinary about this is," said Holbeck to Everest, "that such exploits have been performed by such an almost microscopic little man, who, in spite of his long beard and soldierly carriage, is as meek as a lamb. Don't you think Butnot exaggerates a little?"

"I believe that what the gallant general says is the simple fact," answered Everest, very seriously. "Englishmen have many faults, but it is as well to remember that they hate the least travesty of the truth."

"You speak up for your own side," said Holbeck, with a smile, "but you must admit that a sportsman, whether born on the Thames or the Seine, would hardly be a sportsman if he did not go in for a little decoration."

The servants moved among the groups with their salvers and handed round cups of deliciously aromatic Mocha. Soon cigars were lighted up, and long spiral wreaths of light blue smoke began to ascend from all sides. The members had made themselves comfortable in the armchairs, and the circle was re-formed. Excited by the general's story, the company thirsted after fresh adventures.

And the Rev. Mr. Shortbody having obtained an audience, began as follows:

"Gentlemen, after the humorous special pleading of our eminent colleague, General Butnot, in the tiger's favour, I have some hesitation in following him. How dare I

extirpate. I am really not aware what may be the fate in reserve for the unhappy English officials when that result has been attained, and I do not now ask if their leisure might not be much better employed in the moral elevation of the peoples placed under their charge; for the question is unfortunately too distant to necessitate its discussion. But what I deny is the utility, small as you may think it, of such a rascally animal as the tiger. So far from agreeing with our friend Butnot, I assert that we deserve blame, that after a century of domination we have not rid the country of such a plague. It is for this reason that I have become a member of your club, for I hold that any honest man who feels in his heart the courage required to face the fiercest of monsters should in this country range himself under the noble and philanthropic banner of the Tigerslayers."

"Hear, hear!" said the assembly.

"Of course, gentlemen," said Shortbody, "I am one of those who believe that no part of this admirable creation is without its uses. The tiger, like other animals, has played an important part in the life history of the globe. But in the nineteenth century, in this era of civilisation, that part is played out, and it is for us once for all to put a stop to it. Once upon a time, as geological evidence proves, the tiger infested the land of Britain. Do we regret that the efforts of its primitive inhabitants succeeded in driving him out of it. With



a rapid rate, but I seized the gun offered by one of the shikaris, and stretched the tiger lifeless on the ground. And so you see that this redoubtable monster, who in one year had walked off with fifty victims, shamefully fled before the look of a man who had dared to use his eyes."

Great applause greeted Mr. Shortbody as he resumed his seat.

"Gentlemen," said the timid Whatafter, as he rose to follow, "I hardly like to give an opinion in the debate which our colleagues Butnot and Shortbody have so brilliantly opened; famous tigerslayers as they are. In my opinion tiger-hunting is the noblest of the sports, and without it our existence at the out-stations would be terribly monotonous. In that I share the opinion of my friend Butnot. As to the cowardice of the tiger, I have frequently noticed it, as our friend Shortbody has done, and it is this very cowardice that surrounds our philanthropic mission with such danger, for our enemy not only brings his ferocity into play against us, but he adds to it his cunning and his hate, and baffles our courage by taking us unawares.

"But it is not only in the face of man that the tiger shows the cowardice of his heart. One other enemy, a very modest one, however, makes him tremble, and that is the wild dog, the *Cuon rutilans* of our naturalists. This animal, which is principally met with in the Central Provinces, is about the size of the ordinary dog. He goes in packs of some ten to a dozen, and with consummate ability gives chase to all the frequenters of the jungle, including even the tiger. I have myself on several occasions seen such packs pursuing the tiger, and he was shamefully running away from them, and I know on very good authority that such pursuits always end in the death of the hunted. It is a strange fact that the jackals, in spite of their formidable numbers, never attack the tiger.

"I was once out tiger-shooting near Dumoh, and was passing the night perched up in a tree near the carcass of a buffalo which had been dragged there the night before by one of these giant cats. As it was bright moonlight I kept myself carefully hidden among the leaves. I had been in my position about an hour when I saw two jackals come into the clearing in which lay the buffalo. With great precaution they sidled up to the carcass, dancing round it in the most comical fashion, and then scurried off as if panic-stricken, to come back immediately afterwards. At last one of them threw himself on the buffalo and began to tear it with his teeth, while the other stood by as a sentinel with his nose to the wind and his ears erect, and took no part in the feast. Suddenly the sentinel gave a jump, and stuck up his back in such a way that I thought the tiger was coming. But a moment afterwards I saw a third jackal appear, and after creeping up very cautiously and going a long way round, he attacked the carcass notwithstanding the sentinel's growls.

"In about half an hour the jackals continued their feasting, and then I saw them hurriedly get up and run backwards and forwards in a very agitated way, all the time keeping their eyes fixed on the same point just behind the tree I was up. This time I was sure that they had seen the tiger; but afraid of making a noise, I dare not turn round, and there I remained for some time in quite a fever of expectation. Suddenly the jackals began mowling

gently, as if to present their compliments or excuses to the jungle king, and then they slowly beat a retreat down the clearing. As they were doing so I heard the heavy

not detain you long. The case mentioned by Whatafter is certainly of rare occurrence. I know very few men who can boast of having rolled over a tiger at a single shot.



"Fired the six chambers point blank at the Tiger's Head."

step of the tiger, and just beneath me there came into view his large head and striped shoulders. He came on without suspecting anything, and kept his eyes on the grimacing jackals. When he had reached the carcass he stopped, turned broadside on, and I fired. With a hoarse growl, and before I could give him a second shot, he sprang out of the clearing, and I heard him run for a moment or two, and then fall heavily among the bushes. I waited a little time, and then got down out of the tree and called my shikaris, and we soon found the tiger stone dead. Thanks to the jackals, I had been able to kill him with a single bullet, which, as far as I know, is rather a rare occurrence."

Whatafter's story was received with discreet murmurs of approbation, and these had scarcely died out when Dr. Cunningham broke silence with,

"Gentlemen, as it is getting late, I will

I never have had the luck to do so. I should say that, more than any other of the felidae, the tiger takes a long time to die, and you might almost reverse the proverb and say that a quarter of an hour after death he is still alive. In fact we often see the tiger do things for some seconds which would be impossible had the muscles which cause them been really smashed up and destroyed by the projectile. As an illustration of this, I will tell you of a very sorrowful affair of which I was the helpless spectator.

"A few years ago I was in garrison at Nassirabad, in Rajputana, and I was spending all my spare time in the Aravali hills, where there is game of every sort and description. I had as my inseparable companions two brother officers—Captain Burr, an accomplished sportsman, and a Lieutenant Wilnot, who was a young fellow, quite a novice, but very promising.



"One day we heard of a very large tiger, who was playing havoc with the cattle of the Thakoor of Dabla. The hill close to this village had no trees on it, so it was impossible to get into hiding there, and thus we had to go after the tiger in the daytime with beaters, and, as the bushes were rather thick, the attempt promised to be rather dangerous.

"This being the case, I at first refused to let Wilmot come with us, but I yielded to his urgent request, and we three set off.

"I took a few shikaris that I had chosen with some care, and of whom I felt sure, and at first everything went well. The tiger was brought under fire in a most favourable way, and as soon as we spotted him we rolled him over with three bullets in quite a regular manner. I was stepping up to give him his final, when the brute made a last effort and disappeared in the bushes, taking with him a fourth bullet, which struck him on his hind leg. It was evident that the last wound would prevent him going very far, and I mustered the beaters, and we started in search of him.

"You know, gentlemen, that this is the most dangerous part of a tiger-chase, and that you cannot act too warily. We advanced, then, with great care, and beating all the bushes, when I suddenly saw that Wilmot had remained behind. I was astounded at his recklessness, but it was not my fault. At the same moment that I missed him we heard a fearful shout from the middle of a thicket about twenty paces off, immediately followed by several shots. I ran up, trembling with excitement, and nearly fainted at what I saw.

"The tiger had seized Wilmot as he passed, and dug his teeth into the unfortunate fellow's right side. Wilmot had had the pluck and strength to draw his revolver from his belt, and fired the six chambers point blank at the tiger's head. And yet the brute, blinded with blood, with his head smashed into pieces, never let go his hold, and continued to shake his victim as a cat does a mouse. Mad with rage, we fired into the tiger's body, and he then let go his hold, and Wilmot was free. Notwithstanding his terrible wounds, Wilmot raised himself up, and, saying to me, 'It was all my fault, Cunningham,' fell back dead. He was only one-and-twenty."

The doctor resumed his seat, his audience having been much affected at his story.

"Gentlemen," said the president, "all honour to the heroes who give their lives for a cause of which none can deny the philanthropic character. In attacking these tigers, in pursuing them in their haunts, we are not giving ourselves over to a vain and futile distraction, we are not only rendering a service to popular fears, but we are teaching the natives to respect the European race which has brought them the benefits of a higher civilisation. Before this conference closes, and we join the ladies, who are protesting against our having abandoned them, I have a word to say which will be of special interest to you.

"It is a fact well known to all of you that a powerful tiger will clear the country over which he ranges of all his rivals. So it has been in Mahavellipore, and since the appearance of the king-of-the-tigers all his congeners seem to have flown. On the other hand, as if in confession of our superior prowess, our adversary himself has now gone. According to the latest news, it is not known what has become of him, and the shikaris seem to fancy that he has

taken refuge behind the Nirbada. If that is confirmed we shall be obliged to declare this Tigerslayers' Club to be permanent until the Bagh Rajah has been found and executed. And now, gentlemen, this meeting is adjourned."

The colonel quitted his seat, and the sportsmen, old and young, moved into the drawing-room, where the ladies had already assembled.

At the colonel's order, the palace band, which was always in readiness in case the club should require its services, now struck up, and its enlivening strains echoed through the pavilion. In a few moments the tables and chairs were cleared away from the centre of the saloon, the mammas arranged themselves round the room, and the gentlemen came forward to choose their partners.

In spite of his entreaties, Holbeck was obliged, for the first time in his life, to face the inextricable perplexities of a quadrille, and we may say at once that he demeaned himself with as much ability as if he were an old diplomatist accustomed to figure on the waxed floors of the courts of royalty.

However, he had to excuse himself from the final galop, his little legs refusing to keep up with the impetuous speed of his fellow-dancers. Escaping from the crowd, he took refuge with Mrs. Shortbody, with whom he was a particular favourite.

"What do you think of that?" said he to that amiable lady as he sank almost out of breath on a chair. "That little witch, Miss Mary Shaughnessy, obliged an old man like me to go through all those figurings and caperings."

"You are rather worried, my dear doctor," said Mrs. Shortbody, "but you must forgive Mary her little bit of fun."

"Forgive her?" said the doctor, sending his gold spectacles up on to his forehead with a jerk. "Of course I forgive her. You see, my dear madam, I consider Miss

Shaughnessy to be one of the most amiable young ladies it would be possible to meet."

"You are right," said Mrs. Shortbody. "I have taken a great deal of notice of her, and every day I see some new thing to admire in her."

Once started on this theme the good doctor could not stop himself, for we know with what admiration the daughter of his friend Shaughnessy had inspired him, and so he spent some considerable time with Mrs. Shortbody delightedly listening to all the good lady told him concerning Mary, whom she had known from infancy, having been a friend of her mother's.

In the meantime, Barbarou, now broken in to all the refinements of the "best society," demeaned himself with as much ease as if his coat had been made for him. In truth, this fortunate garment, by putting a check on his exuberance, was of the utmost value to Barbarou, and gained for him praises innumerable for the distinction of his bearing. And Mrs. Whatafter declared that beneath his elegant exterior she could detect that charming dash, that *furie française*, which has always characterised the representatives of "la grande nation."

As for Everest, no sooner had the orchestra struck up than he hurried off to the coffee-room. The colonel, who acted as master of the ceremonies, hunted out the young lord in his retreat, but Everest refused to move, excusing himself on the ground of a splitting headache.

At length eleven o'clock struck. The haughty Mrs. Peernose arose and, marching up to the band, stopped the music. The party had to bow to her decision, and retired to their canvas homes.

(To be continued.)





## THE WHITE RAT.

BY THE REV. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S.,

*Author of "Cacus and Hercules," "A Dunce's Disasters," etc.*

## CHAPTER III.

THERE was a small hut or cabin in the garden at Sunnyside, close to the potting-shed. It was called "Ivy Cottage," and had been built by the gardener expressly for the children. Their outdoor toys—hoops, horses, wheelbarrows, spades, and so forth—were kept in it. There too had been the workshop in which Harry, considerably assisted by the gardener, had constructed the mansion for the rat.

The design of this mansion was ingenious and original, and fully carried out the architect's intention, which was to afford the rat as much variety and space as possible. The champagne-case formed the main structure of the building. Two boxes were added, with corridors of iron pipe. The mansion, when complete, comprised a dormitory and bath-room, a spacious day-room and gymnasium. The upper boxes were made to take off if necessary; and a rough ornamental coping of wood worked with a fret-saw gave a finish to the whole.

"Rat Castle" was to be kept for the present in Ivy Cottage; and thither hastened the children as soon as they reached home.

Everything was in readiness. A nest of hay and flannel and old pieces of rope was in the dormitory; the bath was set out in the bath-room; there was a supply of choice food in the day-room.

Harry presided over the exciting ceremony of installing the rat in its new home, and the others looked on with intense interest. The door of entrance was in the roof of the dormitory. The rat was introduced, and at once crept into the nest, where it seemed inclined to take up permanent quarters. This, however, was not part of the programme, and Harry with a stem of grass gave the animal a hint that its presence was required elsewhere. So it proceeded downstairs into the bath-room, looked about, put its nose into the bath and had a drink, ran up the inclined plane and down into the pipe which led into the day-room. Here it seemed very happy, for it scampered up and down, and peered into every corner, and nibbled an almond. Then, under Harry's persuasion, it ran along the upper ledge and got into the gymnasium. This was a narrow but very lofty apartment, fitted with ledges ascending on alternate sides. The blade of grass was brought repeatedly into play before the difficult feat of this Alpine exercise was accomplished. But when the highest ledge was gained the rat soon disappeared down the descending pipe, and found itself once more in the sleeping-chamber. Thus the tour of the castle was performed to the satisfaction of all concerned, and the rat returned to its nest and retired from public view. Dickey had watched the manoeuvres in silence, his little soul completely absorbed with an interest too deep for words. Harry, the showman, had done all the talking; and Molly graced the proceedings with imperial condescension.

Nurse was now heard calling the children to come in, and Harry supported her authority by saying, "Come along, chickens; we must say, 'Good-night, rat.'"

Then Dick came very close, and said, "Harry, I want to whisper." Harry bent his head, and the confidential words were, "Don't you think the rat will mind the dark? Might I have him in my bed?"

Harry laughed, and said, "No, Dick, he wouldn't be very pleasant company, and rats always live in the dark; you never see them in the daytime."

"Ah," said Dickey, "those are ugly old brown wild rats that hide away; this one is lovely and tame and white."

"Come in, Master Harry; your mamma wishes to see you all in the drawing-room."

They came in accordingly; Harry with a bound and a run indicative of vigorous spirits; Molly with sedate composure as she sidled up to the mother who was reclining on the sofa, and nestled her head on her mother's shoulder. Dickey walked thoughtfully up to receive a kiss, and then their tongues were loosed to recount the enjoyments of Miss Porehester's party, and it was "D'you know this?" and "D'you know that?" for the next ten minutes, until Mrs. Stephenson had heard all particulars of the entertainment. But Dickey's little mind was ill at ease. He could not bear to think of the white rat being left all alone in Ivy Cottage. His mother saw his anxious expression, and maternal sympathy divined the nature of his distress, as she said, "Shall we let the white rat sleep in the kitchen to-night, Dickey?"

"Oh, do, mother," and the large eyes brightened up in an instant. "Oh, mother, how kind you are! I do think he would have been afraid of the dark, poor little ratty!"

"Well," said Mrs. Stephenson, "what do you think, Harry? Can you fetch in the cage?"

"Oh, yes, mother; you know the dormitory takes off; it's only fastened on with wooden pegs. I can take it off in a minute. The pipes come out, and I'll fetch it."

Harry soon returned with the rat in its sleeping apartment. It was shown to mother, who admired it, to Dickey's satisfaction; and then it was carried off and put on a shelf of the dresser, high up, out of the cat's way. And Molly and Dickey wished their mother good-night, and disappeared upstairs.

Harry, having made himself tidy, sat in the drawing-room, and prepared his lesson for the next day. There was supper at eight and prayers at half-past, after which Harry went to bed. He and Dick had a little room to themselves at the top of the house, with a skylight opening in the roof. Mrs. Stephenson did worsted-work during

preparation, and Harry generally managed to get over his lesson by ten minutes to eight, so as to have time for a little conversation.

"Mother, when do you think Dick will go to Highfield? He's awfully backward. He can only read words of one syllable, and doesn't know 'mensa.'"

"Poor little man," said mother; "Dr. Clark told me we must not bother his small brain. It is much more important that his body should grow and gain strength. I sometimes think he ought to go to the seaside. He was so well when we were at Eastbourne last holidays."

"Eastbourne is such a jolly place," said Harry. "I should like to live there—and yet I don't know; the woods and fields are better in summer; at least, they're both stunning. I think I like home best and going to the sea for a change."

"I'm sure you would be sorry to leave Deepwells, Harry, and so would Dick. But father and I both think it might do him good, and Aunt Jane would like to have him at Ventnor after Christmas. He gets such bad colds in January and February that we are seriously thinking of letting him go."

The days went quickly by with even, uneventful routine. Harry went his daily journeys to and fro between Sunnyside and Highfield. Dickey and his sisters picked the last blackberries in their morning rambles, and now contented themselves with hoops. Chill October passed away, and November fogs had drawn their shroud over hill and dale for the wind and sun to sweep off. December came.

"The bleak wind whistles; snow-showers far and near  
Drift without echo to the whitening ground;  
Autumn hath passed away, and cold and drear  
Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound."

The holidays were close at hand, each day bringing them visibly nearer, and glad anticipations filled the boys with fresh energy and the desire to rejoice in their youth. It had been settled that after Christmas Dickey should try the soft climate and tempered sea-breezes of Ventnor.

Dickey's affection for the white rat had not diminished with time. Now that the cold weather had come it was allowed to live in the kitchen. Dickey often let it out for a run. The old white cat, Tom, had grown callous to this intruder, and treated its presence with dignified indifference. But one day Dickey was exercising his pet upon the kitchen floor and feeding him with stray currants. Cook was busy with pans and platters in the larder.

The feline Tom had been prowling about the garden, and had encountered an acquaintance in the shape of a lank black cat, with green eyes that shone in the dark like gems of unearthly lustre. This animal was a casual frequenter of the garden at



Sunnyside. It might be seen in the twilight of a summer evening stealing across the lawn with a hurried slouching and repulsive gait, suggesting treachery and rapine. Tom had invited this ill-omened acquaintance to return with him to the



house. They found the back door shut, but Tom knew of a window communicating with a passage which led to the kitchen. He often made use of this entrance, and through it he now jumped, closely followed by his friend. Tom espied Dickey and the rat through the kitchen door, but paid no heed. He was a portly eat, advanced in years, and the exertion of his jump was no small tax upon his energies. He therefore sat him down upon the mat, and licked a paw carefully. Not so the Zulu, as Harry had named the casual frequenter.

But before we describe his proceedings it may interest you to hear how this ugly quadruped was first introduced to Harry and Dick.

One night in the previous July there had been a most terrific thunderstorm. Vivid flashes of lightning were followed by prolonged and deafening reverberations. It seemed as though the floor of heaven were paved with sheet-iron, and the giants overhead were bowling mountains from one end to the other. Dickey, paralysed with cold fright, had sought safety in Harry's bed. Harry, hardly less terrified, was but a sorry comforter. Yet the panic-stricken pair found some mutual consolation in each other's presence, and as they sat crouching with white faces and beating hearts, too terrified to get out and shut the window, which was always left open on hot nights, suddenly, after a flash that seemed to split the room asunder and a crash that seemed to bring down the very skies in desolating ruin—suddenly, with the scream of a demon, there sprang through the open window, right on to the bed, the hideous form of a green-eyed fire-flashing black cat. A period of solid darkness succeeded the brilliant electric illumination, during which, with a rush and a scurry, this monster of night darted on to the wash-stand and out of the window. It was not a night of peaceful rest for the two boys, who only got to sleep at last when the storm had spent its fury and gone muttering away into more distant regions, and dawn was well-established in the heavens.

Such was the introduction. It was this

same feline monster which now presumed so far upon its intimacy with the place as to make an informal entrance by a back window, instead of ringing like a gentleman and soliciting admission at the front door.

While Tom was composedly resting after his exertions this lean-fleshed gaunt specimen of his race peered with its evil eyes into the kitchen and sighted the rat. The Zulu was famished. The rat was a tempting morsel, absolutely irresistible. Its white dress and sleek aspect, suggesting milk and meat in one, excited the carnivorous and lactibibulous instincts of the black cat. Without a pause to deliberate, its paws bristling with drawn claws, it rushed furiously upon the unsuspecting rat. Dickey, stunned by the sudden onset and petrified with horror, had still the presence of mind to snatch a basin that stood upon the table, with a view to Christmas plum-pudding, and with the vigour of desperation he aimed it at the murderer.

Not a very true aim was it by reason of Dickey's inexperience as a marksman, but the basin smashed to smithereens on the stone flags close enough to astonish the eat out of its nine lives, and as fragments ricocheted on its body it relinquished its hold on the prey, and instantly fled, escaping by the same window through which it had entered.

Dickey caught up the rat. There were marks of blood on its white fur. Dickey sobbed with grief, and his tears trickled on the rat as he hugged it in his small hands, and when he wiped its body with his handkerchief the moisture of his tears washed out the stains. He called loudly to the cook, who hearing sounds of battle was already making tracks for the field. Dickey was inconsolable. He wanted plaster to put on the wounds. Cook examined them carefully, and said a little lard rubbed in would be best. This she applied, and the rat, gradually recovering

off, and when once in the embrace of Morpheus, Harry did not often wake until he had drained the cup of refreshing balm for eight hours. It would seem that Dickey also slept through that night, for the timid little nature could never have done what it did do except in sleep. For when cook came down at seven o'clock next morning into the kitchen she was startled to see a small serap of humanity huddled up on a blanket that had been left overnight to air. She almost screamed at the unexpected sight, but recognised who it was in time to check herself. In his hands crossed over his chest Dickey held the white rat. Cook called the housemaid, and between them they gently withdrew the rat and put it back into the cage. They then lifted up the sleeping Dick, blanket and all, and carried him upstairs and put him into his own bed and tucked him up. He never woke, but slept on till ten o'clock, and this long sleep refreshed his little frame famously, and he was quite frisky when he awoke.

The servants wisely kept their own counsel, and did not tell any one of the matter.

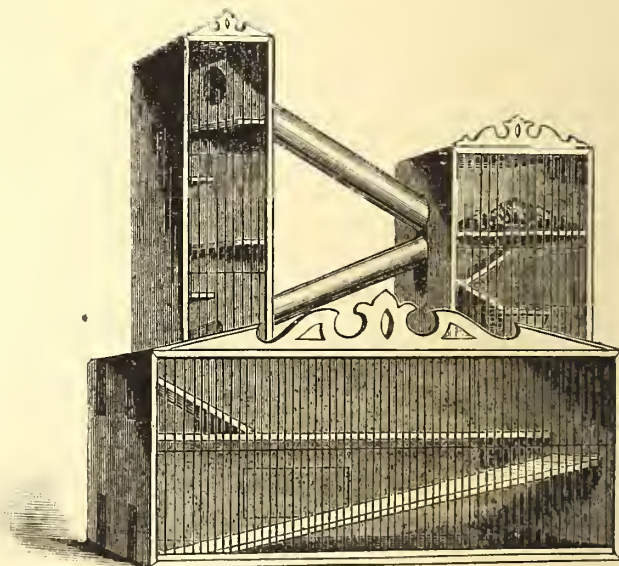
"Then how do you know about it?" I hear some one ask. Ah, that's the secret! How do story-tellers ever learn the secrets they disclose? It is curious, but you should not be too inquisitive.

In the course of the day cook innocently asked Dick whether he dreamed anything in the night.

"Oh, yes; I dreamed that I went down to the kitchen to see how the rat was, and got on the dresser and took it out and cuddled it, and felt quite happy!"

What a strange little fellow he was! What power the nervous and sensitive brain had over the frail body! What mysteries does sleep—so familiar yet so marvellous—reveal, yet hide, from our understandings!

A few days later the holidays came.



from its fright, was put back into the cage.

That night Dickey was very restless in bed, and kept turning and twisting. When Harry came up he noticed how disturbed Dickey seemed, muttering at intervals and grinding his teeth. Harry could not get to sleep for some time under these disquieting influences. But at last he dropped

Christmas, with its holly and mistletoe, and mince-pies and crackers, once more gladdened the juvenile world. Aunt Jane spent the festive season at Sunnyside, and the week after she returned to Ventnor, taking Dickey and the inseparable white rat, and Harry too, for the remainder of the heavens.

(To be continued.)



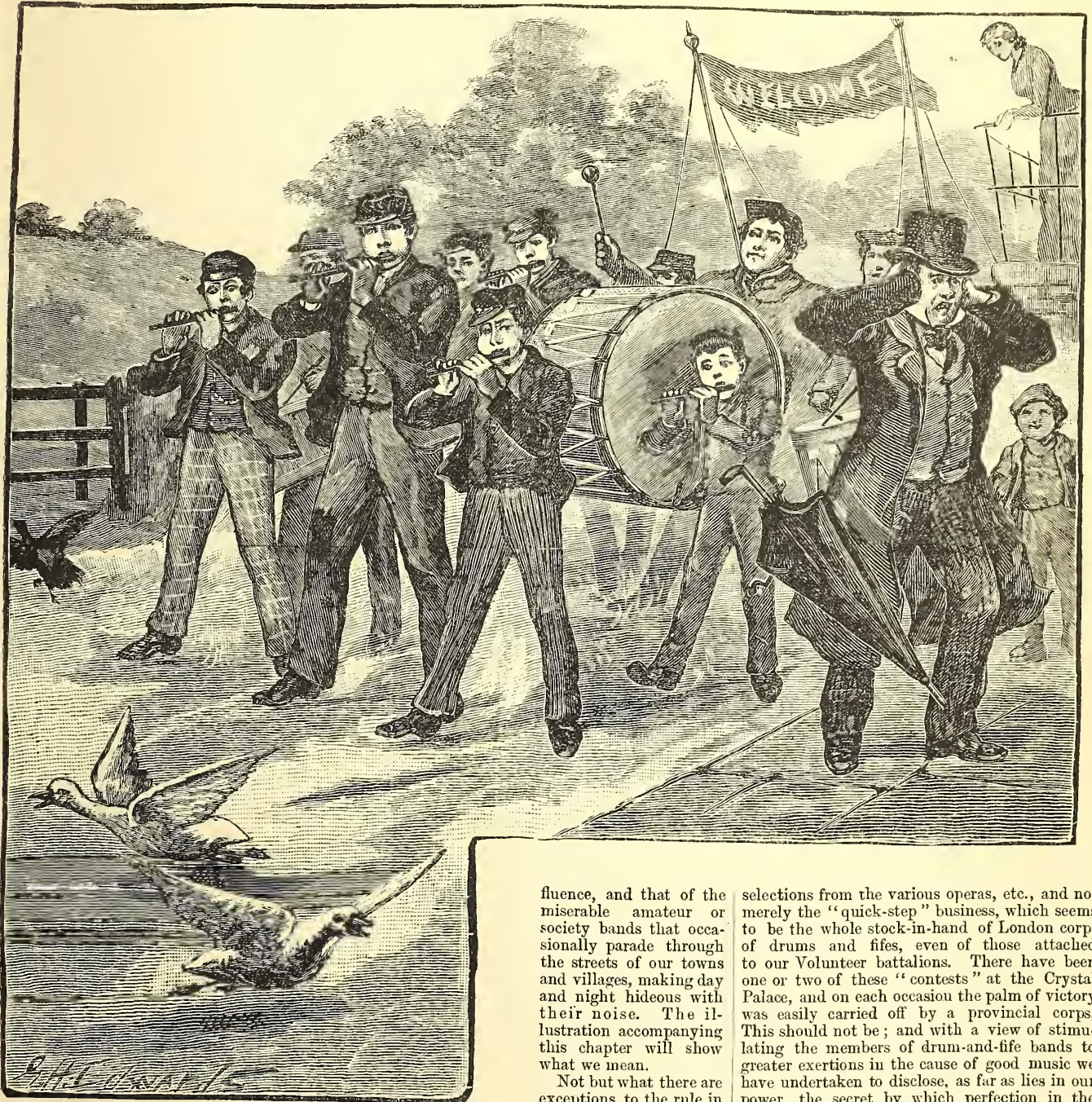
DRUMS AND FIFES; AND HOW TO BEAT AND PLAY THEM.

By J. ARTHUR ELLIOTT,

Author of "Poor Regimental Jack," "Kavanagh of Lucknow," etc.

PART I.

"The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife."—*Othello*.



The Village Band.

THE drum-and-fife-band is now so popular an institution in the country that no apology is needed for placing before our readers some interesting details concerning the history of those ancient musical instruments. The drum and fife, together with a little practical instruction as to how they should be manipulated to the best advantage—i.e., with a maximum of pleasure and a minimum of annoyance to one's neighbours.

Everybody has noticed the vast difference between the playing of the drum-and-fife bands of the Guards, with its lively and inspiring in-

fluence, and that of the miserable amateur or society bands that occasionally parade through the streets of our towns and villages, making day and night hideous with their noise. The illustration accompanying this chapter will show what we mean.

Not but what there are exceptions to the rule in these cases, and excellent ones too, but, generally, the members of these "ragged corps" are so anxious to show their skill in public that they commence to parade the streets *à la militaire* before they have properly learned the very rudiments of musical knowledge. In some parts of England, however, notably in the large manufacturing towns, but principally in Lancashire and Yorkshire, drum-and-fife bands attain to great perfection, and take part in "contests" held periodically to determine which is the best amongst them. At these "contests," too, the sight may be seen of stalwart working men, with large brawny hands, playing with grace and pathos well-arranged

selections from the various operas, etc., and not merely the "quick-step" business, which seems to be the whole stock-in-hand of London corps of drums and fifes, even of those attached to our Volunteer battalions. There have been one or two of these "contests" at the Crystal Palace, and on each occasion the palm of victory was easily carried off by a provincial corps. This should not be; and with a view of stimulating the members of drum-and-fife bands to greater exertions in the cause of good music we have undertaken to disclose, as far as lies in our power, the secret by which perfection in the art of "drummary and fifery" can be attained.

For this purpose we will begin with the drum, an instrument with which all our boys have been more or less acquainted, either in the nursery or elsewhere, and which, even in the shape of a toy, is capable of producing considerable amusement or annoyance. Perhaps more of the latter than the former.

Few persons succeed in initiating themselves into the mysteries of "drummary," although many nurse an innate love of the noisy tube, which perhaps (if we except the trumpet and cymbal) is the most martial musical instrument in the world. The roll of the drum has, indeed, an irresistibly fascinating influence, which, when it is produced by the manipulation of



practised hands, sends a thrill of delight through a listener's breast.

Unfortunately, all who undertake to beat the drum are not practised hands, and there is nothing so painful to a musical ear as to listen to a bungling drummer whose "roll," instead of being close and crisp, resembles nothing so much as a few potatoes falling down the kitchen stairs!

As in everything else relating to music, there is a "knack," or manner of beating the drum well, even after its mysteries have been acquired, and this can only be obtained after persistent and unremitting study, and by those who take a sincere pride in thoroughly mastering and caring for their instrument. In the army a drummer cares for his drum as much as a cavalry soldier does for his horse, taking a pride in keeping it bright, clean, dry, and well braced-up, and when an accident happens to its head (for heads will give way occasionally under pressure!) he either replaces it by a new sheepskin or mends the fracture by stitching it up and pasting on the inner side a piece of old parchment with glue made by boiling down some small pieces of the same material.

The drum is one of the most ancient of all musical instruments, for even savages have been found to possess it in various curious shapes and sizes.\* Indeed, the shape of the drum is constantly being varied, perhaps the most original shape being that of the Indian tom-toms (as known in England), and which we presume many of our readers have seen. Some years ago it used to be a frequent occurrence to meet in our walks in the metropolis an Indian with a little barrel-shaped drum slung round his neck in big-drum fashion, which he beat with his fingers, while his thumbs rested on the top edge of the instrument. This kind of wandering minstrel is never met with now, which is a pity, as his picturesque figure, quaint dress, shy manner, and droll song were a relief to the tedious monotony of old-fashioned organ-grinders and German bands.

The drum, as we have all known it from our childhood, consists of a brass or wooden shell,

as the body of the instrument is called, to which is affixed two parchment ends or "heads." These are secured by large hoops, kept in their places by a cord which runs transversely through either hoop all round the drum, and is braced up tightly with leather "braces" when the drum is about to be used. Many drums have been made lately, however, which are tightened or braced-up by a mechanical arrangement aided by brass screws turned with the fingers, and these are about one-half the size of the ordinary side-drum. Some of them are made in "skeleton" shape, *i.e.*, without a "shell," but there are disadvantages attached to these from which the corded drum is free; for instance, if a screw breaks it causes expense, whereas if a cord gives way it can easily be "spliced" by the owner.

At the battle of the Alma the Coldstream Guards captured a whole set of Russian drums and bugles, all made similarly to our own, only bearing the Russian Eagle in relief on the "shells" and "bells." The largest part of the bugle, where the sound escapes, is termed the "bell." The drum, however, which always excites the greatest curiosity is the "big" drum (as it is popularly called), or bass drum, and in Abyssinia this drum holds a very prominent place in the councils of the State, it being always beaten to announce the commencement of peace or war or the progress of any special ceremonial.

Perhaps the oldest drums we possess, if we omit the ancient drums in the South Kensington Museum, are those which are known as the "Tower drums," lately exhibiting at the Crystal Palace, by permission of Messrs. Potter and Co., of Charing Cross, and which were used at the Handel Festival over a hundred years ago. The handsomest are those in use by the Brigade of Guards, and the silver "kettledrums" of the Household Cavalry.

Learning to "beat the drum" is thought by most people to be a very easy matter, but it is not quite so easy as a person who has never tried it might think. The skin comes off the fingers of the left hand during the process, and until the fingers get hardened to it the operation is a painful one.

It is impossible to say whether the drum can be taught, as the phrase runs, "without a master," but in case any of our young friends may wish to try the experiment, we will describe,

as briefly as possible, the necessary steps for learning it.

First of all, the would-be drummer must learn the various parts of the instrument on which he wishes to perform, which is not a very great task, as they are few in number. They are—(1) the shell, (2) the hoops, (3) the cord, (4) the heads, (5) the snares, (6) the screw, (7) the nut, (8) the feet, (9) the braces, (10) the sticks, (11) the sling, or carriage, and (12) the case. The first four parts we have already mentioned, and the others require but very little explanation. The snares are four pieces of thick catgut which lie across the head which is not beaten upon in order to produce the crisp, rattling sound so familiar to our ears; the screw and nut fasten the snares to the drum, and are the means by which they can be tightened or loosened at pleasure. And here we should mention that, by placing the spare cord between the head of the drum and the "snares," is produced the muffled sound heard at military funerals. The feet are brass studs about an inch long, upon which the drum rests when standing on the ground, so that the instrument may be kept dry and clean. The braces are clamps of leather used for tightening the cords, upon which operation the (good or bad) sound of the drum depends. The sticks we are all quite familiar with; they are, or should be, made of well-seasoned oak, which, however, does not always prevent them from splitting when in use. The sling, or carriage, is the belt by which the drum is held during use, and the case is a canvas covering for wet weather.

When not in use the drum-sticks are placed within one of the rows of cording and the brace drawn up to keep them in their place. Previous to use the drum must be braced-up, which is done by holding the instrument with the snares-side towards one's body and pulling the braces up until the cords are tightened all round.

Having thus touched upon the history of the drum, and explained its various parts and their uses, we must defer to another paper our lesson in "drumery"—a term which we have coined to express exactly the art we are describing—and which we think will prove both interesting and instructive.

(To be continued.)

## STRANGER THAN FICTION;

### OR, STORIES OF MISSIONARY HEROISM AND PERIL.

#### II.—THE PIONEER.

JOHN ELIOT was the subject of our first notice, that of our second is Captain Allen Gardiner. Eliot, "The Apostle to the Indians," was the father of our Protestant missions. Side by side with the old Puritan, Gardiner appropriately leads the van, for like him he occupies a place by himself. He was a missionary of a distinct type; a spiritual explorer and clearer of the ground; a seizer of the advance posts, not to hold them but to hand them over for others to occupy and possess. At least, such was his endeavour.

He was born on June 28th, 1794, at Basildon in Berkshire, and began life as a "volunteer" on the *Fortune* in 1810. He was soon promoted to a midshipman's berth, and in 1814 was serving in the *Phœbe* frigate, forty-two guns, under Captain James Hillyar, when the United States frigate *Essex*, forty-six guns, was captured off Valparaiso. The *Essex*, in company with the former British whaler *Atlantic* converted into the *Essex Junior*, had been blockaded in the harbour by the *Phœbe* and the smaller *Cherub* for nearly two months. On March 28th, however, a heavy squall drove the *Essex* out to sea, and Captain Porter was forced to fight. Hoisting his national colours and a large assortment of motto-flags all over the rigging, he at first endeavoured to outmanœuvre the Britisher.

Captain Hillyar, however, was not to be deceived, and a very sharp action followed, in which the American lost twenty-four killed and forty-five wounded, while the *Phœbe* had three killed and seven wounded, and the *Cherub* had one man killed and three wounded. So good was the gunnery that the *Phœbe* had seven shots near her waterline, and the *Essex* was so riddled that her captain in his report to Congress rejoiced that the Englishmen would never get her home. Lieutenant Pearson and her prize crew did get her home, however, and one of his officers was Midshipman Gardiner.

From the *Phœbe* Gardiner went to the *Ganymede*, thence into the *Leander*, and thence into the *Dauntless*, where occurred the crisis of his life. He had been carefully and lovingly educated by his mother, but on going to sea, like many other boys, had become very careless as to his religious duties. He even tells a story of how he had forgotten the very words of the Scriptures, and hung about a bookseller's shop till it was destitute of customers in order that no one might be near to hear him ask for a Bible, which he had resolved once more to read. His much-loved mother died. His father wrote down her dying words—and regretful ones they were—as to the manner of her son's life. These, with a letter of reproof from his father, and a

pious letter from a lady friend of his mother's, reached him when as lieutenant of the *Dauntless* he was at Penang in 1820. The change was wrought, and Gardiner became another man.

The *Dauntless* went to the Pacific coast of America, and at Lima the idea of devoting himself to missionary enterprise seems first to have occurred to him. A visit to Tahiti, where all was then happy and prosperous, confirmed him in his resolution; and on being invalided home he volunteered to go to South America under the auspices of the London Missionary Society.

The offer was declined, and shortly afterwards Gardiner got married. After more service afloat in the *Jupiter* and other vessels, he returned to England, and in the eleventh year of his marriage his wife died. As he stood by her bedside he made the vow from which he never swerved—that henceforth he would devote himself to visiting savage lands and reconnoitring for missions.

In 1834 he went to South Africa, and in company with Berken, a fellow-passenger whom he had persuaded to accompany him, he set out from Cape Town to make his way into the Zulu country. He started with the usual waggon and ox team, but at the Buffalo the oxen were all driven off by the natives. An

\* From the *Erse drumme*. It was introduced into Europe by the Saracens when they invaded Christendom.—*United Service Almanack*.



appeal to the neighbouring chief produced a display of greed almost unparalleled. Tzatzoe even wanted one of his boots, "as he had two and one was enough!" At Yellowwood he had to shave a man to keep the natives quiet, and as difficulties were increasing it was decided that Gardiner should push on to Dingarn, the Zulu chief, and that Berken should follow with the waggons. After calling on the King of the Anapondas, whom he found trying a rain-maker who had failed to bring down a shower that had been paid for, he pressed on to the Mukamas, having nearly lost his horse in a quicksand. The river he crossed in a canoe he had made out of a couple of cow skins, while the natives went over on a raft made of reed bundles. At last he reached the circular town of Dingarn, and was there received with great suspicion owing to the presents not being forthcoming. Here he had to stay a month, a witness to Dingarn's burning a hole in a man's wrist with a lens, and many other very much more shocking acts of barbarity. When the presents arrived and were approved of he entered on the real business of his journey. The king listened to all he had to say about the Good Book, and referred the matter to his *indunas*. The reply was characteristic, "We will never hear nor understand your book, but if you will instruct us in the use of muskets you are welcome to stay."

He did not stay; he returned to Port Natal, and there he was the first to preach the Gospel. On the Sunday morning he would stand under a tree, as he used to stand on the quarter-deck of his ship, and read the Scriptures to that very miscellaneous congregation of white and black; in the afternoon he would teach the Kaffirs, as he also did at the school during the week. At first the Kaffirs were very shy, fearing his object was to make slaves of them, but after a time they came to know him better, and things grew so promising that he bought a piece of land to found a station. He was alone in his efforts, for Berken had gone away in the *Circe* and she was never heard of again.

It soon became necessary for him to visit Dingarn, and so he journeyed up to Congeba, and quite won that monarch's heart by appearing before him in his full dress naval captain's uniform. On the 25th of June, 1835, he was back to found the new town of Durban, so called after the then Governor of the Cape, and selected the site for the church. A third visit to Dingarn followed, and at it the Zulu king gave him the whole colony of Natal and told him he should hold him responsible for its proper administration. After this unexpected and embarrassing gift Gardiner set off for Cape Town to the Governor, and thence came on to England to find a missionary to carry on his work. Francis Owen volunteered, and with him he returned to Durban, bringing also his wife—for he had married again—and his three children. As the ship entered the harbour one of his children died.

He went up to Dingarn, was well received, and then founded the mission settlement of Hambanati. But there were serious difficulties ahead. The abolition of slavery had been so hateful to the Boers, the old Dutch colonists of the Cape, that many of them had moved off with their goods and "apprentices" to the banks of the Orange. Hearing of Gardiner's success with Dingarn, they thought they would also get some advantage out of the Zulu king, and attempted to overawe him with a display of firearms. But the Kaffir was not alarmed, he led them to think that he would listen to their demands, and when he had got a fair number of them together, he surrounded them with his warriors and ordered a massacre. He then sent for Mr. Owen and told him the Boers had been punished because they had attempted to take a mean advantage of the captain, but that his people wanted no more book, "they must be taught how to shoot." In vain Mr. Owen protested; a war began, and he was helpless.

As soon as Hambanati was founded Captain Gardiner appears to have thought that his work in South Africa was done, and that his true sphere lay in South America. Leaving Cape

Town in the schooner *Velocity*, the Gardiners reached Rio, and thence made their way up country towards the Andes. Leaving his family at Concepcion, the captain went forward alone, crossed the Biotio on a raft made of four trunks of trees lashed to poles and towed at the tail of a swimming horse, and at last reached a chief of the Independent Indians whose name was Corbalan. Since the Jesuits had been expelled from South America in 1767 for their trading weaknesses, nearly all missions to the Indians had ceased, and an extensive field for Gospel work here lay open if once a footing could be secured. Corbalan at first welcomed the captain and offered "to teach him the language if he in return would teach him the way to heaven," but in a few days other counsels unfortunately prevailed and Gardiner had to retire.

His next expedition was to Valdivia, but here the Indians said they could see no difference between his teaching and that of the Spanish Catholics, "as both meant the same thing." In short, after two years' travel, South America was left, and the Gardiners were on their way to the Malay Peninsula. A call was made at Tahiti—then in a state of confusion owing to the extraordinary proceedings of the French under Louis Philippe in dispossessing Queen Pomare—and then, after a short stay on the Australian mainland, the voyage was resumed to Timor. The Dutch, however, suspected Gardiner of having some political mission, and refused to aid him in any way in founding a mission in New Guinea or the neighbouring islands. "You might as well teach monkeys as Papuans!" said the governor.

From Malaya, then, Gardiner went to Cape Town, and from Cape Town he sailed for the treeless, heath-covered Falkland Islands, whence he intended to attack Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. After some waiting he found a vessel willing to make the voyage to Fuego, and, leaving his wife and two children in a Robinson Crusoe sort of a cottage on the Falklands, he started. The natives, however, proved so dull and thievish that nothing could be done, and Gardiner had to cross the Straits of Magellan to Patagonia, where the people hunt the guanacos with the bolas, and live in horseskin tents. In Oazy Harbour Gardiner took up his quarters, and many of the natives came and listened to him. He met with a little encouragement, but not much.

Making his way back to the Falklands, he there found the *Erebus* and *Terror* on their way to the Antarctic. They left on September 8th, and the islands dropped back into their usual state of cheerlessness. Gardiner now sent an account of his doings to our missionary societies, but they saw no way to help him. He came home, with his family, and returned alone with a collection of Testaments and tracts. These he distributed, and again he returned to England. On his next journey Mr. Hunt accompanied him to Oazy Harbour, but a change had come over the scene—the Catholic missionaries had at last begun operations among the Patagonians, and, with a better centre, seemed to have greater prospects of success.

Gardiner's next journey was to Bolivia, where he met with a more welcome reception, and, founding a station at Potosi, left Federico Gonzalez in charge of it. After this encouragement he came back to Britain, and with much time and trouble raised the funds for a Patagonian mission. With five men, he took out three boats, two huts, and six months' provisions, intending to make another attempt to Christianise the Fuegians by living amongst them. The expedition was, however, too small, and fell an easy prey to the natives of the Land of Fire, who stole and damaged at such an alarming rate that a retreat had to be made to Payta; and, after distributing the Bibles and tracts in Peru, Gardiner came home across Panama.

Again he went out, this time with two launches, the *Pioneer* and the *Speedwell*, and two smaller boats. With him went his old carpenter, three Cornish fishermen, and two catechists, Maidment and Williams, the latter of whom was a surgeon. With them they took

six months' provisions, and supplies for another six months were undertaken to be forwarded by the society to Picton Island. The results were disastrous; the boats were driven away by the hostile natives, a retreat was made to Banner Cove, and there most of the stores were buried, and thence an endeavour was made to reach Jimmy Button, the Fuegian who visited England in 1830 with Captain Fitzroy, and who was settled on Button Island. It failed. The *Pioneer* got damaged, and in February, 1851, the boats had to be beached in Spaniards' Harbour. Thence the *Speedwell* went to Banner Cove for the remaining provisions, and the rocks were painted with notices, "Gone to Spaniards' Harbour," "You will find us in Spaniards' Harbour," and in Spaniards' Harbour they were found—starved to death.

For the promised provisions never came. The first ship that was carrying them was wrecked, the second never touched at the island. Gardiner's diary tells a piteous tale of the slow fading of hope as day after day went by and no help came. At first he cheers his friends with the thoughts that all will be well. "Be not afraid!" he writes in one of his hymns.

"Let that sweet word our spirits cheer  
Which quelled the tossed disciple's fear:  
"Be not afraid!"

He who could bid the tempest cease  
Can keep our souls in perfect peace  
If on Him stayed.

And we shall own 'twas good to wait:  
No blessing ever came too late."

The months passed, and the food went. The firearms had been lost and the party could only subsist by fishing. The cold came on, the ice broke away the net, and the seven men were left helpless.

As nothing had been heard of the missing for so long, two vessels were sent in search. One was the *John Davison*, the other *H.M.S. Dido*, under Captain Morshead. The *John Davison* found the *Speedwell* on the beach, and by her were two skeletons and an open grave. The *Dido* came afterwards, and a little farther away in front of a cave was the *Pioneer*, and by her was the skeleton of poor Allen Gardiner. They found his books and his diary—its last entry was September 6—and these gave the history of the sufferings and end of the expedition. On them there is no need to dwell. The bodies were buried, and the last volleys were fired over the grave of one of the best and truest of the bearers of the cross, in front of the "Pioneer Cavern," on which he had cut his own epitaph—

"My soul, wait thou still upon God, for my hope is in Him. He truly is my strength and my salvation; He is my defence, so that I shall not fall.

"In God is my strength and my glory: the rock of my might, and in God is my trust."

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

WE have never met with an instance in which a dying man has repented of his faith in God, or of the life which has grown out of it. Deathbeds have in myriads of instances been clouded with regrets, but no one has ever bemoaned his too early, or too complete, or too protracted confidence in God. *What no man has regretted let all men pursue.* Fathers and grandsires have passed this way before us, and have entreated us to follow them; they loved us too well to have implored us to trust in Jesus if He had proved to them a vain confidence. Thus, then, let time and eternity bring what they may, we commit ourselves unto God as unto a faithful Creator.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

THE essence of lying is in deception, not in words; a lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence; and all these kinds of lies are worse and baser by many degrees than a lie plainly worded.—*John Ruskin.*



## A TICKLISH WALK; OR, HOW COL. CROSSTHWAITE IMITATED BLONDIN.

AN ADVENTURE IN NORTHERN INDIA.

By DAVID KER.

To be shut up for months together in a dreary up-country station in the north of India, hot as an oven and dusty as a desert, with few but black faces to look at, and nothing whatever to do except the daily drill and an occasional raid into the jungle in search of a tiger, is not exactly the sort of thing to sweeten anybody's temper. It had certainly had rather the opposite effect—as his best friends, if he had any, must have admitted—upon Colonel Charles Pefferley Crossthwaite's.

I doubt whether the worthy commandant of the —th Bengal Native Infantry could ever have been a very pleasant companion at any period of his life; but now, at forty-five, with three wounds and an occasional twinge of rheumatism, no present prospect of active service or promotion, and the monotonous confinement of Huttee-Bagh superadded to his other causes of irritation, he was as explosive as a lighted bombshell. The few Europeans attached to the cantonment were quite ready to agree with Mr. Alfred Merriman, of the Civil Service—the “funny man” of their little circle—when he remarked one day, “Our friend the colonel's as savage as one of those tigers that he's always hunting—begging the poor tiger's pardon for the comparison!”

This being the colonel's general style in society, it may be imagined what he was like among his men. As a rule, Asiatic soldiers think none the worse of their commander for treating them with severity, harshness being unhappily much more familiar to them than kindness. But the colonel's systematic bullying was too much for even his patient sepoys; and although they paid him as much outward reverence to his face as if he had been their god Brahma in person, the compliments which they heaped upon him behind his back were beyond the power of translation.

Whenever the old Tartar's purple face and towering figure were seen coming along the road the Hindoos fled in every direction as if from the approach of a tiger. Waggoners turned aside their bullocks almost into the ditch, burden-carriers slunk off to the other side of the way, and the very children took to their heels at the first glimpse of the tall white pith helmet, slouched over the hooked nose and stern grey eye of the terrible “Colonel Sahib.”

The only civilised taste which the grim man appeared to possess was his luteuse pleasure in the charming little public garden beside the river, in the laying out of which he had borne a prominent part, and had taken no small trouble. Here he would sit in the evening for hours together, listening to the music of the regimental band and feasting his eyes upon the splendid tropical flowers and trees that clustered around him.

But in addition to this fancy Colonel Crossthwaite had another, which, however natural it might seem in him, would have vastly astonished the good folks of Huttee-Bagh had it been taken up by anybody else. Close by the garden the shallow river broke over a perpendicular ledge of limestone (called by the natives the Bund, or dam), forming a waterfall which, though a mere drizzle in the dry season, was a perfect Niagara in miniature during the July rains. Below the waterfall the river went rushing through a rocky gloomy gorge shut in by sheer precipices of more than a hundred feet. It was on the summit of this range of cliffs that the public garden had been laid out, but between the palisade and the brink of the precipice there was a space just wide enough for one man to pass. Here, on moonlight nights, the eccentric colonel might often have been seen by anybody who had been awake to look at him coolly walking backward and forward in the dim light

on this knife-edge of rock, with the spray of the cataract falling upon him in showers, and its roar shaking the very ground under his feet.

June was drawing to its close, and the rains, which were generally pretty late in that district, had just begun to swell the shallow river into a torrent, when one morning a great uproar was heard in the barrack yard, and two or three old Hindoos, who had been down to the river to fetch water, found on their return an excited crowd of native soldiers, servants, and idlers from the village gathered near the gate, and all talking at once.

“What has happened, brother?” asked one of the water-carriers, pushing his way up to a friend whom he recognised in the throng.

“An unlucky day has dawned upon Rustam the son of Assir,” answered the other, who wore the uniform of a sepoy. “Rustam was strong as a tiger, and as fierce; but as the tiger falls before the hunter, even so has Rustam fallen before the Colonel Sahib.”

“Is it even so?” asked the other, with a look of eager interest. “What evil star brought the ‘terrible Sahib’ across Rustam's path?”

“Thus it was, my brother. Rustam and another of our soldiers quarrelled, and their blows were falling fast, when suddenly the Colonel Sahib came forth from the door of his bungalow [house] and saw them. Then his face grew dark as the coming of night, and he cried to them, in a voice like the roar of the river in flood time, to cease and begone. But Rustam, that son of an unhappy father, took no heed, and even turned upon the Colonel Sahib with words of *galce* [abuse]. Then the Colonel Sahib's hand fell upon him as lightning falls upon the trees of the forest and rolled him in the dust; and they dragged him away to the *chokee* [lock-up], and men say it will go hard with him to-morrow.”

The news of the affray at the barracks had spread over the whole station before noon, and every one was full of excitement about it. The offending sepoy Rustam was famous for his strength and fierceness and had long since been picked out by the “knowing ones” as certain to have a “row” with the colonel sooner or later. Now that this long-expected event had actually taken place every one was on the alert for the probable consequences; but what those consequences were really to be neither they nor any one else could have foreseen.

The regular “lock-up” being under repair, Rustam had been imprisoned in a disused storehouse, whose mud walls seemed thick and strong enough to hold a giant. But Rustam was not one to be easily held. As soon as the night was far enough advanced to make the attempt a safe one, he undid his soldier's belt, and with the strong metal clasp of it began to pick a hole through the earthen wall.

Meanwhile the colonel, finding the night much too hot to remain indoors with any comfort, had gone out to cool his blood by a stroll along his favourite walk on the brink of the precipice about one in the morning. But he had scarcely made four turns when, as he halted at the end nearest the dam, he caught sight of something that made him start.

There was a man walking across the dam!

The colonel could hardly believe his eyes. That any man should venture at night along a slippery rock-ledge, over the brink of which swept a furious cataract, through whose current he must wade ankle deep, was quite a new idea. But at that moment the moon, breaking through the clouds, fell full upon the slowly-moving figure, and the colonel recognised Rustam!

“Prison-breaking and desertion!” muttered the old soldier; “and now he thinks to dodge the sentries by walking tight-rope along that

ledge. Not so fast, my fine fellow! you must get up pretty early to fool Charles Crossthwaite!”

But as he turned to hail the nearest sentinel Rustam's shadowy form vanished with a wild cry, and the next moment a lean brown arm was seen waving frantically amid the glittering foam of the central eddy. He had lost his footing, and had only escaped being carried over the fall by slipping into a cleft, where the water, swirling over his head, was literally drowning him by inches.

The colonel's iron mouth set itself like a vice, and his eye glanced from the bank to the struggling man, as if measuring the distance. Then he stepped from the ledge-path on to the open ground and shouted to the sepoy to throw his head back and keep quite still.

In another moment he was ankle deep in the foaming river.

Rustam's cry and the colonel's shout had startled the whole neighbourhood, and an eager crowd came flocking from every side. All held their breath as they saw the stifling waters swirling up over the doomed man, and the dark solitary figure moving slowly towards him along that terrible ledge. So fierce was the current that every time the colonel raised his foot to step forward his life trembled in the balance, and nothing but the shallowing of the water upon the smooth rock saved him from destruction.

Just as he came within a stride of Rustam the moon plunged behind a cloud, and there was a moment of awful suspense, during which the indrawn breath of the excited crowd sounded like a hiss in the dead silence. But when the cloud passed the colonel was seen returning with the helpless man on his shoulders, and the echoes of Huttee-Bagh had never heard such a shout as that which greeted him when he reached the shore.

Next morning Rustam and the colonel had a long talk together. What was said then no one ever knew, but twenty years later, when the officers of the —th found their terrible colonel settled in the old English city of Bath as a quiet old white-haired general, they recognised in the fine-looking Hindoo servant who followed him like his shadow the ex-sepoy Rustam.







STUDIES FROM NATURE.—III. A DISPUTED MEAL.

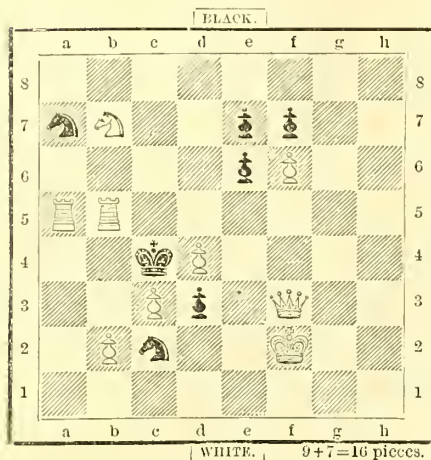


## CHESS.

(Continued from page 671.)

## Problem No. 80.

By F. MÖLLER.



White to play, and mate in two (2) moves.

## SOLUTIONS.

PROBLEM No. 77.—1, K-Kt 5, P-Q 4 (or a). 2, Kt-B 5, K moves. 3, Kt mates at B 3 or B 7 accordingly.—(a) P-Q 3. 2, R-K 4 (ch.), K-Q 4 (or b). 3, B-B 4 mate. (b) K-B 4. 3, Kt-Q 4 mate.

PROBLEM No. 78.—1, R-K 8, P-B 5. 2, B-Kt 4, P-B 4 (or a). 3, B-Q 2, P-B 6. 4, B-K 3 mate.—(a) P-B 6. 3, B-B 8, P-B 4. 4, B-Kt 7 mate.

PROBLEM No. 79.—1, R-K 4 (ch.). This checking piece can be taken in eight ways, and in each case there follows a different mate, which seems to be the greatest number possible.

## To Chess Correspondents.

A. E. W.—That fine problem on page 298, Vol. V. (White, K at K B 5; B at Q sq.; Kts at K 5 and 6; P at Q B 2; Black, K at K sq.), is solved thus: 1, B-K 2, K-K 2. 2, B-Kt 5, K-Q 3. 3, K-B 6, K-Q 4. 4, Kt-Q B 4, K-K 5. 5, B-B 6 mate.

H. C. (Adelaide).—The five-move problem of 6+9 pieces, by H. F. L. Meyer,—White, K-Q R 3; Q-K R 8; Rs-Q R 6 and K 7; Kts-Q B 8 and K Kt 6; Black, K-Q B 4; B-Q Kt 4; Kt-K Kt 2; Ps-Q Kt 6, Q 2, 3, 4, 5, and K Kt 4,—has not undergone any rectification. Among the many variations of the proposed solution by E. R. J., which you published in 1882, is wanting the following: 1, Kt×P, Kt-K sq. 2, Q×Kt, B×R. 3, Q×P, B-Kt 2, and there is no mate in two more moves. It is solved by 1, Q-R 3.

A. G. S.—Would you not prefer to arrange your problem thus: Wh. Kb3; Me1; Nh3; Og5; Bl. Kd3; Og8, h5; Pg3?

S. S.—Von den zehn Aufgaben gefallen uns besonders No. 2, 8 und die Widmungsaufgabe. In No. 9 kann das N im zweiten Zuge auf irgend eins von vier Feldern ziehen, und No. 5 ist unrichtig aufgeschrieben.

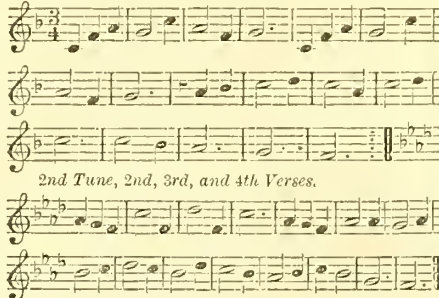
## OUR OPEN COLUMN.

## A "PRIZE ESSAY" (?) ON THE DOMESTIC CAT.

Words by F. EDMONDS.]

[Music by A. W. KING.]

1st Tune, 1st, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th Verses.



1.  
Who is it catches all the mice,  
Gobbles them up and thinks them nice,  
As schoolboys would a penny ice?  
The domestic cat.

2.  
What is it makes a dismal wail,  
At which the stoutest heart would quail,  
If you but tread upon its tail?  
The domestic cat.

3.  
Who is it prowls about o' nights,  
And in the flower-garden fights,  
To give its fellows loving bites?  
The domestic cat.

4.  
Who is it on the roof that strays,  
And wakes you up in dire amaze,  
To listen to its midnight lays?  
The domestic cat.

5.  
Who is it gambols with a cork,  
And plays before it learns to walk,  
Does everything, in fact, but talk?  
The domestic cat.

6.  
Who is it throws you off your pegs,  
By getting in between your legs,  
And never once your pardon begs?  
The domestic cat.

7.  
Who is it licks the mutton fat,  
And makes the servant-girl say "Drat!  
Why, missus, it's that horrid cat!"  
The domestic cat.

8.  
What is it keeps up the supplies  
Of penny veal and kidney pies?  
I can but give you one surmise—  
The domestic cat.

9.  
Who is it sticks its back on high,  
And when a stranger dog draws nigh,  
Declares that it will do or die?  
The domestic cat.

## MOLE CATCHING.

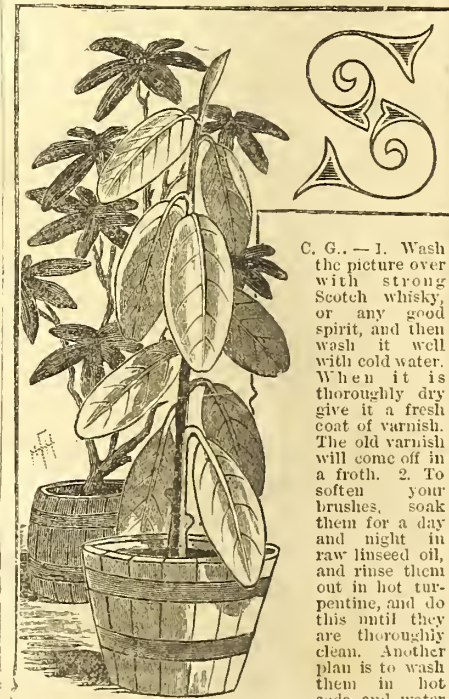
W. WILSON writes from Great Yarmouth:—"In No. 254, B. O. P., I noted your account of how to catch the mole, and think I can introduce to your readers a much more easy way of catching him. I happened one day during last winter to be on the marshes which surround Yarmouth, when an idea suddenly struck me that I would catch some moles and rats, but not knowing the way to make the mole-trap of which you give an account, I was at a loss what to do. Still, 'necessity is the mother of invention,' and this idea suddenly came into my head. The trap is composed of three very common things—an old umbrella wire (Fig. 1), a noose of thin copper wire (Fig. 2), and a piece of wood (Fig. 3). The first thing to be done is to find a nice clear run near the surface, then, after fixing the noose to the umbrella wire at *a*, take a clasp-knife or a thin piece of wood, and make a slit across the run about a quarter of an inch wide, being very careful not to let more earth fall into the run than you can possibly help. The next thing is to



push *b* and *e* about half, or not quite half, way up to the joint (*d*) in the ground—it much depends upon the kind of soil, thus (Fig. 4), then cut the piece of wood about four inches long, with a notch near the top (see Fig. 3), and if the soil be dry and sandy, make some near the bottom the opposite way. Then place it in the ground opposite or sideways as suits best. Place the noose in the hole. The noose to be about an inch across, or about a quarter of an inch from the sides and bottom of the hole, and place the top (*a*) in the notch at the top of the peg, so that the least pull causes it to spring up and catch the mole the same way as the old-fashioned trap."

[The suggestion is a very ingenious and good one. The method described of course necessitates the utilisation of old umbrellas, but it does not so surely catch, nor so quickly cause the death of, the mole as the method described by Mr. Harrington Keene. Still we are obliged by your letter, as it shows that you take an interest in the subject, and, above all, that you think for yourself.—ED. B. O. P.]

## Correspondence.



C. G.—1. Wash the picture over with strong Scotch whisky, or any good spirit, and then wash it well with cold water. When it is thoroughly dry give it a fresh coat of varnish. The old varnish will come off in a froth. 2. To soften your brushes, soak them for a day and night in raw linseed oil, and rinse them out in hot turpentine, and do this until they are thoroughly clean. Another plan is to wash them in hot soda-and-water and soft-soap.

C. TOMS.—1. Grind some vandyke brown and burnt sienna in water, mix it in strong size, and having previously thoroughly cleaned the floor, apply it with a whitewash-brush. Finish with two coats of oak varnish. 2. Another plan, admitting of some originality, is to saturate a calico pad with glue-size, and dipping it into a bit of brown umber, rub the colour into your wood with it, working with the grain, and making it light or dark to suit your taste.

HOOKS.—Catgut is made from the small intestine of sheep and pigs. That of a sheep is about thirty yards long, that of a pig about twenty.

P. R. A.—Lucifer-match mixture is half an ounce of phosphorus to four ounces of chlorate of potash, two of glue, one of whiting, four of powdered glass, and eleven of water. Vesuvian heads have eighteen parts of saltpetre to nineteen of charcoal, seven of powdered glass, and six of gum-arabic, with gum benzoin or cascarilla bark to give the odour.

M. H. M.—No answer can reach a correspondent sooner than six weeks. The Boy's Own Paper is ahead of all other papers, and many weeks ahead of itself. Fed in plenty of straw, give vegetables in the food, and wash with Spratt's soap.



**NATURALIST** (aged 13).—1. You are Swiss, and have learned the English language by yourself! My dear boy, your letter does you credit. We fear your thrushes are now dead. Feed, if not, on oatmeal flour made into a paste with milk. Give now and then ripe fruits or shop currants, also German paste, lean meat shredded fine, snails, worms, etc. 2. We do not know the plan of keeping moths you refer to. 3. Oh, yes, geraniums can be grown from seed, but we cannot describe all the process in our limited space. Plant the seedlings out into another pot, and still another, as they require more and more room; they will want heat and moisture.

**CASSIVELLANUS**.—Thank you, but it would depend upon the nature of the canker.

**J. P.**—We could not tell what causes your rabbits to die without a proper investigation of their food and all their surroundings. We do not think you have read very carefully the remarks of **PROFESSIONAL JUDGE**, or you would not ask how to feed them.

**W. V. G.**—Yes, turn the other new-comers into the next room, feed well, and be extra kind to the old canary. Five or six drops of paregoric daily in fresh drinking water may do good.

**WILLIAM H. TURNER**.—So are we afraid the bird will die in one of these fits. You cannot behave too gently towards the bird, and you cannot feed it too plainly. Just black and white canary-seed (one part of rape to three of canary), and a little green food, clean water every day, and no dainties. In the water put a teaspoonful of glycerine and fifteen drops of tincture of iron every day for a fortnight. Change the water daily, of course, or every second day.

**W. J. A.**—The reason and the remedy apparent at a glance. The references beneath the star maps in November for Figs. 1 and 2 were interchanged by the printer, and that beneath Fig. 1 should be beneath Fig. 2.

**Z. Z. Z.**—1. Probably a mistake of the engraver's. 2. The **BOY'S OWN PAPER** can be procured in any town in Canada. 3. There were fourteen articles on "The Boy's Own Pigeon Loft and Dovecot," commencing in No. 109, in the March part for 1881.

**DEVONSHIRE DUMPLING**.—There are no two-inch survey maps. They are six-inch or one-inch. You could get one from the leading bookseller, or direct from Stanford, Charing Cross.

**J. H. HAKE**.—The subject has been treated of in Mr. Harrington Keene's articles on "Traps," which were in type before the receipt of your letter and issued immediately afterwards.

**T. B. A.**—1. There is an electro-motor for driving sewing machines. It is an American invention, and particulars of it could probably be obtained from Messrs. Churchill, Sun Street, Finsbury. 2. A gas-engine for the purpose would cost too much; but there is an appliance sold at some sewing-machine shops in which a very long spring is wound up, and sets a train of wheels going on the clockwork principle. 3. "How to read a gas-meter" was in No. 108, in the March part, 1881.

**MORELIA**.—Yes, a fair weight for young rabbits. Carefully read our rabbit articles, and if you are in any difficulty write again, and we will do all we can to assist you. Keep warm and dry; no fear of giving too much exercise; it is generally all the other way. Have you considered the great value of sunshine and fresh air?

**J. L.**—Mix a good handful of well-burnt quicklime with four ounces of linseed oil, and, after rubbing them well together, boil them to a paste, and pour it out in thin sheets on tin to dry. This will give you a glue that is both fire and water proof. It is boiled in a water-bath in the ordinary way.

**DRAUGHTSMAN**.—1. The "professional tints" used by architects and engineers to distinguish different materials are some twenty in number. Carmine or crimson lake is used for brickwork in plan or section that has got to be executed; Prussian blue for brickwork that has to be removed, and also for flint and lead work. Brickwork in elevation is coloured Venetian red. Purple madder is the colour for granite; sepia for stone or concrete; burnt umber for clay or made earth. Mahogany-wood is shown by Indian red; fir by Indian yellow; oak or teak by burnt sienna; and all other English timber by raw sienna. Payne's grey is used for cast iron and rough wrought iron; indigo for bright wrought iron; and indigo with a little lake for steel. Gun-metal is shown by dark cadmium; brass by gamboge. Meadow land is usually coloured Hooker's green. For skies use cobalt. 2. To varnish plans give them three or four coats of isinglass size with a flat broad brush, covering them thoroughly each time, and allowing them to dry between each coat. The best varnish to use is that made by dissolving Canada balsam in oil of turpentine. Put it on after the size is quite dry, and leave the plans in a warm room, free from dust, until the varnish is hard.

**BRIDGE**.—Mr. Charles Reade said there were two varnishes on the Cremona violins, one of linseed oil and pure gum applied two or three times, the other of spirit and dragon's blood. See his articles on "Cremona Fiddles" in "Readiana," published by Chatto and Windus. You will find the peculiarities of all the fiddle-makers therein touched upon, and many other things that a violinist ought to know.

**R. A. N.**—The address of the Society of Antiquaries is Burlington House, Piccadilly, S.W. Apply to the Secretary.

**F. C. LAIDLAW**.—You must give your little bear whole-some farinaceous food and milk; to give any appreciable quantity of flesh would tend to make him savage. But Spratt's meat biscuits might do good.

**C. A. NARY**.—Your canaries are suffering from colds. We fear you keep them in a draughty place. Feed very plainly, and give green food. Bathe the eyes with a little warm milk and water. It is all you can do.

**APPRENTICE AT HOME**.—1. Get the back numbers containing our pigeon articles. They are still in print. 2. Any breed you have a fancy for would do in the place you say. But you must have an outdoor light; the place would be too hot in summer.

**DORMOUSE**.—Just use a little Sanitas or Vaseline ointment to the tail, mixed with a small proportion of oxide of zinc ointment. Your feeding will do, but give a little canary-seed as well.

**K.**—There is a "Journal of Horology," but it would not give you the information as to watch-cleaning. If you take off the balance the watch will run down. If the spring is broken it does not matter whether the watch is wound or unwound. The publishing office of the "Manual of Horology" is at Trippin's, Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn Circus.

**PEGASUS**.—1. It is better to get your papers through one of the local newspapers. 2. Apply to the locomotive superintendent of the line. The first stage is that of engine-cleaner.

**R.**—1. The place for the sounding-post varies very slightly in different instruments. It comes just behind the bridge, on the side opposite to the bass bar, and is manoeuvred into position through the sound-hole. 2. The bridge should come just in the centre of the sound-holes. 3. The articles on violin-making were at the beginning of last volume, in parts for November and December, 1882.

**M. W. FORRES**.—1. The packets of coloured plates can be sent to Blackwood, Victoria, or any part of the colony, if your newsgent will only take the trouble to order them through what he well knows is the ordinary channel. 2. We do not know. The Presidents of the United States have been Washington, J. Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Arthur. 3. Yes, but you should write to the "Girl's Own Paper," not to us.

**ELLER HOUSE**.—The equator has not always been the first parallel, for the very good reason that the roundness of the earth was not always known. In old times a line from the Straits of Gibraltar and on to Rhodes and India formed the first parallel, and one passing through Rhodes and Alexandria served as the first meridian. At another time the first meridian ran through the Hebrides, at another through the Canaries, at another through Alicarnassus, at another through the Azores, at another through the Cape Verde. In modern times each nation has generally run the first meridian through its capital city; but now, at the recent conference, all nations, with one exception—France, to wit—have agreed to reckon their longitude from Greenwich.

**E. WHYTE**.—The eggs were smashed. One seemed to be that of a goldfinch, the other perhaps a wren's. With the May part in 1880 we gave a coloured plate of eggs, which you should get. Never send us eggs for identification; they get so shaken about in the post as to be reduced almost to powder.

**H. A. STEVENSON**.—How could the line scan with a three-syllable word? Your ear ought to have told you the error. The quotation is "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

**F. YETMAN** (Mass., U.S.A.)—You can get the **BOY'S OWN PAPER** through the principal booksellers in all the large towns of the United States.

**PARTICK**.—1. No such list is in existence. So many "old coins" are known that a catalogue of them would fill volumes. You must state the country and the century in which the coin was issued, and then consult a list dealing only with that group. 2. It would not help you.

**ONE WHO WANTS TO KEEP, ETC.**—1. You cannot satisfactorily re-glaze the covers of books once they have been wetted. The best thing is to re-bind, but you could wet them all over and then varnish. Bookbinders' varnish is made of three pints of spirits-of-wine at 40°, eight ounces of sandarach, two ounces of mastic in drops, eight ounces of shellac, and two ounces of Venice turpentine, boiled together in a sand-bath. 2. See back. 3. Bread crumbs.

**G. C.**—Sprinkle the floor with fine, clean sand; moisten it with a solution of one pound of American potash or pearlash in a pint of water. Then scrub the boards the way of the grain with a hard brush, best mottled soap, and very hot water, changing the water frequently as the heat goes off it. This treatment will whiten up the kitchen in no time, and take out nearly all your stains.

**P. C. CREWS**.—You can get veneers and fancy woods from Wright, of Arlington Street, New North Road, and hard wood from Marshall, of Old Street Road. For pine for model yachts we know no nearer yard than Hudson and Carr's, though of course there must be many in your neighbourhood.

**PAT**.—See our cricket articles in the second volume.

**NIPPER**.—For prices of the Berthon boats apply to the Berthon Boat Company, Romsey, Hants. They will send you a list.

**AN INTERESTED READER**.—1. In Spanish the X is pronounced nearly as "sh" in English, so that if you call it "Donkey shot" you will not be far out. As a matter of fact, it is pronounced as spelt—Don Quixote. 2. The true formula for eau-de-cologne is said to be a secret. There are many makers, all "original," notwithstanding. Only one purchaser has yet got anywhere near the solution of the mystery. In a confidential moment he made the perfumer confess that he was not the original maker, and following up the advantage, secured the address of the man who was. He went there, bought largely, and discovered after he had done so that his confidential friend had simply recommended him to one of his own branch establishments. 3. The best electrical cement is Faraday's, made by drying an ounce of powdered Venetian red at a temperature of boiling water, melting together five ounces of resin and one ounce of beeswax, and stirring the hot earth into the mixture. The cement should be put on about as thick as a card.

**J. W. H.**—1. A typical clipper ship would be about two hundred and ten feet long, thirty-six wide, and twenty-one deep, with a spread of forty-five thousand square feet of canvas. 2. The mainmast to the cap should be three-quarters of the length over all, the mizenmast a little more than half the length over all, and the foremast a little more than three-quarters of the length over all. 3. There is no complete plan of a clipper cheaper than that in Captain Chapman's book.

**W. G. COBE**.—Welshmen wear leeks in their hats on St. David's Day in remembrance of their having done so at the suggestion of St. David on one of the occasions in which they defeated the English.

**W. E. P.**—Get a new violin from an English maker, and learn to play it from our articles.

**J. C.**—There is no evidence whatever to show that before Captain Webb made his attempt the Niagara rapids had been swum. The statement you send is one of the many accounts of the feat that find their place in fiction. It is—well—a romance.

**HORSE MARINE**.—The conditions of admission are similar to those for Woolwich and Sandhurst. There are two branches—Artillery and Light Infantry. Sixteen to twenty is the limit of age. No candidate is accepted for the Marines unless he can produce a certificate of his ability to swim. We do not know the conditions of admission to the mounted branch of the service!

**W. G. H. T.**—You will find a chapter on chemical calculations, with examples, in Meldola's "Chemistry," published by Murby. It costs one shilling and sixpence, and is one of Murby's "Science and Art Series."

**F. M.**—The Courtenays, Earls of Devon, have the privilege of standing in the presence of royalty with the head covered. This is owing to their having once been Emperors of the East. See any history of the Crusades. Please note that a "contributor" to a paper is a writer of the articles that appear in it; a "subscriber" is one who regularly purchases copies of the paper.

**J. R. P.**—We gave full instructions on balloon-making in our third volume.

**C. S. GOLD**.—Clean gilt frames by washing them over very lightly with a small sponge dipped in hot spirits of wine or oil of turpentine, and just wet enough to take off fly marks. Never rub a gilt frame when cleaning it, but dab it over lightly. Never wipe it after you have cleaned it, let it dry of itself. When you have finished your frame, and it is clean enough to suit you, give it a coat of best coral varnish, which improves the gilt considerably, and will enable you to wash it for the future as you would ordinary paint. Even new gilt frames are better if varnished.

**W. BONE**.—You can get them in Seven Dials, but the finest specimens are procured from the large public aquariums. Why not collect your own anemones at the seaside?

**TORTOISE**.—Let your pet get in under something during the winter. It will stow itself away in any heap of rubbish, or in a dry bank, and come up smiling when fine weather returns. Give it the run of the garden in summer.



Let me for one lift up my song.





E. H.—About a month.

D. C. FROEIR.—1. Colds in pigeons are known by the bird appearing out of sorts and spirits, probably ruffled as to feathers, and having running at the eyes and nostrils. Keep quiet in a warm place, give hemp-seed, and bathe the head frequently every day with warm water. 2. You do not give us enough symptoms to go by. A pigeon sits ruffled up in a variety of ailments, even in severe colds and in inflammations. Try a castor-oil capsule. 3. Tick beans, tares, buckwheat, barley, wheat, dari, rice, and bird-seeds.

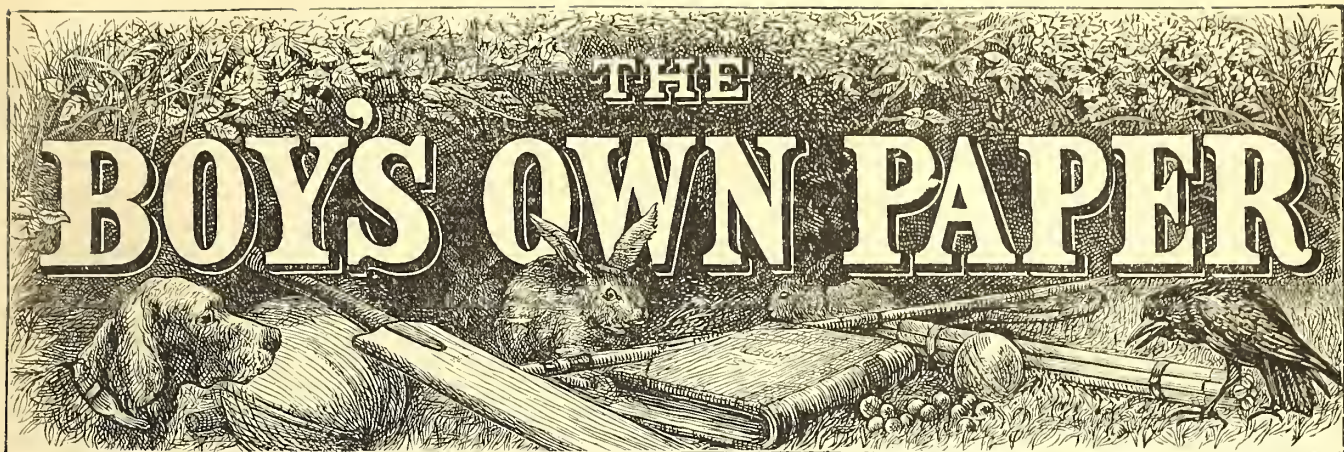
LEONARD C. ROBINSON.—1. We would not go so far as to say that tobacco would stop the growth of a boy, but it is most injurious nevertheless. It makes a lad nervous, a day-dreamer, and unfit for anything that needs either manly thought or manly exertion. 2. Try opodeldoc for your chilblains, or a strong solution of alum; but wear warm soft stockings or socks, take plenty of exercise, and never sit near the fire.

NEMO.—To such appointments the ordinary Civil Service regulations apply. The lower ranks are filled with pensioned soldiers.

C. B.—Your Angora rabbits must be frequently done over with a hair brush and comb, else they will of course get matted. But you must now cut or comb out the matting and tangles.

A LOVER OF THE "BOY'S OWN."—You can get a lens at any optician's, but an ordinary magnifying-glass would do on a small scale. The lantern will not get unless the focus is accurately caught. Plane the mahogany quite smooth, do not sandpaper it, and give it a coat of size, and then one of mahogany varnish, procurable from any colour-shop. It is wainscot varnish, with just a little gold-size.





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## THE BARRING-OUT AT THORNBOROUGH.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.,

Author of "For James or George?" "Schoolboy Honour," etc.

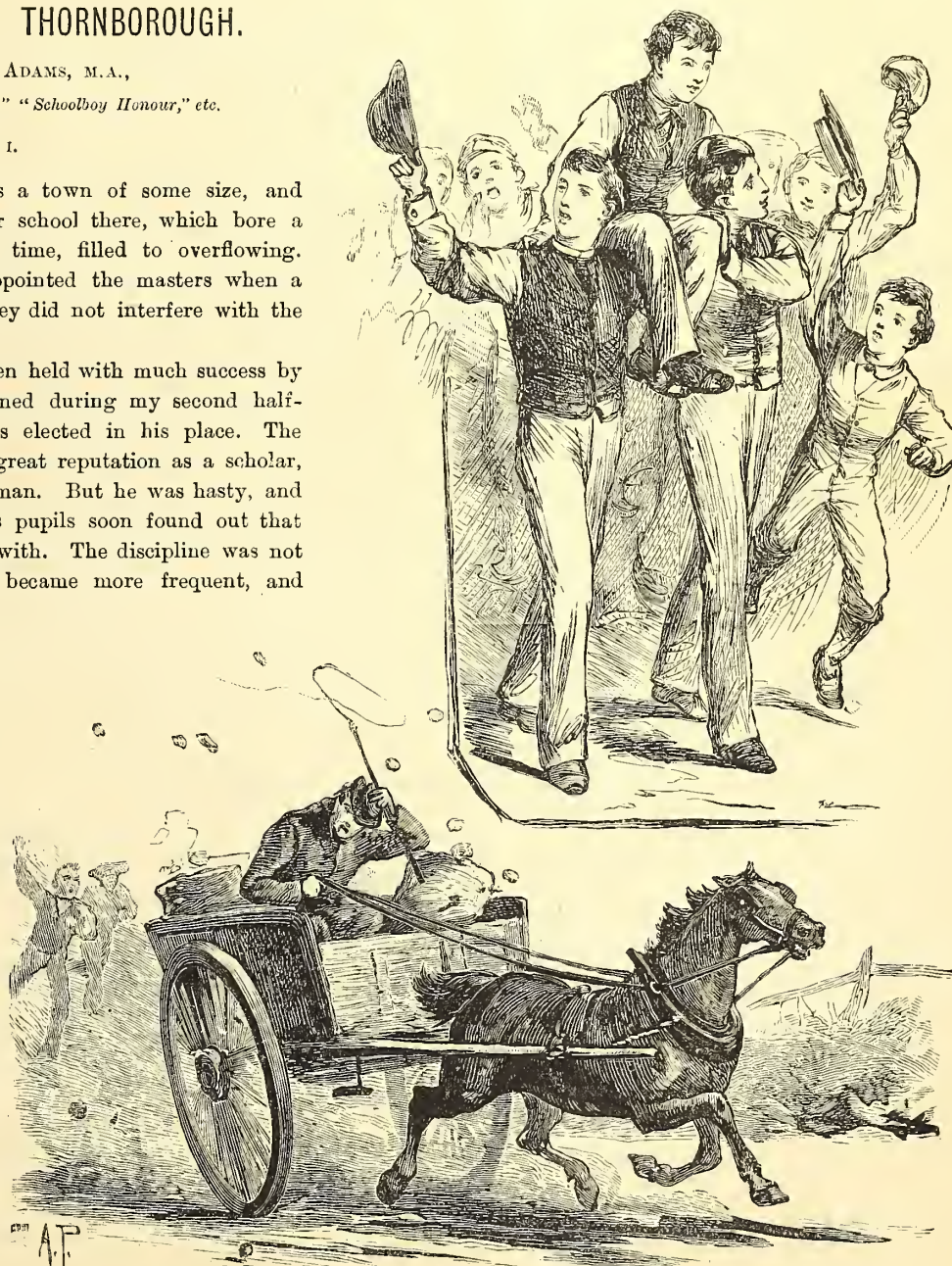
### CHAPTER I.

THORNBOROUGH, in B—shire, was a town of some size, and there was an ancient grammar school there, which bore a high reputation, and was, in my time, filled to overflowing. There were some trustees who appointed the masters when a vacancy occurred, but otherwise they did not interfere with the working of the school.

For many years the post had been held with much success by a certain Dr. Allen; but he resigned during my second half-year, and Mr. James Kendall was elected in his place. The new master brought with him a great reputation as a scholar, and was, on the whole, a worthy man. But he was hasty, and he was undecided; and Dr. Allen's pupils soon found out that they had a different man to deal with. The discipline was not so strictly kept up, punishments became more frequent, and gradually the whole tone of the school altered.

Mr. Kendall himself attributed this to the influence of one Houghton — a lad of fifteen when he came, an age at which schoolmasters are generally unwilling to receive a new pupil. But his admission had been asked as a personal favour by the senior trustee at the time of Mr. Kendall's election, and it was impossible for Mr. Kendall to refuse.

Houghton had now grown to be one of the biggest boys in the school, and he was the leader in every internal disturbance which arose. He was for ever complaining of the restrictions laid upon the boys, which he declared no fellows ought to put up with. The bounds within which they were confined, he



"Chairing the winner on their shoulders down the high road."



declared, were too small; they were never allowed to go into Barnsley or Market Polesworth, two towns which lay at a distance of two or three miles; their holidays were unreasonably few; the school hours were unreasonably long; the food was bad, and the dormitory uncomfortable. Like all demagogues, he succeeded in carrying a large number of his hearers with him, and his influence had risen to its full height at the time of which I am writing.

The boys, on their side, declared the cause of the mischief to be quite different. About a year previously the two last surviving undermasters of Dr. Allen's time had taken their departure, and two new ones had come in their room. One of these was the head master's brother, Edward by name. He was a year younger than James, and not unlike him in appearance; in character no two men were more dissimilar. He was extremely quiet; seldom found fault; and never got into a wax, as we boys expressed it. But the work in his form was always well done. This might have excited our wonder if we had thought about it at all. But he attracted our notice so little, and abstained so entirely from interfering with us, that his name was hardly ever mentioned. It was indeed rumoured that his brother had been very anxious that he should put his money into the concern; in which case the school premises would have been enlarged, and a much larger number of pupils might have been taken. The trustees would have been willing to help out this scheme, and give Edward Kendall a promise that, if his brother retired, he should be appointed head master in his room. But report added that, for some reason or other, the younger brother could not be got to consent.

The other usher, Mr. Bassett, was a different person altogether. He had been a pupil of Mr. James Kendall at the university, was a good scholar, and a clever man. But he had high ideas of his own importance, and the necessity of carrying on the discipline more strictly than he had found it administered. Mr. Kendall fell under his influence, and allowed him more licence than ought to have been permitted to a subordinate. Far from thinking with Houghton that the school bounds were too narrow, Mr. Bassett was continually representing to his superior that they were unwisely large. The boys could not indeed, he said, go into Market Polesworth, but they were allowed to go so close to it that it was almost the same thing. There were one or two villages to which the boys were allowed free access. In these there were public-houses, to which skittle-grounds and bowling-greens were attached. In Monkskerswell, at the Star Inn, there was even a billiard-table. What was to prevent the boys going there and playing at any of these games? Farmer King's property, again, ought at all events to be forbidden ground. Unless this was tabooed, there would certainly be a disturbance before long about the bird's-nesting, and the nutting, and the blackberry-gathering, which, he was quite sure, were the regular practices of the boys. Continual repetition of these remonstrances so far worked upon Mr. Kendall, that he began seriously to contemplate some changes in the direction proposed. Perhaps he would at once have made them, if it had not been that although the subject was continually mentioned in Edward's hearing, he made no remark respecting it. One day Mr. Ken-

dall put the question point blank to his brother, as they sat at supper. The latter briefly inquired whether any evidence had been alleged of the boys playing billiards or skittles, and whether of late Mr. King had addressed any complaint to him. Receiving a negative reply in both instances, he had simply replied, "Wait till you get one."

So things went on, the dissatisfaction on both sides growing greater and greater, until the middle of the summer half-year was reached. One of the "improvements," as he at all events considered them, which Houghton had introduced, was what he called a "cross chivvy." It was a species of race across country, in which all the school, if they chose it, might join. It was run for sweepstakes, to which the first class contributed threepence apiece; the second, third, and fourth twopence; and the juniors one penny. An estimate was made of the age and strength of each of the competitors, and the smaller boys were allowed to start so many yards in advance of the others according to it. The scale came in time to be so well adjusted, that it was quite a matter of doubt whether a senior or a junior would win. The sport became in consequence extremely popular; and, in addition to the sweepstakes, prizes were sometimes given to the winner.

Sometimes one of the senior boys, sometimes an old boy, revisiting the school, made a present of a bat, or a racket, or a pair of skates to be competed for. Every month the amusement grew in popular favour with every one except Mr. Bassett. He had entertained from the first a great dislike to these "cross chivvies," which had been introduced a month or two after his arrival. "They took the boys to a great distance from home," he said; "they brought the boys into a good deal of danger;" "the runners frequently crossed land where the landlord's pheasants must be sitting, or the farmer's crops half grown;" "the boys came home with their clothes torn and covered with mud." One of his strongest arguments for the contraction of the school bounds was that it would keep these "cross chivvies" within proper limits.

One day it chanced that a certain Miss Ibbotson, Dick Houghton's aunt, came to see him. She was so charmed, not only with her favourite nephew's good looks, but with the civility of his schoolfellows—who, albeit not much addicted to the suavities of life, were unusually gracious to her for Richard's sake—that she made a present of two sovereigns, to be competed for at a cross chivvy, the money to be laid out in the purchase of any article which the winner might desire. The announcement of this splendid gift produced a perfect furor in the school. Dick himself magnificently declared his intention of not competing for the prize, which, he said, was for him to give away, as his aunt's representative. He should content himself with the offices of umpire and steward of the course.

"Hurrah!" shouted Jim Milner, one of Houghton's greatest cronies. "Three cheers, lads, for Miss Ibbotson."

"And one cheer more for Dick Houghton!" called out Harry Ball.

"No, no; three for Miss Ibbotson and three for Dick," suggested Sam Grigsby.

"And one cheer more for both," added Clements.

The boys gave them with emphasis, and then Dick proceeded to arrange the course. "They must have a good run for it," he

said, "and had better take the line of which they were talking the other day—from Wreford Gate to Loxleigh Corner. There was some capital running there, and the ground was now in first-rate order for it."

"Loxleigh Corner," repeated Clements; "that's all but in Market Polesworth, isn't it?—in fact, I think it is inside it."

"It doesn't signify if it is," said Houghton. "The turf runs up, without break, quite to the corner."

"I didn't mean that," said Clements. "But if Kendall, and more particularly if Bassett, gets hold of it, won't he make a row?"

"What about?" asked Houghton. "We are free to go anywhere on Loxleigh Down, and the down ends at Loxleigh Corner."

"Yes, but we are not allowed to go inside Polesworth," suggested Meadows.

"It isn't inside Polesworth," said Grigsby; "is it, Milner?"

"It's a disputed point, I believe," answered Milner, "but anyhow the boys have never to my knowledge been ordered not to go there."

"All right, Jim," said Houghton. "The bounds are quite small enough without our making them smaller. We'll draw up the programme."

The usual paper was accordingly written out, naming the day, the exact course to be followed, and the regulations under which the race was to be run; after which it was, according to the usual practice, fixed against the wall of a large outhouse in the playground, called the cricket-shed, where the boys kept their bats, rackets, and the like.

The premises at Thornborough, I should tell you, were of a very peculiar construction. It was said that a century or two previously a wealthy yeoman who had no heirs had left his dwelling-house, together with some land surrounding it, to be converted into a grammar school. It was generally believed that the largest barn, a building fifty feet long and thirty high, had been made into the schoolroom, and a noble schoolroom it must have been. But subsequently a floor had been inserted, dividing this chamber into two, the upper half being used as a dormitory. The walls were very thick and the timbers of the roof enormous. A double row of long narrow windows lighted both rooms—they, like the rest of the building, being cut in half by the insertion of the floor. The only entrance was by a door at one end, access being gained to the dormitory by an external wooden staircase, which was both steep and narrow. Against the other end of the school was the outhouse already mentioned, and over these there was a wash-house and a shoe-room.

Some inkling, I suppose, of the "chivvy" about to take place must have reached the ears of Mr. Bassett and excited at once his curiosity and his anger. As soon as the boys were safely locked up for the evening, he took his lantern and visited the shed. There he found his worst fears confirmed. The course was not only to begin at Wreford Gate, which involved the crossing of several of Farmer King's fields, but it did not end till Loxleigh Corner was reached; which, if not in Polesworth itself, was inside its suburbs, and not fifty yards from the beginning of the High Street.

Mr. Bassett's wrath was roused to the utmost. Market Polesworth was a place to which he entertained a particular dis-



like. It contained two or three factories, at which a great many hands were employed. But the wages were low and the men and women of a bad type. If he could have had his way the boys would never have been allowed to approach within a mile of it; and the notion of the riffraff of such a place turning out to see a race between his scholars was intolerable. He took out his pencil and the blank sheet of a letter, and made a copy of the obnoxious notice, and then straightway conveyed it into Mr. Kendall's library, where the two brothers were engaged in looking over exercises. He then briefly announced what had occurred, and read out the notice which he had copied. He addressed himself entirely to James Kendall. The other brother so seldom interfered that Mr. Bassett had come to overlook him altogether.

"Finish the race in Market Polesworth itself, do you say?" inquired Mr. Kendall. "That, of course, cannot be allowed. I suppose *you* think that, do you not?" he continued, turning to his brother, who had not lifted his eyes from the theme he was correcting.

"Of course not," replied Edward; "but I don't think they propose it."

"The finish would be close to the entrance of the town, at all events," said Mr. Bassett.

"And that would be almost equally objectionable," observed Mr. Kendall. "It must, of course, be stopped."

"Quite so, sir. You will, I suppose, give the boys notice to-morrow morning that you forbid it."

"Forbid the whole thing, do you mean?" inquired Mr. Kendall, "or only forbid them finishing the race at that particular place?"

"That is for you to say, sir," said Mr. Bassett. "I myself should say put this kind of thing down at once, entirely, and for ever. You may see for yourself by this notice that they have put up that they claim to settle these matters without any reference to you. Here is a public document, as I may say—"

"The cricket-shed is always regarded as their own room," observed Mr. Edward Kendall. "A notice put up there is hardly a public document."

"If Mr. Kendall considers that any part of these premises is not under his control, I have no more to say," remarked Mr. Bassett.

"That is mere nonsense, Bassett," said Mr. Kendall. "The boys are, of course, answerable to me for anything they do there, if it comes to that; though, as Edward observes, we generally leave that room to them."

"Just so, sir; and if they are allowed to put up a notice like this, they will soon proceed to take some liberty which you will be obliged to put down much more severely."

"What do you propose to do, then?" asked the head master.

"Well, sir, I for my part should say, in the first place, that this particular race ought to be forbidden altogether. By-and-by, when that point has been carried, you may allow these races if you like it, but require the boys always to come to you for leave, and determine in every instance over what ground the race is to be run."

"Very well," said Mr. Kendall. "I will give that out after my lesson with the first class to-morrow. Won't that do?" he added, observing that his subordinate still looked dubious.

"You are of course the best judge, Mr. Kendall," observed the usher, "but I think this ought to be given out as early as possible to-morrow. The boys begin their preparations for these races usually in the hour between early and midday school. It would make them all the more troublesome if they had got ready for the race and were stopped just at the moment they were going to start."

"But I don't go into early school to-morrow," said Mr. Kendall, "though Edward does."

"Well, sir, I or Mr. Edward—as you think best—might give the order in your name."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Kendall, glad to be spared what to him would have been an unwelcome duty. "Will you tell the boys, Edward?"

"Mr. Bassett is very confident of the result," observed Mr. Edward Kendall, drily—"more confident than I feel. He had better make the experiment himself."

Mr. Kendall glanced sharply at his brother for a moment, in some doubt as to his meaning, but the latter remained perfectly quiet, and Mr. James proceeded.

"Well, then, Bassett, you had better do it. It is my morning, you know, for taking my Euclid class in my study, and I should have to go into school on purpose. That would be making more of the matter than it is worth."

Mr. Bassett acquiesced, evidently well pleased, and the next morning, as soon as prayers were over, proceeded to acquaint himself of his commission.

"A notice has been put up in the cricket-shed," he said, "that the boys mean to run a race to-day"—he did not choose to acknowledge the existence of a "cross chivvy"—"ending close to, if not actually in, the town of Market Polesworth. You are to understand that this race cannot take place."

There was a dead silence for a minute or two, and then a voice from among the crowd called out, "Why not?"

"The masters do not choose to allow it. Open your books, boys."

No more was said by any one. Mr. Bassett was in particularly good humour all the rest of the morning, well satisfied with his successful management of the affair. His satisfaction was, however, somewhat diminished by a visit early in the afternoon from Bob Driver, Mr. Kendall's gardener, who had just returned from Polesworth. He was a crusty old man, between whom and the boys there existed a sort of amicable squabble. They never met without a display of hostilities—satirical remarks and questions on the one side, grumblings and threats of complaining to the masters on the other. The old man probably would not have done the boys any serious injury if he had possessed the power of doing it. But he certainly thought they could not be punished too often; and he highly approved of Mr. Bassett, whose views of school discipline were in unison with his own.

"Beg your pardon, sir," he began, as soon as he was shown into the usher's room. "Do you know what they boys has been about this a'ternoon?"

"The boys of this school do you mean?" asked Mr. Bassett.

"Ay, to be sure—who else? Do you know where they's been, and what they's a-doing of now?"

"No," returned the usher, with a sudden misgiving.

"They is—or, leastways, they was half

an hour ago—up in Polesworth with a crowd of factory chaps round 'em. They'd run into the town in their shirt-sleeves, and was a-chairing the winner on their shoulders down the high road as I come by."

"In Polesworth!" exclaimed the usher, "you can't mean it. They were positively forbidden to go there. You must have made a mistake."

"I don't think I has," growled Driver. "They stopped my cart and laid hold on my potatoes, and pelted me with them till I got out of their reach. There weren't no mistake about the matter."

Boiling with indignation, Mr. Bassett hurried off to his principal's room and told his story. Mr. Kendall's anger was even greater than his own. Immediately after tea he summoned the whole school together, and required to know who were the boys that had taken part in the race. The question, twice repeated, was met by a dead silence.

"This will not do," he exclaimed. "Unless I get an answer I shall question every boy separately, and it will be a serious matter for any one who refuses to answer."

He paused, but there was still no response, and he put his threat into execution. But he could elicit nothing. The first dozen boys to whom he put the question would not speak, and he was obliged to desist.

"Very well," he said, "then you must take the consequences. I shall write down on slips of paper the names of all the boys in the senior classes and put them into this hat. Mr. Bassett will draw out of it six slips. Unless a full confession is made to me by twelve o'clock the day after to-morrow, the six boys so drawn will be flogged. Then six more names will be taken, and so I shall go on till the whole have been punished."

The boys still remained silent, and Mr. Kendall, taking a sheet of paper, proceeded to act as he had threatened. The six names were then read aloud, "Milner, Wynne, Alder, Grigsby, Houghton, and Bryce."

"Very good," said Mr. Kendall. "On Thursday next, at twelve o'clock, unless full confession has been made to me, those six boys will be flogged. You may go now."

The boys streamed out in a great state of excitement, and straightway proceeded to hold an indignation meeting in the cricket-shed.

Houghton was the first to speak. "I don't know what *you* may mean to do," he said; "but I know what *I* mean. They may write my name on a slip of paper, and draw it out of a hat, but I'm not going to be flogged."

"Nor I," said Grigsby; "I've done nothing to be flogged for. These chivvies have been allowed for ever so long, and nothing has ever gone wrong. Are we to be told, all of a moment, without rhyme or reason, by a whipper-snapper of a stuck-up usher, that he won't allow them any more? Who's Bassett, that we are to be ordered about by him?"

"He hasn't any such right," said Clements. "But you see, Kendall himself has taken up the matter now, and we've got him to deal with. Bassett can't flog or expel us, but Kendall can."

"I shouldn't much mind if he did expel me," said Grigsby; "I've got disgusted with the school since Bassett came. If half a dozen of us were expelled, at all events



we might have the satisfaction of kicking Bassett round the playground before we left."

"That wouldn't be a bad move," said Milner. "But I don't want to be expelled if I can help it. My father would make a tremendous row; and besides, this isn't a bad place after all, if it wasn't for this upstart of an usher. I don't mean to submit to be flogged any more than you do, but I don't mean to be expelled either if I can help it."

"But I don't see how that can be managed," observed Clements. "Those six fellows whose names were drawn out by Bassett will be had up before Kendall on Thursday, and required either to answer his questions or undergo a flogging. If they refuse to answer, and then refuse to knuckle down, he'll expel them on the spot. He must do it or give up keeping school. If any one would show us a way out of this mess I should be very glad; but I confess I don't see one."

"I can tell you one," said Houghton, who had been silent for the last few minutes. "I can tell you a way by which we should be neither flogged nor expelled, but bring Kendall to reason, and probably get rid of Bassett into the bargain."

"Can you indeed?" said Milner. "I am sure I am extremely glad to hear it. How are we to manage it?"

"By a barring-out," said Houghton.

(To be continued.)

## DRUMS AND FIFES; AND HOW TO BEAT AND PLAY THEM.

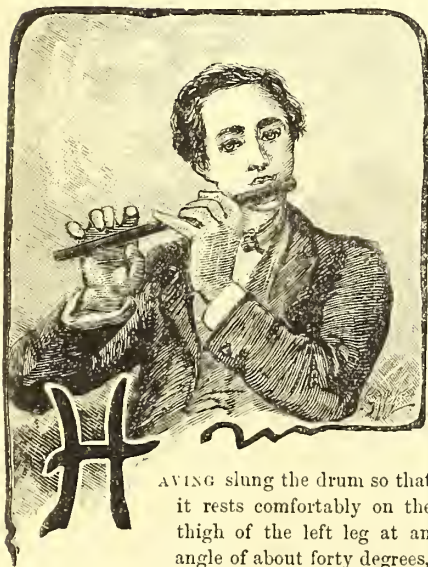
BY J. ARTHUR ELLIOTT,

Author of "Poor Regimental Jack," "Kavanagh of Lucknow," etc.

### PART II.

"At sound of fife and drum each loyal heart beats high,  
As down the village street our gallant band goes by."

Mary Mark Lemon.



HAVING slung the drum so that it rests comfortably on the thigh of the left leg at an angle of about forty degrees, the learner should stand at attention, with the left foot slightly in advance of the right heel, and the leg slightly bent to steady the drum; head erect, and eyes directed not upon the instrument, but on some object straight before him.

One drum-stick should be grasped firmly in the right hand in the same manner as when one is going to strike a blow with an ordinary stick, while the other should be held in the left hand somewhat similar to the way in which we should hold a spoon, only the stick should be passed between the middle fingers and allowed to rest upon the second joint of the third finger, the thumb being used to hold the stick with. The drum-sticks should be thus grasped about four inches from the top of each.

This part of the process being satisfactorily adjusted, and there being no instructor present to give the word of command, the pupil should himself whisper the word "Ready!" at the

same time placing the drum-sticks in the following position. The left-hand stick should be laid across the drum so that the end of it can rest upon the centre of the drum-head; the back of the hand must be held downwards against the hoop, and the elbow kept close to the left side. The right-hand stick should then be placed across the drum so that the end of it rests upon the end of the other stick, the elbow being kept close to the side in this case also.

At the word "Attention!" both sticks should be raised gracefully and artistically—by twisting them round each other in the same way that an idler twiddles his thumbs—till the ends are crossed again before the forehead, the elbows being almost level with the shoulders. Then follows the first and, of course, most difficult

roll." The pupil commences to beat by bringing the left-hand drum-stick down first, and striking in regular succession two smart strokes upon the centre of the drum-head. This is repeated with each hand alternately until the pupil gets so accustomed to it that he imperceptibly permits the sticks to go almost by themselves, simply guiding the left-hand stick till, by a peculiar turn of the wrist, the "roll" is gradually produced.

Many hours of patient and persistent practice are, however, necessary ere even a "potato" roll can be produced, and several weeks—say about six to a sharp lad—before a decent passable roll can be attained. But, as in learning a language, when one knows the verbs well half the battle is won, so in the matter of the drum,

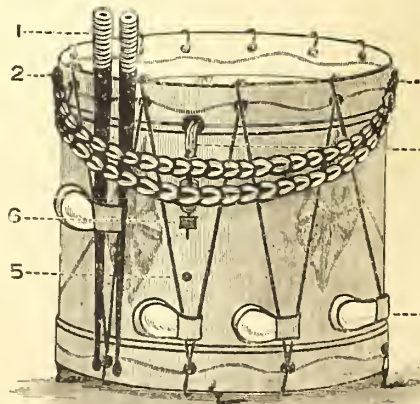
### MILITARY DRUM

The Sticks.

The Hoops.

Nut and Screw.

Sound Hole.



The Cord.

The "Snares"

Braces.

part of the whole process—viz., the learning how to beat what is jocularly termed "daddy-mammy," but which is in reality the "long

when the pupil has mastered the "long roll" other parts of the art of drummery come easy enough, comparatively speaking.





The Guards' Band.

After the "long roll" is learnt there comes the "flam," the "flam-paradiddle," the "drag," and the "drag-and-stroke paradiddle," the "flam-and-stroke paradiddle," the "double drag," the "double-drag-and-stroke paradiddle," the "rough," and the "four," "five," "seven," and "eleven"-stroke rolls.

The "flam" is a mysterious kind of double stroke, and is produced by both drum-sticks striking the drum simultaneously one held near

the drum-head and producing a faint noise, while the other is held level with the forehead previous to striking, thereby producing a loud noise, the action of both resulting in a sound similar to the sound of the word "flam" itself.

The "flam paradiddle" is a flam, a loud

attached to it are beaten in the same manner, except that the "drag" is made first with one hand and then with the other. This is styled "beating from hand to hand." The "rolls" speak for themselves, and are accomplished only after constant practice.

Drum-music is written as follows:—



stroke with the left hand, two faint strokes (one from each hand), and then another "flam." The "drag" is produced by two loud strokes with the left hand and one with the right (and *vice versa*), beaten quick to imitate the sound of the word "drag." The "drag-and-stroke paradiddle" consists of a "drag," a stroke with the left hand, and two faint strokes with the right (and *vice versa*), beaten quickly, and sounding like a train does occasionally when going at a "lazy speed."

The "double drag" and the "paradiddle"

The big drum is not so easy to manipulate as some people think, for it takes a good side-drummer to make a decent bass-drummer, and he must have an excellent knowledge of time also. Even with the cymbals and triangle there is a knack that has to be acquired before they can be said to be beaten satisfactorily. At one time there was also what was termed a "tenor drum," which, being a size or two smaller than the bass drum, was slung and beaten like a side-drum, with padded sticks.

(To be continued.)



**BATHING AND SWIMMING.**—"Blue, Buff, and White" writes to us: "Now that the bathing season has commenced will you allow me to try to impress on 'your boys' that bathing is *not* swimming? In other words, to urge the great importance of doing measured (or guessed) distances, however short, even a hundred yards, every day. Our great fault is 'loafing' in the water and trying useless tricks, such as the 'wash-tub,' 'paddle boat,' etc.; these, though amusing no doubt, teach us nothing as to what we can do in a case of emergency. Many men say, 'Oh, I could swim a mile easy,' for the simple reason that they don't know what a mile swim is, even though they be good *bathers*. Now a mile swim (setting racing and first-class swimmers apart) means on an average an hour in the water. We all have met the fellow who says, 'Out so soon, old man? Why I was in for 'an hour' to-day.' His hour and a timed hour are two very different things, and I would ask such of your readers as are interested in swimming as a means of saving life to 'suggest to their friends' the importance of *measured distance swimming*, and of practically testing the difference between the two 'hours.'"

**TRUE HAPPINESS.**—Mr. Spurgeon writes: "When I was just fifteen I believed in the Lord Jesus, was baptized, and joined the Church of Christ. This is thirty-five years ago now, and I have never been sorry for what I then

did; no, not even once. I have had plenty of time to think it over, and many temptations to try some other course, and if I had found out that I had been deceived, or had made a gross blunder, I would have made a change before now, and would do my best to prevent others from falling into the same delusion. I tell you, boys, the day I gave myself up to the Lord Jesus, to be His servant, was the very best day of my life. Then I began to be safe and happy; then I found out the secret of living; and had a worthy object for my life's exertions, and an unflinching comfort for life's troubles. Because I would wish every boy to have a bright eye, a light tread, a joyful heart, and overflowing spirits, I plead with him to consider whether he will not follow my example, for I speak from experience."

**OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.**—Dr. Barnardo, in the June number of his "Night and Day," writes: "We have received from Mr. G. A. Hutchison, Editor of the Religious Tract Society's well-known periodical, the 'Boy's Own PAPER,' a number of model locomotive engines, and also a large parcel of illuminated texts, the product of prize competitions amongst the readers of that magazine." We may also mention that a number of the illuminated texts are at the time we write on their way in the well-known missionary ship *Harmony*, to Labrador, for distribution amongst the Esquimaux as a gift from our readers.



## HAROLD, THE BOY-EARL: A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY PROFESSOR J. F. HODGETTS,

*Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor to the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science, etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER XVI.—BATTLE OF MOINAN'S PLAIN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the prayers of Harold to be allowed to accompany the army on the march against Llewellyn, it was decided that he and the boys were to be sent back to the dwelling of the earl under the charge of trusty warriors, who were then to join the guard left with the Lady Edelgitha in the house. Neither the guard nor youngsters relished this new order, but discipline, the soul of English war, carried the day, and the earl saw the departure of the lads safely undertaken before he commenced active operations.

When the time was come the English army left its standing-place and marched in the direction of Llewellyn's hold.

In all this march Penruddock and Owen rode together, and the adroit young Briton quite won the old king's heart. The service he had rendered in rousing Gwyneth's fears was now again remembered, and Morwen thought it shame to have doubted his merit and to have deemed him false. The champions with Earl Blue-tooth in sooth were little pleased to ride with British chiefs among them, and "Christian dogs" to boot! So they held little converse with Owen or the king.

It was a goodly army that rode in Blue-tooth's "ban." King's-thanes, earls, simple thanes, landowners from the West-Saxon side, were glad to join with grim Earl Rolf and ride among his train. In those old days the army was formed of volunteers, and each brought his own dependents according to his rank. An ordinary earl sent to the king in war four horses saddled and four more untrapped, four helms, four byrnie (coats of linked mail), eight spears and shields, four swords, and then two hundred pounds of gold; a king's thane half that heriot, a common thane half that, and the untitled freeman half this last amount. Such were their contributions to the king, or the king's heretoga warring in his name, and all the earls and thanes and common thanes, the rich landowners and the poorer "churls," flocked to join Blue-tooth's standard. All that side of the West Saxons sent their *Shire Gereve* (such was the good earl's title in the land) all they could boast as fit to draw the sword.

And the grim earl grew grimmer when from his scouts he learnt that false Llewellyn's power was marching on apace to check the English army and to sweep them from the earth. Llewellyn, as they told Earl Rolf, was joined by Llewyl's men, and the hosts that eight days earlier were fighting to the knife now marched in friendship side by side to meet the common foe!

"A better hope for Owen," said Rolf to Hildebergt. "He may be king of both the septs if Morwen thinks it right. However, if Llewyl plays me false, and marches on our spears, I shall have small compunction in cutting off that land that joins thy pretty hunting-seat and adding it to mine that is in trust for Kenwalch. I have land enow, and if he likes to give it thee he may for all I care!"

A council then was summoned of the earls and nobler thanes, and all the various champions renowned in former war, and their opinions taken as to the best array to meet the catiff Britons who were marching on their spears.

Then tidings reached the council that in a lordly plain between the English army and Llewellyn's Roman "hold" the British force, in numbers far greater than was thought, was waiting Earl Rolf's coming with a bold undaunted front. Earl Rolf received the tidings with unfeigned delight and satisfaction.

"Good news!" he cried, "my champions, good news for English ears! We wear when they give battle great Odin's eagle wings. Our firm ring shirts shall dazzle them if the golden sunshine plays, and we march to battle singing the deeds of other times when our brave fathers gained us this country with the sword, and we are bound in honour to keep it for their sakes." Then he changed his tone, and added, "I mean to win the day; I have a debt to Britain which I shall clear or fall! But if I fall, Thane Hildebergt will lead my men for me and follow my instructions as he has heard them given."

"First, as to our formation, the 'wedge' seems best to me to meet a larger number of foes upon the field. The column is too clumsy and takes too many men. The two front lines composing our wedge shall be armed with Danish axes and the heavier 'troop shield,' which the thralls must carry forward to guard the axemen's line. Each axeman bears a 'linden' in the grip of his left hand, while the right hand wields the battle-axe against the first attack. The second rank of spearmen must hold the ashen wood with its grey flashing spearhead to meet the foeman's breast. The archers and slingers will form the centre guard, and I trust their warmest welcome will meet the British foe. The horse you brought, Earl Thorskull, are good, and I would fain that you attack the chariots and charge them from behind, so take a circuit round their host and fall upon their rear. The king's-thane, Edgar Ethelstone, commands the whole reserve. I at the sharp point of the wedge will lead the English foot and show the axemen how to play the game that Odin loves."

Some smart discussion followed this speech of Rolf the earl, and some applied to lead their men in other forms of war, but the grim smile played on his stern face, the "blue-teeth" showed their power, for debate was hushed before he spoke, and when his voice rang sharp and clear, his tones were not quite those that men would care to feel addressed to them in anger, or in scorn, or in reproach.

"Such of you as do not approve my scheme in this attack have been invited here to give a better plan. As yet none has been offered, and so mine must remain as that of Kenwalch's heretoga commanding all the host. There are some here among you who murmur at my words. Let them

now quit the army, draw off their vaunted bands, and join the British if they will, or seek their homes again. But I will have no murmur! Had I a brother here who murmured at my orders he should not murmur more! The council now is ended. We march at break of day; all axemen march together, all spearmen do the same. I shall inspect you when we halt at noon to rest and dine. Next day at sunrise we may meet the foe on Moinan's Plain. We give no quarter, understand; we take no useless slaves! 'Cut down the British' is the word, and the reserves are armed to slay such English as retreat after the battle joins. Each leader has command from me that should a soldier yield, give back, or seek to fly, to slay him on the spot. Now those who wish to leave us must tell their mind at once. There is no time for parley. Who draws his men away?"

He gazed around him calmly, but every man could see that storms within were raging, and Rolf was very grim. So, though there had been murmurs, and surly murmurs too, there was no man there present who cared to leave the host, for they longed to see Earl Blue-tooth in a grand and well-fought field. And they were quelled before him, those rough and burly men.

The marching order was arranged. Forward! was now the cry, and the measured tread and clang of arms were to them pleasant sounds to hear. The warriors chanted as they strode tales of their English kin, and they marched to win our cornfields that smile over them to-day. The earl was mounted on a horse, the gift of the late king, a battle steed as black as jet, as strong as iron, brave as his lord, bold as a lion, graceful as an antelope, docile as a child, fleet as the wind. Rolf called him jestingly his "fettered storm let loose." On this fair model of a soldier's steed the grim earl looked—a—what? what shall we say? Sometimes the English honour in his soul raised him above his time. He looked so pure, so nobly good, so true, like martyr or like saint! Then came the flash of warlike pride and a fierce fiend was there! Strange compound was that iron man, type of that iron time.

When Moinan's Plain was reached the grim earl formed his "wedge." He was himself the point of that fine form for an attacking army; backwards from him receded the two sides formed of tried men with axes. These men were armed in mail or hauberk made of rings; they stood with their huge axes of double-headed fashion sloped on the brawny shoulder. In advance were the slaves that bore the heavy troop-shield to catch the spears and arrows first launched against the army when Hilda's game began. And soon it did begin. A cloud of dust arising far in the misty distance told Rolf the foe was near. And he raised the song of battle, and the host



gave back the strains and the air rung with their voices as the war-song of our race rose from the plains of Britain as the chosen fields of Thor!

But the British force came nearer with trumpets and shrill life, spearmen in Roman armour fronting the English wedge. They were marching in close column, and Llewellyn rode before. Beside him came Prince Llewelyd on a spotless milk-white steed. But there were no war-chariots, as Rolf could plainly see, so he sent straight to Earl Thorskull, and begged him keep the horse to charge Llewellyn's cavalry, which seemed to be in strength. Next, dismounting from his charger, he gave him to a groom to lead him to the rear, for he would fight on foot. Then he took up the song again and sang in Odin's praise, and all his men caught up the strain and a stalwart chorus made. The lighter horse on either side rode on in pomp and pride, defying all Llewellyn's power and Llewelyd's men as well.

When the two armies had approached a bowshot from each other Llewellyn called a sudden halt, and the bowmen sent a shower of arrows at the English, who caught them on their shields and laughed loud at the Britons, who now answered with the slings, from which they sent a perfect hail of stones, as we have seen them do before on Ogul nan Duirniw's plain. But the English wedge moved steadily, advancing on the foe, and soon the Britons saw Earl Rolf and swore to bring him down. So bows were bent and arrows winged at Rolf, but all in vain; he only laughed, and caught the darts upon his linden shield. Then spears were flung at that grim earl, but he met them with his axe and clove the heads off clean from many a gleaming weapon that was hurled against his breast. But now he struck the centre, and that fearful axe began to melt the British infantry like icicles in the sun. He cleared the way before him and the living wedge moved on. The terrible Danish axes hewed all before them down, and the grim earl's heart was joyous to see his English strike. When they reached the very centre of that solid block of men in which Llewellyn's infantry had formed upon the plain, Rolf gave the well-known signal for the wedge-form to expand. Long before the armies met in that tremendous shock Rolf had withdrawn the shieldmen, the slaves who bore the shield, too heavy for the axeman when busy with his work. And now the wedge's centre threw out a storm of stones, which these slave shield-bearers flung upon the British lines. At the same instant the sides pressed firmly outward so as at last to form a line, of which Rolf was the centre. Behind this line of axemen the body of the wedge formed parallel and strong in ranks of men with spears. Now the axemen had grown weary, so Rolf gave out the word, "Halt, axes! Spears to the front there! March!" Then was the rout complete, for the long English spears pierced through the British armour, and "Fly!" was the desperate word. Steadily charged the English, pellmell fled the foe. "Upon them, good Earl Thorskull! upon them with the lance! Charge home, ye English horsemen! No quarter for the slaves! Hurrah for merry England! Bring me my charger straight!"

So said the grim Earl Blue-tooth. His charger quick was brought to him, again he "rode the wind," and that wild tempest of a horse, well suited to his mood, bore him to where the lines of horse were gathering

rapid way. Again the English foot drew back to let the horsemen pass in that tempestuous ride. Down went the British horsemen before the weight of steel. The few survivors turned and fled, and Blue-tooth laughed and cried, "I told you I should have them, and I meant to gain the day. Ye have not done amiss, my lads. The axes were not badly played. I love that weapon well, but the back-drawn blow I taught you, I watched for it in vain. The downright cuts you dealt them are easier to give, but next week we'll have more practice before we leave this land." Then he called for good Earl Thorskull and took his horny hand and thanked him for that "pleasant ride" that gained the day for them; then he gave him a bright arm-ring of pure and burnished gold. And he shouted to some horsemen who were riding back from chasing a band of mounted Britons and passed just where he stood. "Hark ye, my lads, where can Llewellyn hide? I want him. Search him out at once, and Llewelyd ye must find. When they are found—to supper, horse and man, and for this day's good service your gain shall not be scant. First find the false Llewellyn, and then Llewelyd; then all my care is ended for a time."

The English loss was trifling when compared with those who fell for Britain. Heaps of slain lay round in all directions. Such a scene of death was hardly known in story. So the search for King Llewellyn was a tedious work. At last Earl Thorskull found him dead near a troop of horsemen that had been ridden down by Thorskull when the last charge was made. The grim earl bade a mound should be erected on the spot, where he, in arms and armour as he lived, was laid after the English custom. Later on some horsemen came with tidings that Llewelyd had been taken alive, but sadly wounded. Then the grim earl was glad. He told the horsemen who had taken Llewelyd that they should be ennobled, and serve henceforth as thanes; that as the land of Powis—by him bequeathed to Llewelyd—had passed to Kenwalch's hand by the fair right of conquest, he would request King Kenwalch to give them land in Britain upon the ground so conquered. He now gave orders to them to lead him to Prince Llewelyd.

They found Prince Llewelyd on a truss of straw which had been seized and carried from a lone farm close by. But he knew little English, and could not answer Blue-tooth when he spoke, who therefore sent some soldiers to the rear to bring young Owen to him. After a time—for he was in the rear with Morwen, and would take no part in that day's action against his countrymen, a thought much liked by Rolf—when Owen came, he found King Llewelyd refreshed from having slept and taken nourishment, and having his wounds bound by English women, who by old tradition had always followed armies to the wars to tend the wounded, cheer the dying, and, if report say true, to slay their very husbands and their sons should they turn back in fight. Two of these Saxon "fore-mothers" of our own sisterhood of mercy were tending Llewelyd's wounds, which they declared were slighter than they at first supposed. Llewelyd showed great dislike to speak with Owen on his own affairs, which the wise earl perceived and made a note of in his private thought for future use and guidance. At last, by dint of much good-humour and more "tact," young Owen learnt these facts, which he then told to

Blue-tooth. Powis was dead, and Llewelyd was his successor. Llewellyn had defeated him, and Powis, only some days since, had broken all the chariots, or else the pagan English had surely been defeated. This pleased the grim Earl Rolf. By the laws of conquest, the crown and arms of Powis had passed to King Llewellyn, whose first use of his power was to compose this army out of his men and Llewelyd's to crush the pagan English and drive them from the land. King Llewelyd's dislike of Owen was caused by the impression that he had served Llewellyn and driven forth Penruddock, who, by the arts of Lyrach Hen, the old blind bard and counsellor at King Llewellyn's court, had been compelled to wander from all his friends in Britain. Owen told the story of his capture in the hold; how, being quite unfriended here in Britain, he could do nought for Morwen save to slay old Lyrach, which he essayed to do; how he had warned King Morwen to fly from false Llewellyn and save the Princess Gwyneth by an immediate flight; how he had heard Octavia reproach the false Llewellyn for many evil deeds; how Candida, their daughter, despised both of her parents, the one for too much goodness, the other for much wrong. He told the tale of Harold, how he had been imprisoned, and how he (Owen) saved him, together with his friends.

"What!" exclaimed Llewelyd; "he told me he never saw young Harold, and his supposed detention was trumped up by the earl as an excuse for breaking the truce between the kings!"

Much more then passed between them, when Llewelyd raised his body. Sitting up, he stretched his hand to Owen. "Forgive me if I wronged thee. I thought thou wast a traitor more false than King Llewellyn, and glad I am to find thee more honest than thou seem'st."

Although this was a very qualified sort of compliment at best, it pleased young Owen greatly that Blue-tooth should be witness of reconciliation between himself and Llewelyd, thinking it mattered little what he might say in British, for Rolf could not discover the meaning of his words, but still would judge the action to be in Owen's favour. And so indeed it was.

Then Llewelyd told Earl Blue-tooth how, having slain his daughter, mistaking her for Harold, Llewellyn had directed that should he fall in action he might be buried, as was the Christian custom, and in the selfsame mound with Gwendolen beside her mournful urn.

Now we have seen grim Blue-tooth unmoved amidst the slaughter of those same British robbers whom he himself cut down; we saw him in the battle, rejoicing in the carnage, like a true son of Odin "in that old iron time." But when he heard the story of Gwendolen and Harold, and how she died for him, and how that very murder had turned Llewellyn's brain, he was more deeply touched than we should have thought it likely from such a stern, unflinching champion in war. He strode away in silence to where his horse was standing, mounted his "fettered whirlwind," and rode like mad away. He called the men entrusted with King Llewellyn's grave-mound, and had the body solemnly placed on a kind of litter ready to be removed. Then, sending for young Owen, he passed on to Penruddock, and asked him of his kindness to visit good Prince Llewelyd.

Gladly the king consented, and they re-



turned to Llewyl, whom they found much recovered, dressed in his tunic, but with his armour off.

Earl Rolf desired Owen to tell King Llewyl that he was not a prisoner, though he gave him counsel not to attempt escape, as some of the rough warriors might cut him down at once. He counselled him to take all due precautions not to expose his wounds, which, though not grave at present, should not be slighted. Then he begged him to speak with old Penruddock, and let him know the upshot of their conference through Owen, and then he went his way.

A night's rest and attention had so restored Prince Llewyl that when the word was given to follow up the victory and march upon "the town," he was found able to sit his horse with ease. We will not probe his feelings on finding that his army had perished in the fight. So fierce had been the slaughter by Earl Blue-

tooth's English that most of Britain's soldiers lay dead upon the field. The rest had fled in panic for shelter in the "towns." Such was the name then given to the small forts and stations spread over British ground, and serving to encourage the minds of such whose valour was better shown in strongholds than on the open plain. The march to where Llewyl had held his gloomy court was over pathways covered with arms and broken armour, with standards thrown away, and groups of dead and dying on every road and way. A force of English horsemen, well armed with axe and byrnie, had been sent on in front to clear the way of stragglers and crush the flying foe. These men were under Thorskull, whose hatred of the British rendered this wise precaution a work of fearful carnage by the huge double axe. The details of the horrors of the old wars in Britain would only be fresh tortures to our more peaceful hearts. But

war means rage and bloodshed and ruined towns and plains, and our stern fathers loved it in that old time.

So the bulk of Blue-tooth's army marched on triumphantly; their horns were blown for victory, the triumph songs were sung. At the head of his proud infantry the haughty victor rode. His helm was freshly burnished, his mail flashed back the light, and the eagle pinions floated above his panoply. The battleaxe was hanging down from the saddlebow, and his whirlwind steed was prancing proudly beneath his lord.

But scouts in all directions that led to Llewyl's hold were sent with all precautions to sweep the country round, while the first band of horsemen marched straight upon the "hold." In pride of pomp and power the grim earl led the host over the slain of Britain on that bright autumn day.

(To be continued.)



"He strode away in silence."



## THE WHITE RAT.

BY THE REV. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," "A Dunce's Disasters," etc.

## CHAPTER IV.

AUNT JANE'S house at Ventnor stood some little way up the hill, facing the sea. It had a pleasant garden in front, in which even in winter was gay with flowers; and, in common with all the undercliff, seemed to show signs of approaching spring long before that season is timed to appear.

The party from Sunnyside arrived soon after dusk, and found a bright fire awaiting them and tea laid out. Dickey felt rather strange and kept close to Harry, and could hardly be prevailed upon to part with his luggage—the rat-dormitory done up in brown paper—which he had not let out of his hands through the whole journey.

The next day, after breakfast, the two brothers set off to explore. It was a bright morning, as warm as summer. The sea was dancing with the "innumerable twinkle of wave-laughter," as Æschylus inimitably expresses it, though he uses three words and I cannot do without eight. The boys loved the sea, and made for it as instinctively as ducklings for a pond. They never wearied of the sand and rocks. The weather was "set fair" according to the most trustworthy barometers; and so day after day they made small expeditions together, wandering over the cliffs to Steephill or Bonchurch, and down to the beach at both places, for the beach was generally the ultimate goal of their excursions.

One morning Dickey was in the aunt's

garden giving the rat a run. There was a convenient arrangement for this. A low wall topped by iron railings with network

terrace steps, and stood shyly watching Dickey and the rat. It was a speculation which of the two would break the ice in

the matter of an introduction. "None but the brave deserve the fair." Dickey was first in the social field.

"Isn't this a pretty rat? Would you like to stroke it? You could put one finger through the wire."

The little lady said nothing, but cautiously put her finger through and stroked the rat's neck, quickly retreating with a timid laugh as the rat responded with a turn of its head.

"You needn't be afraid, he's quite tame. My name's Dickey Stephenson. What's yours?"

A very low voice answered, "Elsie."

"Do you ever go on the beach?"

"Sometimes."

"Do you like digging?"

"Yes, but I like walking on the Esplanade with my parasol better."

"Have you got a parasol?"

"Yes, and it has a tassel. I'm going to take it on the pier this afternoon."

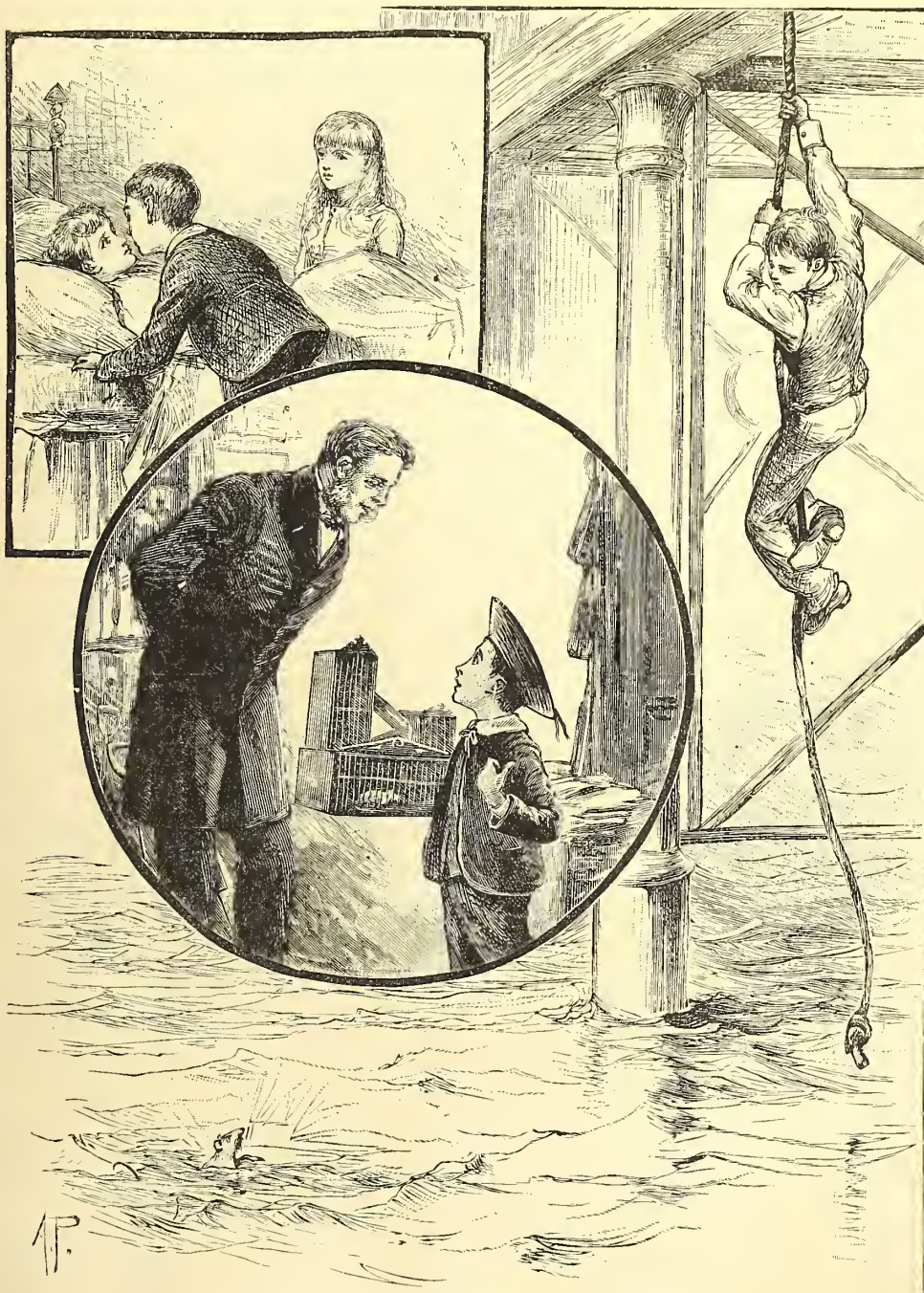
"Shall I ask Aunt Jane to let me go with you, and take my rat?"

"Oh, do; that will be nice."

"Dickey's Rat was Drowning. That was enough!"

of wire defined the boundaries of the garden. This coping formed an excellent exercise ground for the rat, who might vary the proceedings by scrambling on to the lawn, but could not stray beyond the proper limits by reason of the wire network. During this performance a little girl came out of the next house, down the

At dinner Aunt Jane was asked, and gave her consent, provided Harry made one of the party. So the children started at two o'clock for the pier, Dickey taking his rat in a bag. Elsie felt very proud with her parasol and a knight in attendance on each side. When they reached the pier the rat was entrusted to nurse, and the





young people joining hands ran clattering along the sounding boards in high glee. The sea was smooth beneath them. At the farther end of the pier workmen were busy with cranes and girders and planks and ropes. The boys were greatly interested in watching the operations. Then Dickey let out the rat for a run, watching it carefully and ready to pounce upon it should danger threaten. But the most watchful guardians are at times liable to be diverted from their charge. A great iron pillar was in process of being hoisted. The crane creaked and laboured with its exertion. Harry called Dick's attention, who in a moment was absorbed with all his eyes. In that brief interval, not more than a minute perhaps, the rat discovered a hole in the flooring of the pier, destined for the reception of an iron bolt. "What cat's arse to fish?" asks the poet Cowper. Alas! What rat can resist a hole? Down it crawled headlong to find too late its error. For between it and the sea there was middle space and nothing else!

*Facilis descensus Averni—  
Sed revocare pedem, superasque evadere ad auras,  
Hic labor, hoc opus est.*

Only for one brief minute had Dickey looked away, but it was a fraction of time fraught with woeful consequences. He looked back like Orpheus, and his Eurydice was gone!

"Oh, Harry, he's tumbled into the sea!"  
"What! How?—where?"

Harry saw the hole, looked down, caught sight of the rat swimming for dear life. One thought filled Harry's soul—a determination to save the rat. Off went jacket and boots. There was a rope close by, fastened to the railings. Just the thing. Harry had learnt to climb a rope in the gymnasium at Highfield. He could swim too. In his clothes? Not quite certain about that; but Dickey's rat was drowning. That was enough.

In the twinkling of an eye the rope was thrown over the railings and fell with a splash in the sea. In two twinkles more Harry had climbed over the railings and was surely and quickly sliding down the rope. Nurse and Elsie were screaming with alarm. Dickey was standing on the seat looking over the railings. Harry was on a level with the water. The rat, some five yards off, was vainly paddling round and round, just able to keep its nose above water. No alternative; Harry must swim for it. And he did swim. The water was very cold. Harry clutched the rope in one hand and shoved off from a pillar, and after some vigorous puffing and splashing he got hold of the rat, and somehow pulled himself back to a transverse bar that helped to strengthen two of the pillars.

"Bravo, young un! You'll be a man before your mother!" shouted some workmen, who had watched the rescue from a platform under the pier. "Hold hard! we'll bring round the boat!"

This was soon done, and Harry was pulled on board. They rowed him round to the steps, and he went up with proud heart and dripping garments.

"All right, Dick! the rat's none the worse for his ducking!"

Dickey, white with excitement, began to laugh and cry as he cuddled up the rat in his arms. Nurse was dismayed but thankful; Elsie full of admiration for the hero. The workmen waved their hats and cheered.

And so they went off, Dickey with the

rat stowed snugly in the pocket of his greatcoat, nurse carrying the boots and jacket, Harry leaving a trail behind him like a Newfoundland dog after a bath, and Elsie chattering about it all.

Harry had a hot bath, and came down to tea glowing with animated satisfaction. Aunt Jane was horrified at the adventure, but delighted at her nephew's courage. Dick's round eyes spoke of many conflicting emotions which his tongue could not attempt to express, and a merry evening was spent with "Happy families" and "Old maid."

The holidays were ebbing fast away, as they always do, and boys were jealously counting the last days, and trying to reap the utmost enjoyment from them.

It was two days before Harry was to return home. He had gone with his aunt to visit some friends at Ryde, and Dickey was asked in next door to have tea with Elsie. Dickey spent a pleasant evening, and just before it was time to leave Elsie had whispered something to her mother, who said in reply, "Yes, my dear; I dare say he would. Ask him."

Then Elsie said, "I told you, Dickey, that I had a brother very ill; he's obliged to lie down all day, he can never sit up. Would you like to see him?"

Dickey looked thoughtful, and nodded his head.

Elsie's brother Willie was eight years old. He used to be full of health and strength, but a year before he had fallen downstairs and injured his spine. For some time afterwards he was so dangerously ill that the doctor doubted if he would ever recover. His left side had since been partially paralysed, and thus his bright life was dimmed, and he drooped like a flower with the stalk half broken.

Dickey was full of sorrow for Willie. He could not comprehend the immensity of the affliction, but, being frail himself, he felt true sympathy for the sick boy. And when Elsie's mother said, "Willie, darling, here's Dickey come to see you," Willie looked pleased and held out his hand. Dickey took it in both his hands, and looked at Willie with steadfast eyes. The interview was not long. Dickey did not say a word all the time, but he bent over the bed and kissed Willie, and then went down.

The next morning Aunt Jane took Dickey into the town. She had some marketing to do, and Dickey was fond of staring in at the shop windows. They passed a stationer's shop, the window of which contained several children's books displayed to view. Dickey loitered behind, and looked hard at these. One book in particular seemed to interest him deeply. On the open page was a painted picture of angels leading a little child up a stony road. It required a second call from Aunt Jane to get Dickey away, and then he walked thoughtfully along, not caring to look into any more windows; even a favourite toy-shop seemed to have lost its attractions.

They were home about eleven.

Now let us follow Dickey's movements.

He went to the kitchen and took up the rat's cage. He then went upstairs, and very quietly opened the front door and walked through. He then half walked, half ran along the street till he came to the stationer's shop on the hill. One look to see that the book was still in the window. Yes, there it was. Dickey went into the shop without hesitation. There

were two ladies being shown New Year's cards. An elderly man with whiskers was standing near the door, arranging nick-nacks on the counter. He looked up, or rather down, and said,

"Well, my little man, what can I do for you?"

"Please, I want the book with the angels. It's in the window. I haven't got any money, but here's the white rat. Please be kind to it, and let it sleep in the kitchen."

"Oh, so you've set your heart on the book, eh? Well, it's a very pretty book, and costs eighteenpence."

"I want it for a little boy who is ill," said Dickey, who had taken the rat out of the cage, and was caressing it on his shoulder, with his cheek bent over it.

"Well, now, it's curious, though," said the man with the whiskers. "It was only yesterday my little girl asked me to get her a pet, and this seems the very thing. All right, my little chap, you shall have the book!"

It was taken out of the window, and done up in paper, and tied up with string. And Dickey, with one choking sob, put the rat back in its cage, and took up the book, and went out of the shop. He seemed hardly to know where he was, and walked very slowly, with his head down.

"Look out where you're going," said a big man, hurrying along, who nearly pushed him into the road. This frightened Dickey, and he hurried back to Aunt Jane's, and went through the house into the garden. Elsie was on the other side of the railings. Dickey called her, and said, "Please give this book to Willie."

"Oh, thank you," said Elsie; "how delighted he will be!" and she ran indoors.

Dickey also retired indoors. He went into the dining-room, where Harry was painting a picture in the "Boy's Own Paper." Dickey came near and watched him, put his small hand on Harry's left arm, and laid his head on it. Harry supposed that he was a little home-sick at the thought of to-morrow, and said,

"Never mind, Dick; you must look sharp and get strong, and then you'll go to Highfield, and we shall have fine fun."

Harry put away the painting, and took the small brother on his lap, and told him an exciting story about Indians, and tigers, and elephants.

The next day came. Harry's box was packed. The omnibus called at the house. Aunt Jane and Dick went with him up to the station. The people bustled about. The porters hurried in luggage. Harry waited till the last minute, and saw the last of Dick's little white face, which seemed whiter than ever as the coat-sleeve was rubbed across his eyes. And then the train was buried in the darkness of the tunnel.



(THE END.)



## THE TIGERSKIN: A STORY OF CENTRAL INDIA.

By LOUIS ROUSSELET,

Author of "The Two Cabin Boys," "The Drummer Boy," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XXV.—THE CROQUET PARTY.

THE programme of the eminent president of the Tigerslayers' Club was strictly adhered to. That able organiser had varied the order and kind of the entertainments he provided for his friends so as to satisfy all tastes and accomplish all wishes. Each day brought a new entertainment, a fresh surprise.

First there came a gigantic battue in the environs of Mahavellipore. Three thousand soldiers of the Maharajah surrounded a mountain, and, driving the game before them, compelled it to pass under the sportsmen's fire, while the ladies, comfortably installed in an elegant stand, assisted at the exciting spectacle, which concluded with a hecatomb of wild boar and deer.

Then there came a grand dinner at the royal palace, when Goulab Sing displayed before his noble guests all the sumptuous magnificence of his treasures, and covered the table with vessels of gold and silver encrusted with precious stones of a value almost incredible. The dinner being finished, the guests were invited to a dance of bayaderes and a performance of jugglers and jesters. After the supper which followed the entertainment, the magnificent gardens of the palace were illuminated. In all the blaze of the electric light, introduced for the first time at Mahavellipore, there appeared a fairy procession of elephants decorated with diamonds and caparisoned with cloth of gold, of horsemen in damascened armour on horses with sumptuous trappings, of palkis and litters borne by negro slaves, of musketeers mounted on white camels, of a crowd of fakirs, goosseins, dervishes, and brahmans brandishing spears and flags and yak-tails from Thibet.

This strange spectacle, which displayed all the barbarous splendour of Oriental luxury, extorted shouts of admiration, and Barbarou himself, quite wild with enthusiasm, exclaimed that it beat all he had seen like it in France!

On the following day a grand cricket match took place on the magnificent lawn in front of the Armoudjan pavilion, and at its conclusion a lunch was given in honour of the players by a committee of ladies under the presidency of Mrs. Butnot.

And thus for a week did hunting and feasting continue, and Colonel Shaughnessy's government was popularity itself with the ladies and gentlemen of the Tigerslayers' Club.

And this was not all; every evening after conferences, which continued with undiminished success, the young people organised meetings as an indispensable prelude to the famous gathering which was to be the event of the season. At the request of the ladies the date of this great event had been postponed so as to give time to the ayahs and dressmakers to put the last touches to the costumes they were preparing for this memorable evening.

During the day, when the time was not otherwise occupied, and particularly in the hour or two before sundown, there took place under the large trees of the garden some of those pleasant games, such as

croquet or lawn tennis, in which ladies and gentlemen can join.

Among all this gaiety we are grieved to confess that the king-of-the-tigers was forgotten. All the reports agreed in stating that he was far away from Mahavellipore, and had probably left the country to take refuge in the sombre depths of the forests of Gondvana. We might whisper that the ladies were by no means anxious to see their husbands or sons face the formidable monster, and that they were glad to wish him good-bye and hoped that he might never come back!

The sportsmen themselves seemed to take very little notice of this disappointment, and amused themselves in clearing the country of all it contained in the way of leopards, panthers, cheetahs, lynxes, hyænas, not to mention deer and other game, the spoils and trophies of which already filled one of the rooms in the pavilion.

Holbeck was quite consoled for the departure of the king-of-the-tigers, to whom he had never wished any harm. Without despising the evening meetings, where he continued to distinguish himself, he left the hunters to themselves and pursued his investigations among his cherished ants.

His famous *Cryptocerus*, so fortunately discovered on the day of the buffalo hunt, attracted him above all things. He passed hours in the woods studying the manners of his curious hymenopter, digging into the galleries, taking specimens of different members of the tribe—warriors, workmen, and nurses. Loaded with booty he would return to his tent, and there, armed with magnifying-glass and microscope, he would examine, dissect, and analyse his little organisms, and enter up his observations in a note-book of alarming dimensions.

In the thick of his studies there was one point which proved a puzzler to our learned friend—what name should he give to the insect he had discovered? Should he call it *Cryptocerus holbeckii*? It surely ought to be so; very many scientists had thus made their names illustrious. But Holbeck had some scruples about it. His profound modesty was shocked at this patent of immortality which he thought of bestowing on himself.

After thinking over the question for some time he decided to give his famous ant the name of *Cryptocerus goulabsingii*, as a slight recognition of the gracious hospitality of the Maharajah. When the good doctor informed the king of his decision, his highness was at first somewhat surprised, and perhaps secretly shocked at seeing his glorious and poetical name—which means the "lion of the roses"—bestowed on a mere ant. But he brightened up when it was explained to him that he would thereby become known to all the world, and, passing from surprise to the most lively delight, he there and then sent for the Grand Cordon of the most illustrious Order of the Horn of Siva and hung it on to Holbeck's neck, who, in his turn, was very much amazed at such an honour.

As for Barbarou, he had become quite oblivious of birds and plumes. He would

probably have been very much astonished had any one reminded him that he was "on the road" for Menneval Frères, dealers in feathers and ladies' ornaments, Rue St. Denis, Paris. It seemed to the brave Marseillais that he had always lived this life of luxury and elegance. With his shoulders wrapped in Everest's coat he walked the floors of the pavilion with as much ease as if, instead of laying out on a ship's yard, he had been prepared for these difficult exercises in the diplomatic depths of the Quai d'Orsay. He was sorely tempted to clip off the flaming fleece with which his red face was framed, but to lay hands on his historic beard seemed too great a sacrifice, and he contented himself with introducing a most unaccustomed symmetry in the arrangement of his hair.

Everest alone, in all this gay festivity, succeeded not in getting rid of his melancholy misanthropy. Not that he did not try his utmost to keep it down, for he never missed one of the morning or evening meetings. Perhaps it was that he kept too scrupulously to the part he had resolved to play.

Human nature is a strange medley of contradictions. We know with what enthusiasm Everest had jumped at the idea of hiding himself in the humble guise of assistant-naturalist to Dr. Holbeck, and now he found how well he had succeeded in his stratagem the same Everest was rather piqued that no one had penetrated his secret. Not that he was at all annoyed at the dire impertinence with which the haughty Mrs. Peernose contemplated through her double eye-glass this "representative of the lower classes," or was shocked at the protecting tone in which he was addressed by Mr. Assistant-Deputy-Commissioner Whatafter. He had very soon recognised in these two worthies very excellent specimens of the genus *Snob*, and he knew that he had only to let his title be known to see them change impertinence into effusive obsequiousness. But as time went on it seemed to him that nature had endowed him with no personal merit whatever, as so few people with whom he came in contact ever appeared to notice any.

He had, however, become great friends with Dr. Cunningham, and the worthy president of the Tigerslayers' Club had by his affability gained his sympathy and respect. But he rather endeavoured to hide his admiration for the colonel, as his daughter was generally with him; and if Everest had to agree with Holbeck that the lady was most amiable and charming, yet he could not but perceive that she took a cruel pleasure in tormenting bashful and splenetic young men by making them come out of their retirement whether they would or no. And this was what the bashful and splenetic young men supremely disliked.

In fact, Everest would have run a mile away from her, and he frankly and cordially detested Miss Shaughnessy ever since his celebrated croquet misadventure, which had occurred in this way.

Not to be outdone by the cricketers, who had been so very successful, the young



ladies had organised a croquet party. Naturally, the gentlemen on the two sides had been chosen from amongst the best players, and naturally also Everest had not the honour of being selected.

The day came, and the whole colony was assembled on the lawn in front of the pavilion. While the young people were setting up the hoops and sticks, and getting

partner, has sent me an apology, and says he cannot play because he has a bad headache. Fancy anybody having a headache on this of all days! And I have no partner, and all our arrangements are upset."

"My dear young lady," said General Butnot, gallantly, rising from his chair, "I regret extremely that my legs—or

I am sure you know how to play;" and very gracefully she held out towards him one of the mallets.

"Certainly. I am much honoured—I—I—" stammered Everest, who wished himself a hundred feet underground, for he felt that all eyes were turned on him.

With a little awkwardness he took the mallet, and followed the young lady into the arena.

But who would have believed it? In spite of his awkward beginning, once Everest began to play he forgot all about his spleen and his bashfulness, and took such interest in the game that most unexpected success attended his efforts. Thanks to his accuracy of eye, his clever roquets, and his pitiless croquets, he and Miss Mary came in the easiest of winners. There was but one opinion amongst the spectators, and that was that Mr. Everest ought to be champion of England. Even Mrs. Peernose condescended to remark that she never would have thought that "a young man not belonging to the gentry" could ever play croquet so elegantly!

As soon as the game was over Everest, without waiting for compliments, had thrown down his mallet and disappeared among the shrubs in the garden. Most assuredly he did dislike Miss Shaughnessy, who obliged a bashful and splenetic noble lord to make a show of himself for the benefit of several dozen ladies and gentlemen.

But Mary was not half so bad as Everest thought her. She had only been thinking of helping her father in keeping on the gaiety and good feeling amongst the people thus thrown together by chance, and as she had no intention of being disagreeable to any one, she was sorry at having provoked the ill-humour of the assistant-naturalist.

When the game was over she was returning to the camp on her father's arm when she met Holbeck, who, with his inseparable green box over his shoulder, was returning from one of his entomological excursions.

"Doctor," said she, in a tone of gracious reproach, "you promised me to come to our croquet match."

"Quite true," answered Holbeck, "and I owe you an apology. But Latchman this morning gave me such an interesting account of an ant's nest that he had discovered about six miles away from here that I could not resist the temptation. And I have been quite delighted with my excursion. The insects I have been studying to-day almost surpass in interest the *Cryptocerus* itself. I dare avow that, in the same way as their cousins the bees, these industrious little animals collect the nectar from the plants and make it into aromatic honey. I am sure that I have come upon *Myrmex coccystus mellifer*, discovered by Schweissbübel in the Garden of the Gods in Colorado, and since him no one has studied them. It is a very important and serious question, which, joined to my discovery of *Cryptocerus*, throws an unexpected and astonishing light on the relations between the entomological fauna of America and Asia."

"All that is much too learned for me, doctor," said Mary, with a smile, "and I persist in saying that you failed in your duty in not coming to our croquet match. You would have seen something just as unexpected; you would have seen your young friend Mr. Everest in the character of an accomplished croquet player."



"And very gracefully she held out one of the mallets."

ready the mallets and coloured balls, the members of the club, ladies as well as gentlemen, took up their positions in the easy-chairs that had been arranged under the trees surrounding the field of play.

Everest, who had once been a first-rate player at the game, wandered about aimlessly among the aristocratic crowd and amused himself with watching the preparations for the match. Accidentally he found himself close to Colonel Shaughnessy as Mary ran up to him with a very disappointed look on her face, and holding a mallet in each hand. "Papa," she exclaimed, "we have had such a disappointment, and the match is going to fall through! Mr. Griffin, who was to be my

rather my back—will prevent my taking the place of this very annoying Mr. Griffin; but you have to stoop so much at your game that my rheumatism puts a veto on my joining you."

Mary did not appreciate such feeble wit under such circumstances, and made a slight gesture of disdain. But suddenly her face brightened up as she caught sight of Everest. He had been on hot coals for the last second or two as he saw the danger that was threatening, and was adroitly manœuvring so as to slip away from the colonel.

"Oh, Mr. Everest!" said Mary. "We shall be all right after all. Will you please be kind enough to take Mr. Griffin's place?"



"Everest a croquet player?" exclaimed Holbeck, in surprise.

"You are astonished," continued the young lady, "and I can assure you the poor man never expected such a triumph. When I asked him to take Mr. Griffin's place and handed him the mallet he looked as though I had given him a crack on the head with it."

"I know him," said Holbeck; "he did not think your invitation particularly agreeable."

"You should look after your friend," said the colonel; "he seems to me to be suffering from the complaint we call the spleen, and he looks as though he was in a very bad way."

"Why does he not take part in our amusements and come to our meetings?" asked Mary. "Has he some serious reason for being so sad?"

"Yes, and no," answered the doctor. "Up to the present his life has not been particularly happy, but I hope that the cloud will soon pass away. It is not my place to tell you his history; suffice it to say that he was left an orphan at a very early age, and by an unfortunate combination of events lived alone in the world without any friends to help or sympathise with him."

"Without any friends?" said the colonel. "Well, doctor, you seem to take a great interest in the lad."

"I do," said Holbeck, "but my friendship is of too recent a date for me to have much influence over him."

"This life in the wild woods is not one to develop a sociable spirit in one who is naturally a savage," observed the colonel.

"Do not mistake him," said Holbeck, with vivacity. "Mr. Everest has no natural inclination for a solitary life. Circumstances have urged him to it. He is a young fellow with the best qualities, of unusually keen and sensitive intellect developed by a first-rate education at Eton. He is straightforwardness itself, and the excess of this quality is perhaps the reason of his pretended misanthropy."

"I am sorry for him, and I forgive him," said Mary. "He must have suffered a good deal if he has never known a mother's love."

Holbeck remained looking after the colonel and his daughter as they walked off together. Then he nodded his head twice or thrice, began to smile, and took the road to his tent, vigorously rubbing his hands as he did so. This, with him, was a sign of extreme satisfaction.

As he entered the tent he caught sight of Everest, and at a glance perceived that his ill-humour had not quite evaporated. He resolved to immediately take advantage of this circumstance as being particularly favourable for his mysterious machinations.

"My dear friends," said he, brusquely, "I think we had better get away from here as soon as possible. My investigations are finished, the king-of-the-tigers is in flight, and there is nothing here to detain us."

"What is your motive for hastening your departure?" asked Everest, quickly. "Only yesterday I heard you tell General Butnot that you were going to remain at Mahavellipore until the day the club was dissolved."

"That is true," said Holbeck. "But I only stop here in the hope of amusing you. That hope has proved false; and I freely confess that I had much rather be off. There will be ants enough somewhere

else, and I shall soon have to get back to business for the Menuivals."

"But, doctor," replied Everest, somewhat embarrassed, "how do you know that I am so miserable? I am out shooting every day, I go to all meetings, and to-day I have even been playing at croquet!"

"Yes, you parade your spleen everywhere; but I have good eyes, thanks to my spectacles, and I see what it costs you to do anything, just as it did at first. At this very moment, for instance, you are furious because you have been obliged to display your talent as a croquet player before the assembled club."

"That is true, my dear Holbeck; but you know I have been ill for a long time,

confessing that it will cost me a good deal to leave Mahavellipore, for this very day I have made an unhopd-for discovery."

And then, mounting his hobby, he related in detail his discovery of the *Myrmex* and the honey, and complacently enlarged on the immense consequences that this discovery would have on the comparative etymology of the Old and New World.

Barbarou arrived while this was going on and interrupted the learned dissertation, which Everest heard with the attentive contrition of a criminal who required a good deal of pardon.

"My friends," exclaimed the sailor, "I have good news for you. Our gathering is to take place to-morrow evening. You know



The Grand Cordon of the most illustrious Order.

and you can hardly expect that I can have been cured so completely that some traces of the malady will not appear now and then. I should not like on my account that you should leave a society in which you and Barbarou find so many subjects for amusement. Be it understood, then, that we remain, and I promise to do my best to rid me of my bearishness."

"Well, then, send it the same way as your gilded armour," said Holbeck, delightedly, "and all will be well. Never will you have such an opportunity of studying men and things without feeling the burden of your rank and fortune. Make the most of it, and think that the moment they know who you really are, and they are sure to do so some day, your bashfulness and reserve will be worried to death. They will say that even under your disguise you are afraid to lower yourself to the level of those who are your inferiors in rank and birth."

"You think they will say so?"

"I am sure of it. Have you not failed in all the requirements of society in keeping yourself away from their meetings? Have you once chatted with either of the four daughters of our sympathetic friend Butnot, or even Miss Shaughnessy, the daughter of our gallant president?"

"That is so, doctor," said Everest. "I admit that I have been wrong. But do not be too hard upon me. I promise, if such are your orders, that not only will I chat with the daughters of the general and the colonel, but also with the seven Misses Shortbody, the three Misses Waytown, and even, if you require it, that I will rival Barbarou in the affections of the poetical Mrs. Whatafter."

"I do not ask all that, my dear Everest," said Holbeck, laughing. "And as you are in such excellent temper I do not mind

that the ladies of the committee have entrusted to me the flattering mission of superintending the preparations. Having announced to them just now that all was ready, they decided that it would be cruel to prolong the impatience of the young ladies. It is fixed for to-morrow. But now it has been decided, I have nearly gone mad through anticipating that something is still wanting. Only think of the enormous responsibility that rests on my shoulders!" With a feverish hand he drew out his watch, and, glancing at it, replaced it in his pocket. "There is still an hour to dinner-time. I must be off to say something to the mess chef, and to come to an understanding with the butler. I shall also look up Herr Becker, the gallant musician who conducts the orchestra. I must give him a parting piece of advice about our famous cotillon that is to be the surprise of the evening. It was my idea. We call it the King-of-the-tigers, but that is a great secret, which I beg you will keep. For the surprises we are going to have hunting spoils and costumes. At a given moment the big drum is to imitate the growling of the tiger, and then you will hear in the distance the reports of the guns and the shouts of victory. That will be a striking effect, but I hope it will not frighten the ladies. Don't you think it a capital idea?"

Seizing his hat, he bounded out of the tent as impetuously as a waterspout.

"What do you think of our friend's new character?" asked Everest, with a grin. "Barbarou transformed into the conductor of a cotillon!"

"I say," said Holbeck, in a kindly tone, "that poor Barbarou may be ridiculous, but then he has a brave good heart always ready to oblige his fellow-men."

(To be continued.)



## THROUGH SIBERIA.

IN "Among the Mongols" (see p. 519) we met with the missionary at work in the east of the Asiatic continent; in "Through Siberia" we have another famous record of missionary travel—on the other side of the Russo-Chinese frontier line. A journey of twenty-five thousand miles round the world is perhaps an ordinary affair in these days, yet when of that twenty-five thousand over three thousand have been traversed in a Siberian tarantass, the performance is remarkable. But Mr. Lansdell's wonderful ride through northern Asia is principally noteworthy for the good work he did during its progress. Although his was to a certain extent a holiday trip, yet he, following the old adage of "If you wish to be happy be useful," occupied himself throughout in the noblest of all causes, the sowing the good seed of the Gospel. By his energetic mission to the Russian prisons thousands for the first time were enabled to possess a Bible of their own, and to find solace for their hard life in studying for themselves the teachings of Christ.

Tarantass travelling is by no means pleasant work. "Let the reader imagine himself about to descend a hill, at the foot of which is a stream crossed by a corduroy bridge of poles. The ordinary tarantass has no brake, the two outer horses are in loose harness and the one in rods has no breeching. The whole weight of the machine, therefore, is thrown on his collar, and the first half of the hill is descended as slowly as may be. But the speed soon increases, first because the rod-horse cannot help it, and next because an impetus is desired to carry you up the opposite hill. All three horses, therefore, begin to pull, and long before the bridge is reached you are going at a flying pace, and everybody has to hold on. The bridge is approached, and now comes the excruciating moment. Most likely—almost to a certainty—the rain has washed away the earth a good six inches below the first timber of the bridge, against which bump! go your fore wheels and thump! go your hind ones; whilst fare and driver are alike shot up high into the air."

The delights of this exciting irregularity of progression were somewhat modified by Mr. Lansdell's method of packing himself to meet it. "First," writes he, "secure to yourself, in a hole if possible, a soft, springy base upon which to sit, and then place on that a ribbed circular air cushion. Secondly, put your down pillow behind at an angle of sixty degrees, and, if you like, an air pillow, without ribs, in the nape of your neck. Draw up your legs till the knees come on a level with your chin; then put beneath the kneecaps a soft parcel or bag sufficiently high to leave the feet dangling above the ground, and the result will be that you will travel with comparative comfort by night and by day continuously for a thousand miles. Being thus fixed before and behind, and kept laterally straight by the side of the vehicle and your companion, the only direction in which you can be shot is upwards and heavenwards, to come down, alas! on the old spot."

Packing a tarantass is quite an art. First comes a layer of hay, and on it are stowed flat portmanteaus and soft bags, which are covered by a thin mattress and a hearthrug. The horses are sorry ones to look at, but, as we have seen, splendid fellows to go, and though the average rate is about one hundred and twenty miles a day, it is possible, by judicious "tipping," to work up to two hundred. One governor-general of Eastern Siberia was re-

quired at St. Petersburg by the late emperor with as little delay as possible. He wrapped himself in a bearskin and did the three thousand seven hundred miles in eleven days. Several horses dropped by the way, and from each of the corpses an ear was cut off as a voucher that he had been worked to death in his majesty's service.

Mr. Lansdell's experience of Russia previous to his great journey in 1879 was somewhat extensive. He was there in 1874 tract-distributing amongst the prisons, and warmly welcomed by both prisoners and authorities. In 1876 he was in Norway and Sweden, and round the Gulf of Bothnia on the same errand. In 1877 he went on a tract-distributing expedition to the seat of war, but did not reach Bulgaria, and had to content himself, with working in Austria, Hungary, Servia, and the Tyrol. In 1878 he was back on his old Russian ground, and, leaving St. Petersburg with two waggon-loads of books,

From Nijni Tagilsk the journey was resumed to Ekaterineburg, the town so famous for its lapidaries. Ekaterineburg is in the centre of a highly favoured mineralogical district, one of whose greatest treasures is the newly discovered Alexandrite, the chrysoberyl found in mica slate, which, owing to its being emerald green by reflected light and columbine red by transmitted light, was named after the late Russian emperor, whose colours it gives.

On May 27th Tiumen was reached, and the excitement of the journey really began. For Tiumen is the terminus to which all the exiles are sent, and from whence they are distributed over Siberia. From Mr. Lansdell's account, Siberia would seem to be rather a pleasant place, with a climate running into extremes. We hear of Yakutsk, the coldest city on the face of the earth, where the mercury is frozen for a sixth of the year, and we hear in the neighbourhood of Barnaul of strawberries, raspberries,

bilberries, cowberries, and cranberries, and of violets and sweetwilliams, daisies and foxgloves, crocuses and lilies of the valley, and fields blue with forget-me-nots. In no part of his tour did the traveller witness the acts of cruelty alleged to occur so frequently, and the lot of an exile, according to his description, would seem to be not unlike that of a convict transported to Western Australia—a colonist in spite of himself.

From Tiumen he went on to Tobolsk by tarantass, passing through many of the Tartar villages, where the cross-capped green domes and pinnacles of the Russian church are replaced by the domes and minarets of the Mohammedan mosques.

From Tobolsk a good trade is carried on with the Samoyedes, concerning whom Mr. Lansdell gives much curious information. One fact is worthy of note: they are scrupulously honest, for when the Tobolsk merchants come north and leave provisions in store against their next visit, the Samoyede will not help himself to the food unless obliged, and then will always notch a couple of sticks in duplicate, leave one in the store, and produce the other to the merchant on his return as a voucher for what he has taken.

From Tobolsk the journey was resumed to Tomsk by way of the river. In winter time this river is the scene of some rather peculiar fishing. Holes are made in the ice, and red-hot balls of clay are thrown through them into the water as ground-bait, the warmth of the water attracting the fish. There are not many rivers in this world which are so cold that you have to make your ground-bait red-hot before commencing business!

The next resting-place to Tomsk was Barnaul, on the return journey from which the speed was so great that the tarantass wheel caught fire! Then Krasnoyarsk was reached, and then, after a visit to the Alexandrefsky central prison, Mr. Lansdell entered Irkutsk on July 7th, just as the great fire broke out. Of this fearful fire, in which three million pounds' worth of damage was done, and three thousand six hundred buildings were destroyed, he gives a very graphic description, which we have not space to quote. Irkutsk, though not as cold as Yakutsk, has a very bracing temperature during the winter, and a great market of solid goods is held; even the quarts of milk are frozen into brieks, with a string in the middle to catch hold by, and materfamilias makes her way home, swinging these brieks as she goes, and when she gets there helps her family to milk with a hatchet!



succeeded in distributing them all on his way to Arehangel.

The next year he started for Siberia, taking out a large and varied stock of Bibles, tracts, and religious magazines. He went over the Urals by railway, and stopped at Nijni Tagilsk to see the famous Demidoff mines. On the old road over the Urals there is a stone with "Europe" carved on one side of it and "Asia" on the other; on the railroad the boundary runs quite close to a station named Ural, and the first station on the one side of this is Europe, on the other Asia, so that the idea of the dividing line has been kept up.

The Demidoff mines are of great extent. One of them yields magnetic iron ore, which is worked from the surface like slates and blasted and dug out in terraces. Another is a copper mine, down which for six hundred feet Mr. Lansdell descended by ladders in order to see in the galleries below the miners winning the malachite.



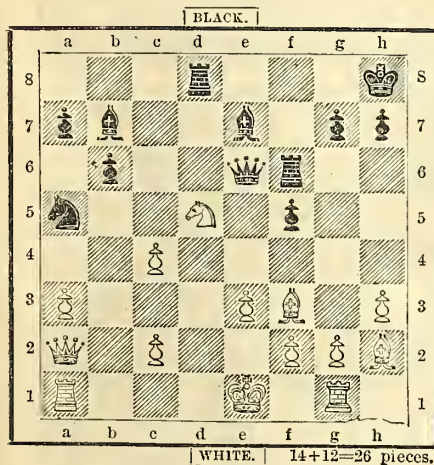
From Irkutsk Mr. Lansdell crossed the Baikal to Kiachta. Of the Holy Lake during winter we gave an illustration in our account of Mr. Gilmour's sledge-race. Mr. Lansdell crossed it in summer. How great the difference! Kiachta is the caravan station on the Mongol frontier at which the tea duties used to be collected. The customs' work is now done at Irkutsk, and duty is there paid on five thousand tons of tea per annum. This goes overland into Russia principally in the form of brick tea. The dearest tea in the world is that drunk by the Chinese Emperor; it is said to cost five guineas per pound!

From Kiachta the route was resumed to Mainatchin, and then Chita, Neretinsk, and Irkutsk were visited. Blagovestschenzk was next reached, and then down the Amur Mr. Lansdell pursued his way to Nikolaefsk. From Nikolaefsk he went to Khabarovka, and thence to Vladivostok, which he left in one of the Russian volunteer cruisers, and was from it put on board a mail steamer bound to San Francisco. From end to end of his long journey he met with the best of welcomes, and he speaks highly throughout his interesting book of the many acts of kindness he received from the Russian officials. The contrast between his descriptions of Siberian life and that of travellers who preceded him is indeed most striking.

We are enabled to give a portrait of Mr. Lansdell in one of the Gilyak dresses. The coat is of salmon skin beaten with mallets until the scales are removed. Of this extraordinary fabric—if so it can be called—even boat-sails are made. The hat is of birch bark. Some of the Gilyak customs are peculiar. In these days of health exhibitions it may be interesting to state that they are one of the few healthy peoples on this earth who never by any chance wash themselves!

## CHESS.

(Continued from page 718.)



This position occurred two months ago in a consultation game. White had played Q from Kt square to R2, and it appears now that Black ought to have saved his R, but knowing his opponents he boldly played:

White.

Black.

2. Kt x R.

1. Kt x P.

2. B x Kt.

Black would have lost if he had first taken the B.

3. B x B.

3. B-B6 (ch.)

4. K-B sq.

Had the K moved to K2 there would have followed R checks, K-B3, R takes P (ch.), K

takes R, and Black mates in two moves, or if the K had moved to Kt3 there would have followed mate in 4 moves.

5. P x Kt.

4. Kt x K P (ch.)

6. B-B3.

5. Q x P.

White must now lose, but might have won by B-Q5 or Q-Kt sq.

7. B-Kt3.

6. R-Q7.

8. R-R sq.

7. B-Q5.

9. K-Kt sq.

8. R-B7 (ch.)

9. P-B5.

The moves from 5 to 9 were all forced, and

this was now the best continuation for Black. If White were to play B x P, there would follow R x Kt P (ch.); and if he play B-R4, then R x B (dis. ch.), K-R2; R x P (ch.), and Q-K7 (ch.).

10. Q-Kt3.

10. P x B.

11. Q x Q.

11. B x Q.

12. R-K sq.

12. R x B (dis. ch.)

13. R x B.

13. R x R.

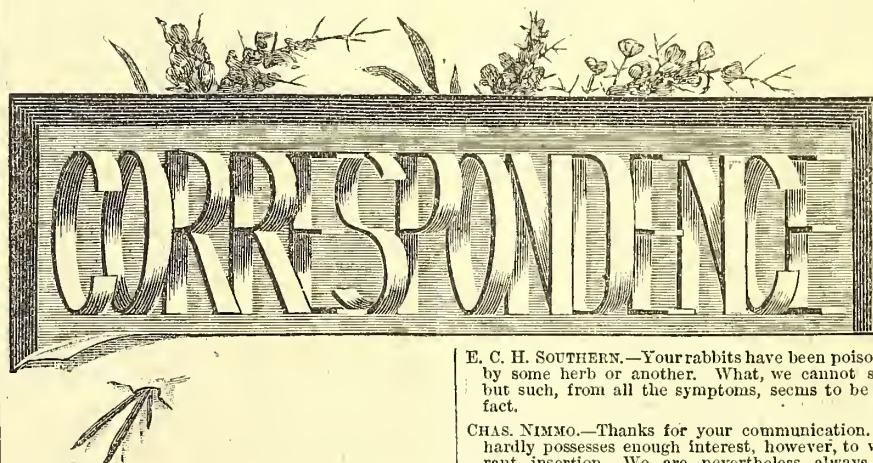
14. K-B sq.

14. P-K R4.

15. P-K R4.

15. K-Kt sq.

and White resigned, for Black will win easily by playing his K to Q7, etc.



E. C. H. SOUTHERN.—Your rabbits have been poisoned by some herb or another. What, we cannot say; but such, from all the symptoms, seems to be the fact.

CHAS. NIMMO.—Thanks for your communication. It hardly possesses enough interest, however, to warrant insertion. We are nevertheless always delighted to get facts in natural history from our young readers.

J. S. A.—1. An "allonge" is the slip of paper attached to a bill of exchange when the endorsements are too numerous to be got on to the back of the bill. The allonge is gummed on, and the first endorsement on it is begun on the bill and run over the join. 2. When a bill is drawn in one country and payable in another, the due date thereof is determined according to the law of the place where it is payable. In France there are no days of grace, hence a bill drawn in Paris on London is entitled to three days of grace, but a bill drawn in London on Paris is, as in your instance, not entitled to any days of grace.

E. WIGHT.—You can get books on model yachting from any bookseller or model dockyard. One is published by Norie and Wilson, of the Minorities; another by Griffith and Farran, of St. Paul's Churchyard; and another by L. U. Gill, of 170, Strand.

RALPH.—For preparing skins see our articles in the "Boy's Own Museum" in the third volume.

T. W.—If you apply to the nearest post-office you will get all your questions answered as to joining either the Army or Navy.

S. B.—The "Ocean Wave" articles were in the second volume. The cost of the volume is seven shillings and sixpence.

LITTLE CHEMICAL.—A saturated solution is the strongest that can be made. A liquid is saturated when it can take up no more.

W. H. L.—You cannot take Indian ink marks out of the flesh; you should not have been foolish enough to put them in. When you did so you simply disfigured yourself for life.

BRITISH FLAG.—Alack! alack! Your "Parker's Piece" is thrilling, but it halts much.

"But on those ships some hearts were sad,  
For they were steeped in mutiny,  
But others harder were as glad  
As the Admiral did them scrutiny!"

CHANDLER.—You might consult an old encyclopedia; but in these days of electric light, gas, and paraffin oil, dips have rather dropped out of date, and we know no special treatise. There is a description of a candle factory in Wynter's "Social Bees."

FARMER.—The moleskins should be rubbed with pumice-stone until quite smooth, and then manipulated with the hands in somewhat the way washer-women rub clothes. This will render them quite pliable.

EDWARD EXTON.—1. Your dog has parasitic mange. Wash once a week, and afterwards anoint these spots with green iodine of mercury ointment. Use the ointment three times a week. Give cooling diet and a dose of castor-oil occasionally. 2. Derry from Londonderry.

R. WRIGHT.—At Nottingham, within easy reach of you, you can get a bag of worms for three shillings and sixpence. A bag holds about a thousand, packed in moss. There are regular worm-hunters, or "wormers," who go out at night with lanterns, generally in wet weather, and show rare skill in moving about in likely localities and seizing the "worms" before they pop back into their holes. The moss toughens the skin, so that it does not break when its unhappy possessor is impaled.

ALOYSIUS.—Diamond is pure carbon crystallised. It burns at 14° Wedgwood, and is wholly consumed, producing carbonic acid gas; and it is also combustible in oxygen and the oxyhydrogen flame. In the electric arc it is converted into coke and graphite. Diamonds are said to have been made artificially, but the process is so expensive as to make the artificial one cost more than the real.

E. J. DENYER.—1. No, Master D., we will not reply to your *non de plume*—firstly, because it is Greek, and bad at that; secondly, because there are about thirty letters in it; and, thirdly, because we have some respect for our printers' nerves. 2. Try the ironmongers. Statues must be a funny place. 3. Do not know.

H. E. A.—1. Java sparrows are mere pets. They have bred in this country, we believe, but the difficulty in getting them to do so is great. 2. Just feed them on canary-seed. Try a little ground rice sometimes. 3. Thank you.

BRUIN THE BEAR.—Oh! yes, they do; you can easily get one if you keep your eye on the bird columns of the "Exchange and Mart."

A LOVER OF DOGS.—Oh! yes, of course, we "can answer all sorts of questions." We know everything, from the latest quotations on the Stock Exchange to the last new song; the Emperor of all the Russias wouldn't buy a gun without consulting us; we knew all the secrets of his Celestial Highness, King Cetewayo, and the Emperor of Fiji; and we have had more than one telegram from the man in the moon touching the price of cheese in the London market. Now are you pleased? We would rather do anything than contradict anybody. 1. Then, you can only make a dog playful by feeding him well and being generally kind to him. 2. Bulldogs are not playful, but they are fond of the coat-tails of strangers. 3. No, you cannot buy a well-bred fox-terrier for £1—nearer £5, unless you want a mongrel. 4. Of course a bulldog will keep the grip; he becomes very much attached to anything he lays hold of, and quite right too. 5. No, you can't make him funny. 6. Yes. Inquire of Mr. Dean, publisher, 160A, Fleet Street. Now, thank you for your compliments; but, mind, if you were not abroad you would not receive so long a letter.

F. E. BLAIR.—In autumn, but we doubt if you will succeed.



**A. G. S.**—We can never answer queries as to back letters. We do not keep them; we could not find storage-room for them. Your card would have gone to the papermaker's months ago with the batch of others that were dealt with at the time.

**JAMES DAVIES.**—You are evidently a very nice fellow, James Davies—in your own estimation. We are unable to say if you have talent for poetry, but you certainly have none for successful misrepresentation, and had better retire from the Taffy as a Welshman business as soon as possible. The verses of which you claim to be "sole author," and ask us to insert as being original, were written years ago by our friend William Howitt. There are two sayings now current that you might take to heart for future guidance. One is, "Honesty is the best policy," the other, "Never play tricks with this editor."

**A. J. PHELPS.**—Custom only. "Insurance" is generally adopted by fire companies, "assurance" by life companies, so that you insure against the probable, and assure against the inevitable—or, rather, you insure what you yourself may realise, and the companies assure what you have no means of knowing will ever be paid.

**E. P.**—The corners of picture-frames are held together by a vice or clamp until finished. For ordinary work string twice crossed over the frame and tightened by twisting with a stick—on the principle of the band-saw or jumping-frog—will be found an efficient makeshift.

**BUNNY.**—Apply to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington.

**E. O. PAYNE.**—The New Zealand Government has an office in Victoria Street, Westminster, for the purpose of affording all such information about the colony, and it is there that you should apply. You should write to a public officer by his official title, and not by his individual name, and all the time spent in endeavouring to discover who he is has been simply wasted. What matter to you if his name be Brown, or Jones, or Robiuson? He is the Commissioner, and that is enough.

**W. E. PILLEY.**—1. Coloured work bound up in a book can never be entirely prevented from sticking. The fault is with the binding, not the plates. The pressure has been a little too great. Warn the back of the pictures, or pass a hot iron over them, and they will come apart without damage. 2. The first volume is still on sale. It costs six shillings.

**REPORTER.**—The ballad you mean is probably Lord Macaulay's "Armada," which is in the same book as the "Lays of Ancient Rome," and familiar through almost every collection of verse.

**DEAD EYE.**—Cork for flower-boxes and decorative work can be got from any nurseryman or cork merchant. It should be cut with a wet knife.

**EEDV.**—1. There are two norths—one true, one magnetic. The needle points magnetic north; when the necessary allowance has been made for variation the card points due north. 2. "Netting, and how to Net," was in the second volume, in No. 73. "Hammocks, and all about them," was in No. 74.

**M. LONG.**—1. Get a shilling manual on electricity, published by Collius, Murby, or other publisher. 2. For Mazeppa see No. 241. Lord Byron has a poem on the subject, beginning "Twas after dread Pultowa's day."

**W. AUSTIN.**—For April Fools' Day see No. 130, and for the "Reason of H Pennies" see No. 111.

**RAVEN.**—Too many questions. The trees on the Thames Embankment are planes. The reason that they do so well in London smoke is that the dirty bark peels off, and affords a fresh surface for the atmosphere to act upon. "Phiz" was the pseudonym of Hablot K. Browne, whose son, Mr. Gordon Browne, is one of our most frequent illustrators.

**A. H. NASH.**—1. You will find "Storm Glass Mixtures" in Nos. 193 and 221. 2. Such things are matters of opinion. It is difficult to say which is the masterpiece. 3. Cover the wall with waterproof paper or tinfoil, or paint it with silicate paint.

**X. and Z.**—The boa constrictor is a native of Borneo and the lands to the north. *Boa scytale*, *B. conchris*, and *B. canina* come from South America; *B. Phrygia* is the Indian species.

**A. S. P. M.**—You will get the information fairly up to date in Professor Sylvanus Thompson's "Electricity," published by Macmillan; or J. E. H. Gordon's "Electric Lighting," published by Sampson Low and Co.

**AUCTIONEER.**—1. There is no such word with a circumflex accent. "In re" means "in the matter of." 2. See any dictionary. 3. Vol. I., BOY'S OWN PAPER, can be had for six shillings either direct from us or through any bookseller.

**MANUS.**—A "Subscriber to the BOY'S OWN PAPER" should have known that applications for aids to personal vanity, such as the getting rid of red hands, red hair, etc., receive the attention they merit, and no more.

**M. H. N. W.**—1. Stephenson won the award with the Rocket. For the names of the other competitors, and particulars of their inventions, see Smiles's "Lives of the Engineers," "Life of George Stephenson," etc., or the catalogue of the Museum.

**A YOUNG BEGINNER.**—The "rules of the Correspondence" are that you should never ask a question which is likely to be of interest only to yourself, and that, being one of many thousands, you should never expect an immediate answer.

**AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.**—The getting electricity by stroking a black cat is a common experiment, and there is no reason why you should not obtain the same effect from a white one.

**BIGGS.**—The only way to fill up holes in an indiarubber ball is to cement over them a small patch of rubber with Prout's elastic glue, or some similar compound. It is very seldom that footballs can be satisfactorily repaired, and you would find it better and cheaper to buy a new one. A "galvanised indiarubber bladder" is rather a novelty.

**A LITTLE FAIRY.**—We have given directions how to make birdlime so frequently and recently that we must ask you to refer back.

**SKINS.**—See the "Boy's Own Museum" articles in our third volume. Several ways of dressing skins are therein given.

**D. P. V. and CRACKERS.**—You must not make fireworks at home unless you wish to risk a prosecution. You will have the Government inspector looking in upon you. It may seem absurd to forbid a lad to make his own rockets and squibs, but there is at least a chance that in some instances the ornamental explosives may be of improved construction, and not designed entirely for innocent amusement. The law may be new and irksome to you, but the wise and orderly will respect it. The pleasure of the few must give place to the safety of the many.

**CZAPPERT.**—The son of the naturalised Englishman should have been born in England to obtain the full privileges.

**NAUTICUS.**—Go to the Mercantile Marine Office at Greenock, and inquire for yourself. You will probably have to go as a ship's boy, at nothing a month. Get Gray's "Under the Red Ensign" from some bookseller. It will cost you a shilling.

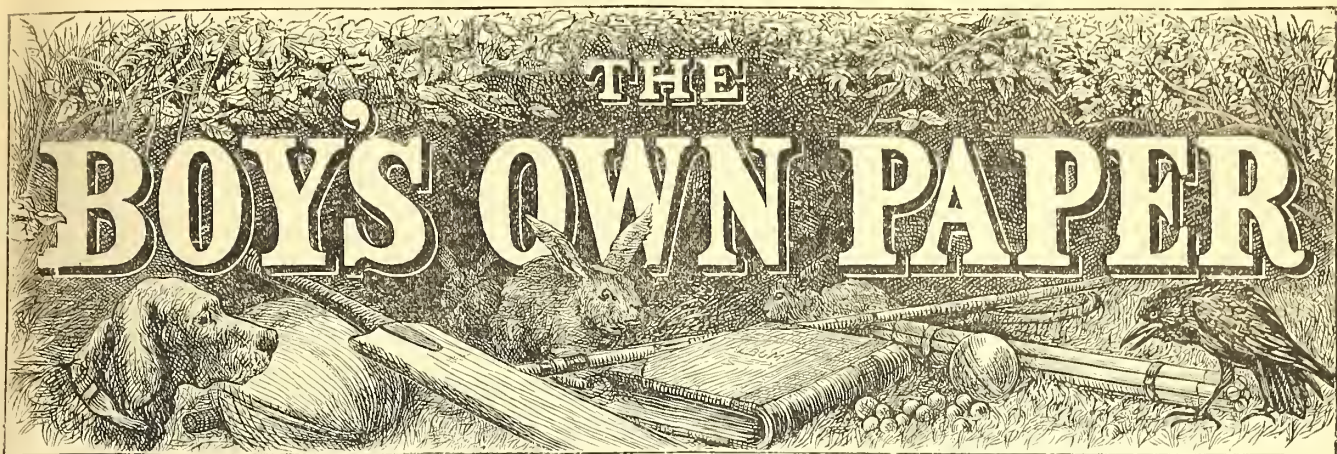
**L. B. G. and HORACE.**—Of all examinations you get particulars by applying to headquarters. Surely you can see that a man's official title is as likely to be known to the official world as his individual name.

**J. LAWRENCE.**—You can obtain pamphlets and books giving information as to the army from any military bookseller.

**VICTORY.**—You are too old to go to sea. As a rule, thirteen in the Navy and fifteen in the merchant service are the limits of age.







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Price One Penny.  
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## THE BARRING-OUT AT THORNBOROUGH.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.,  
*Author of "For James or George?"  
"Schoolboy Honour," etc.*

### CHAPTER II.

THERE was silence for a minute or two. Houghton's suggestion had taken the boys by surprise. "Barrings-out," now things entirely of the past, had been frequent enough at the end of the last century. At almost every great public school there had been one or two outbreaks of the kind, which did not always result in the discomfiture of the boys. And though these had ceased to be common things at the time of which I am speaking, they did occur sometimes.

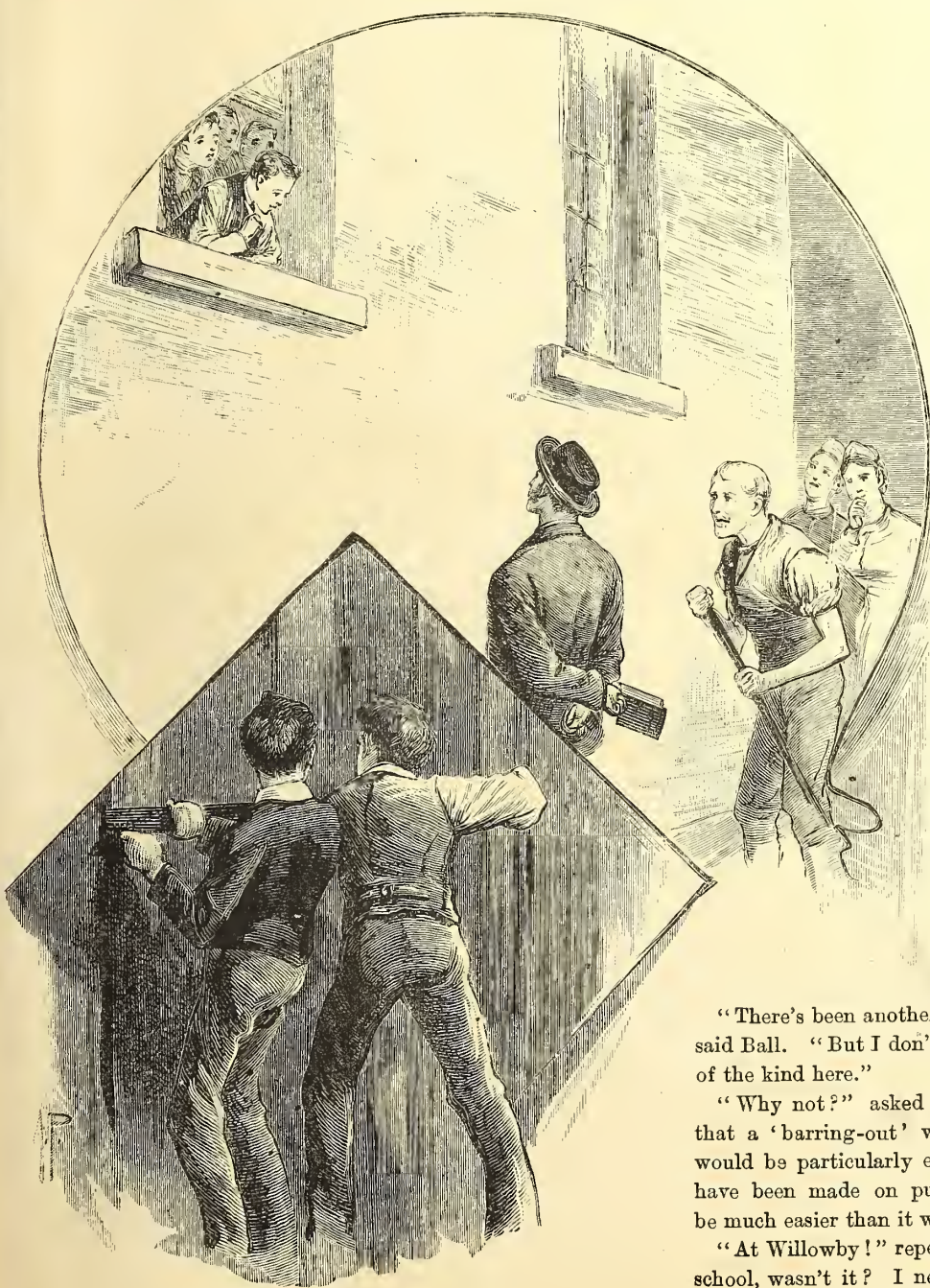
"A 'barring-out,'" repeated Milner, presently. "Well, I've heard of such a thing. My uncle, who was at Winchester thirty years or so ago, told me all about one, which took place when he was a little fellow there. The boys seized on the school buildings, and kept the masters out until they had carried their point."

"There's been another there only two or three years ago," said Ball. "But I don't think we could manage anything of the kind here."

"Why not?" asked Houghton. "Far from thinking that a 'barring-out' would be difficult here, I think it would be particularly easy. The premises seem to me to have been made on purpose for it. Any way, it would be much easier than it was at Willowby, I know."

"At Willowby!" repeated Grigsby. "That was your old school, wasn't it? I never knew you had had a 'barring-out' there. I should like to hear how it was managed."

"We want you to let us out, please."





"Tell us about it, Houghton!" exclaimed a dozen eager voices.

"I'll tell you if you care to hear," said Houghton. "I was at a big school at Willowby, in A-shire. The head master was a regular Tartar. He was a great strong fellow, more than six feet high, who knew how to use his limbs, and stuck at nothing, I can tell you. He used to make fellows work double tides, and if they didn't, pitched into them savagely with a tremendous whalebone rod, which nearly cut a fellow in two."

"Why didn't you complain to your father?" asked Clements.

"Or cut for it?" suggested Meadows.

"It was no use complaining, and no use cutting and running," answered Houghton. "He could always make out a plausible story, and his ushers backed him up; and all we got by complaining, or running away, was a heap of good advice from our friends, and a double thrashing from Forman, as the master was called. Well, things went on in this way for a long time, until we were driven desperate. The whole school held a consultation as to what was to be done. Some of the fellows proposed that all the fellows should run away together, and every one tell his tale at home. It was thought that Forman would find that a difficult thing to get over. But this we found could not be managed. Some of the fellows lived so far off, that money sufficient to take them home could not be raised; and some lived so close that they would probably be sent back in the course of a few hours, before the thing had taken effect. So we resolved at last on a 'barring-out.' Unfortunately the school premises were very unsuitable for our purpose. We lived in a rambling old building, where the bedrooms were cut off from one another by staircases, and passages, and different levels, the head master and his family occupying rooms a long way off. Davenant, the head usher, did indeed sleep in the very centre of the boys' dormitories, but fortunately he was away for one night, and we chose that night for our attempt. We were obliged to take the schoolroom for our castle, and convey everything we wanted there. Each fellow went out in play hours, and got his own grub, and a lot of screws and bars and iron plates. In the dead of the night, when the house was quite quiet, every one dressed himself, and carried his bed and bedclothes, and whatever else he wanted, into the schoolroom. Then we screwed on the bars and iron plates to the doors and windows, and went to bed again. About six in the morning the old man whose business it was to clean out the school tried the door, but of course he could not get in. He went round to the windows, and through them he saw all the beds packed close side by side, and the fellows lying in them. Frightened out of his wits, he went upstairs and told Forman. Forman declared he must be mad, but dressed and came down. Finding he couldn't open the door, he shouted to us, threatening us with all kind of things if we didn't let him in. We took no notice, and he got more and more furious every minute."

"What fun!" exclaimed Milner. "I should have liked to have been there, I must say."

"It wasn't bad," assented Houghton. "Well, when he couldn't get in at the door, he, like old Jim Stubbs, went round to the window. But we had shut the lower shutters, and secured them with iron

plates, and he had to climb on the sill before he could see into the room. Then he thought to get in through the upper half of the window, but we had secured our iron bars so close that a baby could not have crept between them. After roaring out at the top of his voice that every one who did not come out immediately should be flogged worse than any one had ever been yet, he went away, and sent for some sledge-hammers to force an entrance. But the doors had been secured even more strongly than the windows; and though the woodwork went to pieces, the screws held tight, and the iron bars were too solid to be broken. The men were obliged to warn him that the building was old, and the timbers not very sound, and if he persisted much longer he might bring the whole place about his ears."

"Glorious!" cried Grigsby. "Go it, Dick!"

"Well, he was obliged to leave off and try the windows, but they were screwed up just as tight, and the woodwork was rather more unsound there than that inside, and he was obliged to give up that also. He got into such a fury as even we had never seen before. He rated the ushers and abused the servants for not having prevented the mischief, until one or two of them turned rusty and gave him as good again. Jim Stubbs gave warning on the spot; through the door we could hear him do it as plainly as possible. Mr. Davenant declared he wouldn't stay another hour in the house to be so spoken to, and took himself straight off. Then Mother Forman came down and got into a terrible fright about the place being burnt down. 'The boys had got candles,' she said; 'she knew they had.' She had good reason to know it indeed, having missed half a dozen pounds or more from her own store-room. She insisted upon it that they would set their beds on fire. 'Somebody must be kept all day and all night to take care that they didn't!' She got more violent as evening came on, and we lighted our candles—a magnificent illumination for the old lady's especial benefit. By-and-by one of the fellows got hold of some old rags and sulphur matches and set them on fire close to the door. The smell of burning soon attracted Mrs. Forman's notice, and she straightway went off into hysterics."

"Hurrah!" shouted Ball; "that's your sort! I would have given something to be there! Well, what next, Dick?"

"Well, at last," resumed Houghton, "Forman could stand it no longer. He shouted through the door to know how much longer this was to go on, and what it all meant, and what we wanted. Our two head fellows, Darnley and Highams, were deputed to have it out with him. They answered that as for how long it was to go on—we meant it to go on until our provisions were used up, and that wouldn't be for a good week to come. Before that our friends would be sure to have heard what was going on, and would come down to inquire about it. And if he wanted to know what it meant, or what we wanted, that was soon told. In the first place, we wouldn't be thrashed any more by that whalebone of his; that must never be used again. Then we required that the old school hours and playtimes should be restored as they were in his predecessor's time—two half-holidays in every week, and school not to begin before seven, nor last after five. He haggled a good deal over the terms, and twice said he wouldn't agree to them, but Mother Forman put in

her oar again, and he was obliged to give in. It was all put down in black and white and signed with his name, and passed through to us under the door, before we took down our bars. He was dead-beat, and never tried it on again with us."

"Well, that was something like!" observed Milner. "If we could only manage that here, I should like nothing better. But I don't know—we have no Mother Forman, you see."

"No," rejoined Houghton; "but Kendall is a much softer article to deal with than Forman, and Bassett's softer still."

"How about Edward Kendall?" suggested Clements.

"Edward Kendall? Pooh! he's nobody and nothing!" answered Houghton.

"I don't know that," muttered Meadows. "You may make a mistake there."

But nobody heeded him, and Houghton went on. "Then, as I said before, the school premises here are ever so much better than they were at Willowby."

"How so?" asked Milner. "I don't say you are not right, but I don't follow you. Why is this place so much better?"

"Only compare the two," answered Houghton. "There we had no dormitory—only the schoolroom. Here we have two rooms, accessible the one to the other, so that we can live in one through the day and sleep in the other by night. The windows are so narrow that a cat couldn't get through, so that there is no need to secure or darken them. There is one great solid door outside, which if it was strongly barred up would resist a battering-ram, and if they succeeded in forcing that there are the two doors, almost equally strong, of the schoolroom and dormitory. Even if they got into the schoolroom they couldn't get into the dormitory. Three or four fellows with leaping-poles sharpened at each end could prevent any one from mounting the staircase. It is so narrow that not more than two men could stand on it side by side. Besides, we might throw anything we liked on their heads down below, and they wouldn't find that pleasant. Then there's the wash-house and cellar adjoining, with a supply of water and coal, where we might cook if we liked it. I say again the premises seem to me to have been made for a 'barring-out.' We might have kept Forman out for three or four days; we said a week, but we didn't mean it. But here we might stay just as long as our supplies lasted. Unless Kendall blew the house up, he couldn't get in, and I don't think he'll try that."

"No," assented Grigsby; "that would not pay, certainly. Well, Dick, I'm ready to try it if the others are."

"So am I," cried Milner and Ball in the same breath, and so said all the other head fellows. Even Clements and Meadows, though they shook their heads doubtfully over it, didn't stand out, and we proceeded to arrange our plans. First of all a general subscription was called for. Houghton, who had just had a large tip from his Aunt Ibbotson, put down a couple of guineas; Grigsby, Milner, and several others one guinea each, others half-a-guinea, or five shillings, or smaller sums. I remember I paid up my last half-crown to it. Altogether, fifteen or sixteen pounds were collected, and this was enough for all we wanted. A number of strong iron bars and staples were procured from Barnsley and put over the playground wall in the dusk of the evening of the ensuing day, that is Wednesday, and hidden away in the cricket-shed. The boys went to a



great number of different shops to avoid suspicion, and brought in eatables, as full as they could stuff their pockets—tins of biscuits, Dutch cheeses, preserved meats, oranges, and the like, in such quantities that it was wonderful they escaped observation. But they did, and the provisions were safely stored away in the boys' cupboards and boxes. Perhaps they could not have escaped notice if they had not resorted to a most ingenious stratagem to disarm suspicion. A petition had been drawn up, addressed to Mr. Edmonds, the senior mathematical usher, entreating him to mediate, and if possible induce the head master to change, or at least modify, the determination he had come to. This was presented on the Wednesday afternoon, just about the time when the stores were beginning to come in. As the boys had expected, a conference was immediately held at which the ushers were requested to assist, and the field was left open for the boys' manoeuvres.

Mr. Bassett was in high spirits when the document was read out by Mr. Edmonds.

"I knew how it would be," he said. "Nothing but a little firmness was required to bring these boys to their senses."

"Then you don't advise any mitigation of Mr. Kendall's sentence?" asked Mr. Edmonds.

"It rests, of course, with Mr. Kendall to say what he will do," said Mr. Bassett. "I know what I should do, that's all."

"You would make no concession?" asked Mr. Kendall.

"No, sir. When the ringleaders' names had been given up, and they had been duly punished, I should proceed to deal with the matter, not before."

"I suppose that would be best," said Mr. Kendall, doubtfully. "Will you not give us your advice in this matter, Edward?" he continued, turning to his brother, who was seated in his usual chair, with one of his boys' exercises in his hand.

"I think Mr. Bassett had better carry the matter through as he has begun it. I had better not interfere," was his answer.

"Very well," said Mr. Kendall, testily; "then it shall be so."

Mr. Bassett looked closely at the faces of the senior boys at supper-time, and was again considerably elated at the downcast expression which nearly all of them exhibited. "We shall gain a complete victory," he thought. "They will make unconditional submission before twelve o'clock to-morrow, and our troubles will be at an end for ever."

The boys retired to bed, and with the first gleam of daybreak went to work with their preparations. Everything having been got ready beforehand, these did not occupy much time. The provisions were soon carried into the school, and the bars screwed to the doors. We had agreed that the boys under eleven, of whom there might be twenty in the school, were too young to take part in our enterprise; and before the last bars were fixed, while there was just room to creep out between them, we dismissed these juniors, instructing them to go into the house and inform Mr. Bassett that there was a riot going on in the dormitory, which his presence was required to check. As we anticipated, he no sooner heard the report than he got up, dressed himself, and hurried to Mr. Kendall's room with the information.

"I don't exactly understand what is going on," he said. "I could see last night that they were in a great fright, but I'll come and report again presently."

He went down accordingly to the school door, and, finding it locked, as he supposed, inside, called to the head boy, Ball, who presently made his appearance at one of the windows. In reply to Bassett's summons he assured him, in the most earnest manner, that he would willingly obey his orders, but his schoolfellows had been so ill-advised as to fasten up the doors against the masters, and would pay no heed to his remonstrances. He would gladly escape from the company of the rebels, but he was their prisoner, and they had tied his hands and feet. Would not Mr. Bassett remonstrate with them?

Half deceived by the boy's clever acting, Mr. Bassett called for Grigsby, and afterwards for Milner, who both protested, with tears in their eyes, that they had used every effort to induce their schoolfellows to desist from their lawless proceedings, but wholly in vain. Finally Houghton put out his head in great distress and entreated Mr. Bassett to send immediately for constables, or the worst consequences might ensue.

Mr. Kendall arrived while this dialogue was still proceeding, and, apprehending at once the situation, became exceedingly wroth. He summoned all the servants on the premises, as well as his immediate neighbours, John Bacon the blacksmith and Eli Coates the carpenter, and ordered them to break down the doors forthwith.

"If the outer door is too strong for your hammers," he said, "you can take the bole of the large fir, which was cut down last week, and use it as a ram. It will soon bring the door down."

The men scratched their heads dubiously and said a few words apart.

Then John Bacon spoke up. "I'd be pleased to do your pleasure, Mr. Kendall," he said, "but this here's an orkid job."

"How do you mean?" asked Mr. Kendall. "Awkward for whom?"

"Orkid for we," returned the blacksmith. "We could bring the big door down, I dessay, but it's the inside doors. Mr. Driver says that these here young chaps—no offence, master—has been a-boring holes in the landing above, and they've took the big tea-kettles in there, and I judge they've lighted a fire, and the water's a-biling. Guess they'd pour it on our heads, and biling water isn't pleasant on a man's head."

"They dare not!" shouted Mr. Bassett.

"Well, p'raps not," returned Bacon; "but I don't feel easy in my mind about it. P'raps Mr. Bassett wouldn't mind going in advance of us and making it clear as they won't do it? Ay, I judged as much," as Mr. Bassett fell back, with a very blank look, at this suggestion. "Well, then, sir, if you please, we'd rather not try that on to-day."

Mr. Kendall's anger was now roused to the uttermost, and he was resolved to persevere, whatever might be the consequences. He went up to the head constable at Market Polesworth and asked him for the help of some of his men, but the constable replied that Thornborough was beyond the bounds of his district. He then resorted to the barracks, and asked Captain Crofts to lend him the services of a dozen of his men, but the captain told him he could not act without the order of a magistrate. Mr. Kendall mounted his horse and rode over to Sir George Carey, the chairman of the Polesworth magistrates. But he got no greater comfort there. If Mr. Kendall wished it, Sir George would ride over and remonstrate

with the young gentlemen, but that was all he could do. Locking themselves in their bedrooms was not an indictable offence. Mr. Kendall must himself rule his own household.

The unlucky head master returned home in sore perplexity, and at the entrance of the village encountered his brother Edward, who was just sallying forth for his usual afternoon walk. His unruffled equanimity struck Mr. James forcibly, forming as it did a curious contrast to his own state of mind. It would be worth while to ask his brother's opinion again, at all events. James accordingly stopped him, and, having related the history of his morning's work, again implored him to render any help he could in the present emergency.

Edward heard him to the end without interruption, and then said,

"Well, James, I have been considering the state of things for some time past, and I have resolved to do what you have so often asked me to do—to put my money into this concern and enter into partnership with you; but it must be upon one condition."

"It is very generous of you to make me such an offer at such a time as this," said his brother, "but what is your condition?"

"That the management of the school shall be henceforth in my hands," was the answer.

"The management of the school!" repeated Mr. Kendall. "I'm sure I should be most thankful, though it would be very hard on you. But if you wish it, it shall be so. Mr. Bassett and myself will both place ourselves under your orders. What do you wish us to do?"

"Well," said Edward, slowly, "I think you were saying the other day that you were wanting a holiday. Suppose you go away for a week, and take Mr. Bassett with you."

"Go away for a week," repeated Mr. Kendall, in amazement, "with things in this state?"

"Yes," rejoined Edward, placidly. "Go to Cambridge now. You were saying the other day how much they valued Mr. Bassett there. Perhaps they could find him some employment more suitable for him than school work."

"Well, I don't understand you, Edward," said James, "but I promised to put myself under your orders, so I will go and take Bassett with me. I suppose you want me to go at once."

"Yes, I think so," said Edward. "Good-bye." And he resumed his walk.

He returned in about two hours, and finding the coast clear, sent for the blacksmith and carpenter.

"John," said he, "did I not see in your shop a great solid iron door the other day?"

"Iron door, sir?" said Bacon. "Yes, sir. It came down from a big safe at the old bank. It's as heavy as four men can carry."

"Suppose you carry it down here; and you," he added, turning to Driver and the others, "bring the bole of the fir in out of the shrubbery."

The men were greatly puzzled at his orders, but Mr. Edward Kendall had the credit generally of knowing what he was about, and they obeyed him without demur. As soon as the door was brought he directed them to place it upright against the outer door of the school, and then place the stem of the fir against it,



wedging the other end tight against the playground wall.

"Well, sir," remarked Bacon, when this manœuvre had been accomplished, "the young gents won't be able to get out, to be sure, but I don't see how it will help you to get in."

Mr. Edward made no reply. He simply bade the men "Good afternoon," and then retired into the house to carry on evening school with the younger boys.

Meanwhile we were in a state of great exultation. We had thoroughly enjoyed Mr. James Kendall's discomfiture, and passed the afternoon in anticipation of an attack, which would be sure to result in the defeat of the enemy. We heard the noise of the fixing the iron door outside, but could not see what was passing, there being no window that way. It surprised us rather that no further steps had been taken; but Houghton assured us that Kendall was waiting, in the hope that the preparations made would terrify us into submission, and he had no difficulty in convincing us. We laid out a splendid supper in the schoolroom, amused ourselves with games all the evening, and then went up to bed.

The next morning we got up, made our beds, breakfasted off the remains of the supper, and then washed up the crockery, lingering over this a considerable time, and then making preparations for the resumption of hostilities, which we expected every moment to commence. But the day passed on, and the school court remained silent and empty. In the evening the leaders held a consultation, and came to the conclusion that either our friends had been written to and would shortly arrive, or that an assault would be made in the night when we were off our guard. A watch was accordingly kept, the boys relieving one another every two hours. But the night passed as quietly as the day; and when the same state of things continued through the following day also, we began to be a good deal puzzled, as well as somewhat embarrassed. Notwithstanding the great store of provisions laid in, the supplies threatened to run low. The loaves were getting very stale. There had been a run upon the biscuits in consequence, and they were nearly all gone. The boys, too, having nothing else to do, had done nothing but eat oranges all day. Some of the meat tins, it was found, had been left outside. There was enough to go on for some time, but it was not very agreeable eating, and before very long there would be nothing left. The first excitement having subsided too, the boys did not find the occupation of making their own beds, washing their own dishes, and cleaning their own slops quite so pleasant—not to speak of the want of clean linen. The leaders quieted the murmurs which were beginning to arise by assuring them Kendall must do something that day, he could not leave things alone any longer. But when not only that day but half the next passed without the smallest interruption, and there was nothing left but a quantity of cheese and some very stale bread, five-sixths of the school were completely worn out, and loudly clamoured for some arrangements to be made with the masters.

After a long debate it was agreed that Ball and Clements should go to Mr. Kendall's study and make the best terms they could for the boys. The two emissaries set out on their errand, but found them-

selves stopped at the very outset by their inability to open the school door. They had taken down their own bars, but it appeared as if there was some obstacle on the other side; and presently they came to the very perplexing conclusion that there had been not only a "barring-out," but a "barring-in" too. All attempts at forcing the door having failed, they were obliged to go to bed and pass the night after a very uncomfortable fashion. On the following morning at breakfast-time, hungry and miserable to the last degree, they took the matter into their own hands, and opening the windows, shouted at the top of their voices for help.

Presently Bob Driver made his appearance with a broad grin on his face, and inquired what the young gentlemen were pleased to want.

"We want to be let out," said Milner.

"I thought as you'd barred yourselves in," rejoined Bob.

"Hold your tongue," shouted Houghton, angrily, "and open the door."

"Can't do that, Mr. Houghton, but I'll go and fetch Mr. Edward."

"Edward?" repeated Clements.

"Yes," repeated Bob. "Mr. James have gone away and left the matter to him."

Bob departed, and presently Mr. Edward Kendall walked leisurely into the school yard.

"Good morning, boys," he said, pleasantly. "What can I do for you?"

"We want you to let us out, please," said Ball.

"I haven't the least objection. I thought you wanted to be private, or I wouldn't have fastened up the door."

"We have been very foolish, I know, sir, but I hope you'll forgive us," said Clements.

"With all my heart. I'll send for the men to get the door open."

This was presently effected, and the self-incarcerated boys streamed out into the courtyard, divided between joy at their recovered freedom, and alarm at the probable consequence of their escapade.

"Well," said Mr. Edward, when they had quieted down a bit, "I hope you've enjoyed yourselves."

The boys stared at one another, and presently Meadows said,

"We have been very wrong, sir, but I hope you will not punish us severely."

"Punish you," repeated Mr. Edward, "I think you've punished yourselves pretty sharply, haven't you?—quite as sharply, at all events, as your offence deserves. Go into the house, put on clean linen, eat a good breakfast, and don't make fools of yourselves again."

We were only too glad to obey. Mr. James came back two days afterwards and found order perfectly restored. He had left Mr. Bassett behind him at Cambridge, that gentleman having arrived at the conclusion that he was thrown away at Thornborough. We never had any more outbreaks against authority during the rest of my stay there. We boys had found our master, and we knew it.

(THE END)

## THE TIGERSKIN: A STORY OF CENTRAL INDIA.

By LOUIS ROUSSELET,

Author of "The Two Cabin Boys," "The Drummer Boy," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XXVI.—THE TRIUMPH OF BARBAROU.

ON the grand night the pavilion of the Tigerslayers' Club, with its galleries and corridors and traceried arcades aglow with pyramids of light, stood out like a mass of fire from the deep gloom of the woods that surrounded it. Magnificent carpets from Persia and the Punjab covered its terraces, and on the steps in double rank stood the royal halberdiers in uniforms richly laced with silver, and with turbans decked with glittering plumes.

The guests, having mounted to the terrace, were received in the peristyle by a crowd of chamberlains and native attendants. Among them passed in and out the younger sportsmen, whom the president of the club had appointed masters of the ceremonies. Among them the elegant Barbarou, with his hair à la Russe and a gardenia in his buttonhole, was feverishly active.

Colonel Shaughnessy, as a consummate piece of flattery, had remarked to him,



"The room rapidly filled."



"Mr. Barbarou, I leave you the task of superintending this crowd of domestics, and seeing that the ladies want for nothing."

And right well did Barbarou superintend everything. He was here, there, and everywhere, running from the drawing-room to the supper-room, from the supper-room to the orchestra, giving his final orders before the battle. The brave Marseillais was literally in his glory, and his bright bronzed face and flaming beard shone more brilliantly than ever with joy, pride, and animation. It was the happiest day of his life.

The rooms rapidly filled. Gradually the vast divans disappeared beneath the dresses of the ladies, those famous dresses the object of so many debates and so many sleepless nights. Around the doors lounged the gentlemen of the party, forming a breastwork of gorgeous uniforms or correct black coats, which the later arrivals could storm with difficulty.

Mrs. Butnot, who, as the highest in rank, being the sister of Sir Archibald Montrose, the Lieutenant-Governor of Rohilkand, had deemed it her duty to be the last to arrive, was much scandalised at having to elbow her way into the room. Scarcely had that exalted lady's arrival been duly announced than Herr Becker, ex-Kapellmeister to the King of Bavaria, raised his *bâton* of command and the orchestra began the attack with a brilliant prelude. Immediately the black coats and embroidered uniforms swarmed down on the ladies.

Everest took no part in this movement, and was keeping in the background behind one of the doors, when Holbeck happened to pass close to him. Lifting his finger as high as his pointed nose, the terrible doctor whispered in his ear,

"You know, sir, what you promised me. A gentleman has only one word."

The young man made no reply. He heaved a deep sigh, and entering the room, attempted to cross it without being upset by the throng.

At the first glance he had perceived deserted on a chair Miss Arabella, the driest, boniest, and, according to report, the sourest of all the four Misses Butnot. Thinking to make a commencement by an action that could but redound to his credit, he made a profound bow to Miss Arabella, and a few seconds afterwards was whirling her round in the crowd.

For a timid and splenetic young man to thus devote himself to the general's forgotten daughter was an extremely diplomatic idea. Mrs. Butnot was sensible of the piece of attention, and favoured the youthful assistant-naturalist with a benevolent smile, secretly forgiving him the baseness of his extraction.

It is often said that the soldiers who are bravest during the battle are those whose hearts beat loudest as they march to the fight, or those who have stooped the lowest to the earlier bullets. It was the same with Everest; once he was started there was no stopping him, and most scrupulously did he carry out the programme traced for him by the doctor.

Strictly observant of the order of precedence, he led out nearly all the ladies of the Armoudjan colony. From the daughters of the general he passed to those of the clan Peernose, then to the What-afers, then to the Beynons, and then to the really pleasant family of the Rev. Mr. Shortbody.

It must be admitted that he made one

omission, only one, but that was of exceptional gravity. The night neared its end, and he had not yet presented his respects to the president's daughter. On this point he had certainly failed in his promise, but it was almost too much of the doctor to expect him to lead out a young lady who was his personal enemy. However, he was seized with remorse, and after a long debate with himself, he boldly

delighted at the success of his interview, when—

"Mr. Everest," exclaimed the lady, "I forgot to say that I am engaged to Mr. Griffin for the cotillon, and he has had one of his attacks of neuralgia, and is not able to come to-night. Will the cotillon do for you? Yes? Then I will put you down for it."

Everest bowed, and retreated with any-



"And right well did Barbarou superintend."

marched up to the redoubtable Miss Shaughnessy.

"May I have the honour of the next set with you?"

The young lady gracefully acknowledged his bow, and, with a glance at her card, remarked most amiably,

"I am very sorry to say that I am engaged for the three."

"In that case," continued Everest, with polite insistence, "I hope you will grant me the honour later?"

"It is very unfortunate, but my card is full."

"My regret is extreme, I assure you," said Everest; and with another bow he was preparing to beat a retreat, highly

thing but a blessing for Mr. Griffin, whose unlucky head seemed to be the cause of all his misadventures.

Suddenly he remembered that Barbarou had taken upon himself to transform this cotillon into a masquerade, with tableaux and trophies of the chase, and he groaned as he thought of the invention of the gay Marseillais. Only one thing was wanting to make his misery complete, and that was that Miss Shaughnessy should use the privilege the rules of the cotillon gave her, and make him dress up in a pasteboard tiger's head, and bound about the floor like a wild beast to the artillery accompaniment of Herr Becker's orchestra.

Barbarou was in the centre ready to



direct the changing figures, and in this he was assisted by Mr. Bluecoat, one of the youngest members of the club. At a sign from the Marseillais, Herr Becker raised his *bâton*, and the band began the grand "King-of-the-Tiger's Waltz." Immediately the company stood up.

The music opened with a light, sparkling prelude, followed in a few minutes by a pastoral symphony, which was the signal for the "Shepherds' Dance." Barbarou distributed golden crooks to the young men, and the young ladies received garlands of roses, whose graceful interlacements in the course of the dance were heartily applauded by the spectators.

Suddenly the big drum gave forth a long, loud growl, announcing the approach of the tiger, to which there succeeded, in the words of the programme, "a lively agitation among the flock." The crooks disappeared, and new accessories were brought in, consisting of heads of buffalo, sheep, cattle, and goats, roguishly distributed by the ladies to their partners.

His lordship received as his share a magnificent pasteboard head with golden horns; and even this, strange to relate, did not prevent his gallantly offering his arm to the youngest of the Misses Short-body and waltzing her once round the ring.

A new signal from Barbarou; the heads were thrown off, the brass instruments of the band sounded forth a fanfare. The "huntsmen," armed with golden rifles, rushed to the help of the shepherds, and, before attacking the monster, executed a certain number of scientific figures under the direction of the gallant Mr. Bluecoat. Lord Everest, at the orders of this young officer, found himself obliged to mount a pedestal decked with flowers, and in that elevated position he personified the protecting genius of the forest.

Up to this the divers acts of the drama had been run through in perfect order and amid general approbation. Barbarou was modestly triumphant, but his heart beat high as the moment of the great climax approached.

At length the band attacked the grand final movement, opening with the tremolos and clashing of the cymbals. "The tiger is coming!"

Hereupon the horns and the trombones, the cornets and the saxhorns, all together, all at once gave forth the most heartrending, ear-splitting yell, and the big bass drum roared out a horrible growl. A shout came of "There's the tiger!" and at the same moment the reports of the guns in quick succession were heard without.

The surprise in the room was complete. The dancers looked at each other in dismay.

"Roomb! roomb!" went the big drum. "Bang! bang!" went the rifles.

The guests began to understand. But Mrs. Whatafter did not understand, and, dropping Everest's arm, she threw around her a look of distress as if seeking some way of escape from the terrible danger.

Barbarou rushed forward to reassure the impressionable wife of the assistant-deputy-commissioner, but in his haste his foot slipped on the waxed floor, and while the guns again began their "Bang! bang!" the unfortunate Marseillais rolled on the ground as if struck by some mysterious bullet.

"Your friend is imitating the death of the tiger," said General Butnot to his neighbour, Doctor Holbeck. "How thoroughly he enters into it all."

"I do not think that that sudden disappearance was down in his programme," answered Holbeck, rather uneasy. "I hope he has not hurt himself."

Already ten arms were stretched out to Barbarou, and the beaming face of the red man appeared above the throng.

Unanimous applause greeted his re-appearance, and a general cry arose, "Three cheers for Mr. Barbarou!"

At length the brave sailor received the just reward of his trouble and anxiety. He remained the hero of this memorable evening.

With a gracious smile Barbarou thanked the crowd for their eulogistic applause, and he lifted his arms high up in the air to signal Herr Becker to attack the triumphal march with which to end.

The gesture was not completed as he intended. A loud crack resounded through the room. Incapable of resisting so many shocks and emotions, the famous black coat that had been lent him by Everest at last gave way, and splitting into two equal parts, left down the middle of his back an appalling solution of continuity.

At the sound of the cracking the Marseillais understood the full extent of the catastrophe, and he escaped in confusion from the room which had just seen his triumph.

"Poor Barbarou!" said Everest, re-joining Holbeck. "He was hit in the moment of victory."

"What would you have?" philosophically answered the doctor. "The Tarpeian rock is close to the Capitol."

(To be continued.)



## THE LAWS OF CRICKET.

(As specially revised by the M.C.C.)

**THE GAME.**—1. A match is played between two sides of eleven players each, unless otherwise agreed to; each side has two innings, taken alternately, except in the case provided for in Law 53. The choice of innings shall be decided by tossing.

**RUNS.**—2. The score shall be reckoned by runs. A run is scored:—1st, so often as the batsmen after a hit, or at any time while the ball is in play, shall have crossed, and made good their ground, from end to end; 2nd, for penalties under Laws 16, 34, 41, and allowances under 44. Any run or runs so scored shall be duly recorded by scorers appointed for the purpose. The side which scores the greatest number of runs wins the match. No match is won unless played out or given up, except in the case provided in Law 45.

**APPOINTMENT OF UMPIRES.**—3. Before the commencement of the match, two umpires shall be appointed; one for each end.

**THE BALL.**—4. The ball shall weigh not less than five ounces and a half, nor more than five ounces and three-quarters. It shall measure not less than nine inches, nor more than nine inches and one quarter in circumference. At the beginning of each innings either side may demand a new ball.

**THE BAT.**—5. The bat shall not exceed four inches and one quarter in the widest part; it shall not be more than thirty-eight inches in length.

**THE WICKETS.**—6. The wickets shall be pitched opposite and parallel to each other at a distance of twenty-two yards. Each wicket shall be eight inches in width, and consist of three stumps, with two bails upon the top. The stumps shall be of equal and sufficient size to prevent the ball from passing through, twenty-seven inches out of the ground. The bails shall be each four inches in length, and when in position, on the top of the stumps, shall not project more than half an inch above them. The wickets shall not be changed during a match, unless the ground between them become unfit for play, and then only by consent of both sides.

**THE BOWLING CREASE.**—7. The bowling crease shall be in a line with the stumps, six feet eight inches in length, the stumps in the centre, with a return crease at each end at right angles behind the wicket.

**THE POPPING CREASE.**—8. The popping crease shall be marked four feet from the wicket, parallel to it, and be deemed unlimited in length.

**THE GROUND.**—9. The ground shall not be rolled, watered, covered, mown, or beaten during a match, except before the commencement of each innings and of each day's play, when, unless the in-side object, the ground shall be swept and rolled for not more than ten minutes. This shall not prevent the batsman from beating the ground with his bat, nor the batsman nor bowler from using sawdust in order to obtain a proper foothold.

**THE BOWLER.—NO BALL.**—10. The ball must be bowled; if thrown or jerked, the umpire shall call "No ball."

11. The bowler shall deliver the ball with one foot on the ground behind the bowling crease, and within the return crease, otherwise the umpire shall call "No ball."

**WIDE BALL.**—12. If the bowler should bowl the ball so high over or so wide of the wicket that in the opinion of the umpire it is not within reach of the striker, the umpire shall call "Wide ball."

**THE OVER.**—13. The ball shall be bowled in overs of four balls from each wicket alternately. When four balls have been bowled, and the ball is finally settled in the bowler's or wicket-keeper's hands, the umpire shall call "Over." Neither a "no ball" nor a "wide ball" shall be reckoned as one of the "over."

14. The bowler may not change ends more than twice in the same innings, nor bowl more than two overs in succession.

15. The bowler may require the batsman at the wicket from which he is bowling to stand on that side of it which he may direct.

**SCORING OFF NO BALLS AND WIDE BALLS.**—16. The striker may hit a "no ball," and whatever runs result shall be added to his score; but he shall not be out from a "no ball," unless he run out or break Laws 26, 27, 29, 30. All runs made from a "no ball," otherwise than from the bat, shall be scored "no balls," and if no run be made, one run shall be added to that score. From a "wide ball" as many runs as are run shall be added to the score as "wide balls," and if no run be otherwise obtained one run shall be so added.



**BYE.**—17. If the ball, not having been called "wide" or "no ball," pass the striker, without touching his bat, or person, and any runs be obtained, the umpire shall call "Eye;" but if the ball touch any part of the striker's person (hand excepted) and any run be obtained, the umpire shall call "Leg bye;" such runs to be scored "byes" and "leg byes" respectively.

**PLAY.**—18. At the beginning of the match, and of each innings, the umpire at the bowler's wicket shall call "Play;" from that time no trial ball shall be allowed to any bowler on the ground between the wickets, and when one of the batsmen is out, the use of the bat shall not be allowed to any person until the next batsman shall come in.

**DEFINITIONS.**—19. A batsman shall be held to be "out of his ground," unless his bat in hand or some part of his person be grounded within the line of the popping crease.

20. The wicket shall be held to be "down" when either of the bails is struck off, or, if both bails be off, when a stump is struck out of the ground.

**THE STRIKER IS OUT.**—21. If the wicket be bowled down, even if the ball first touch the striker's bat or person: "Bowled."

22. Or, if the ball, from a stroke of the bat or hand, but not the wrist, be held before it touch the ground, although it be hugged to the body of the catcher: "Caught."

23. Or, if in playing at the ball, provided it be not touched by the bat or hand, the striker be out of his ground, and the wicket be put down by the wicket-keeper with the ball or with hand or arm, with ball in hand: "Stumped."

24. Or, if with any part of his person he stop the ball, which in the opinion of the umpire at the bowler's wicket shall have been pitched in a straight line from it to the striker's wicket, and would have hit it: "Leg before wicket."

25. Or, if in playing at the ball he hit down his wicket with his bat or any part of his person or dress: "Hit wicket."

26. Or, if under pretence of running, or otherwise, either of the batsmen wilfully prevent a ball from being caught: "Obstructing the field."

27. Or, if the ball be struck, or be stopped by any part of his person, and he wilfully strike it again, except it be done for the purpose of guarding his wicket, which he may do with his bat, or any part of his person, except his hands: "Hit the ball twice."

**EITHER BATSMAN IS OUT.**—28. If in running, or at any other time while the ball is in play, he be out of his ground, and his wicket be struck down by the ball after touching any fieldman, or by the hand or arm, with ball in hand, of any fieldman: "Run out."

29. Or, if he touch with his hands or take up the ball while in play, unless at the request of the opposite side: "Handled the ball."

30. Or, if he wilfully obstruct any fieldman: "Obstructing the field."

31. If the batsmen have crossed each other, he that runs for the wicket which is put down is out; if they have not crossed, he that has left the wicket which is put down is out.

32. The striker being caught, no run shall be scored. A batsman being run out, that run which was being attempted shall not be scored.

33. A batsman being out from any cause, the ball shall be "dead."

**LOST BALL.**—34. If a ball in play cannot be found or recovered, any fieldman may call "Lost ball," when the ball shall be "dead;"

six runs shall be added to the score; but if more than six runs have been run before "lost ball" has been called, as many runs as have been run shall be scored.

35. After the ball shall have been finally settled in the wicket-keeper's or bowler's hand, it shall be "dead;" but when the bowler is about to deliver the ball, if the batsman at his wicket be out of his ground before actual delivery, the said bowler may run him out; but if the bowler throw at that wicket, and any run result, it shall be scored "No ball."

36. A batsman shall not retire from his wicket and return to it to complete his innings after another has been in without the consent of the opposite side.

**SUBSTITUTE.**—37. A substitute shall be allowed to field or run between wickets for any player who may during the match be incapacitated from illness or injury, but for no other reason, except with the consent of the opposite side.

38. In all cases where a substitute shall be allowed, the consent of the opposite side shall be obtained as to the person to act as substitute, and the place in the field which he shall take.

39. In case any substitute shall be allowed to run between wickets, the striker may be run out if either he or his substitute be out of his ground. If the striker be out of his ground while the ball is in play, that wicket which he has left may be put down and the striker given out, although the other batsman may have made good the ground at that end, and the striker and his substitute at the other end.

40. A batsman is liable to be out for any infringement of the laws by his substitute.

**THE FIELDSMAN.**—41. The fieldman may stop the ball with any part of his person, but if he wilfully stop it otherwise, the ball shall be "dead," and five runs added to the score. Whatever runs may have been made, five only shall be added.

**WICKET-KEEPER.**—42. The wicket-keeper shall stand behind the wicket. If he shall take the ball for the purpose of stumping before it has passed the wicket, or if he shall incommode the striker by any noise or motion, or if any part of his person be over or before the wicket, the striker shall not be out, excepting under Laws 26, 27, 28, 29, and 30.

**DUTIES OF UMPIRES.**—43. The umpires are the sole judges of fair or unfair play, of the fitness of the ground, the weather, and the light for play. All disputes shall be determined by them, and if they disagree the actual state of things shall continue.

44. They shall pitch fair wickets, arrange boundaries where necessary, and the allowances to be made for them, and change ends after each side has had one innings.

45. They shall allow two minutes for each striker to come in, and ten minutes between each innings. When they shall call "Play," the side refusing to play shall lose the match.

46. They shall not order a batsman out unless appealed to by the other side.

47. The umpire at the bowler's wicket shall be appealed to before the other umpire in all cases except in those of stumping, hit wicket, run out at the striker's wicket, or arising out of Law 42; but in any case in which an umpire is unable to give a decision, he shall appeal to the other umpire, whose decision shall be final.

48. If the umpire at the bowler's end be not satisfied of the absolute fairness of the delivery of any ball, he shall call "No ball." The umpire shall take especial care to call "No ball" instantly upon delivery; "Wide ball" as soon as it shall pass the striker.

49. If either batsman run a short run, the umpire shall call "One short," and the run shall not be scored.

50. After the umpire has called "Over" the ball is "dead," but an appeal may be made as to whether either batsman is out; such appeal, however, shall not be made after the delivery of the next ball, nor after any cessation of play.

51. No umpire shall be allowed to bet.

52. No umpire shall be changed during a match, unless with the consent of both sides, except in case of violation of Law 51; then either side may dismiss him.

**FOLLOWING INNINGS.**—53. The side which goes in second shall follow their innings if they have scored eighty runs less than the opposite side.

## ONE DAY MATCHES.

1. The side which goes in second shall follow their innings if they have scored sixty runs less than the opposite side.

2. The match when not played out shall be decided by the first innings.

3. Prior to the commencement of a match it may be agreed that the over may consist of five or six balls.

## SINGLE WICKET.

The laws are, where they apply, the same as the above, with the following alterations and additions.

1. One wicket shall be pitched, as in Law 6, with a bowling stump opposite to it, at a distance of twenty-two yards. The bowling crease shall be in a line with the bowling stump, and drawn according to Law 7.

2. When there shall be less than five players on a side, bounds shall be placed twenty-two yards each in a line from the off and leg stump.

3. The ball must be hit before the bounds to entitle the striker to a run, which run cannot be obtained unless he touch the bowling stump or crease in a line with his bat, or some other part of his person, or go beyond them, and return to the popping crease.

4. When the striker shall hit the ball one of his feet must be on the ground behind the popping crease, otherwise the umpire shall call "No hit," and no run shall be scored.

5. When there shall be less than five players on a side, neither byes, leg byes, nor overthrows shall be allowed, nor shall the striker be caught out behind the wicket nor stumped.

6. The fieldman must return the ball so that it shall cross the ground between the wicket and the bowling stump, or between the bowling stump and the bounds; the striker may run till the ball be so returned.

7. After the striker shall have made one run, if he start again, he must touch the bowling stump or crease, and turn before the ball cross the ground, to entitle him to another.

8. The striker shall be entitled to three runs for lost ball, and the same number for ball wilfully stopped by a fieldman otherwise than with any part of his person.

9. When there shall be more than four players on a side there shall be no bounds. All hits, byes, leg byes, and overthrows shall then be allowed.

10. There shall be no restriction as to the ball being bowled in overs, but no more than one minute shall be allowed between each ball.





'Tis Harvest-time ! The golden grain  
Waves gently with the southern  
breeze,  
And Peace, with Plenty in her train,  
Makes glad the smiling vales and  
leas.

The orchard 's filled with rosy fruit,  
The well-thatched ricks of sweetest  
hay  
Are speaking witnesses, though mute,  
That peace has reigned for many a  
day.

Long is the time since England 's known  
The Harvester whose name is Death,  
Who reaps in War what Hate has sown,  
With smoke of cannon for his breath.

And long may be the time, we pray,  
Ere War invades the land we love ;  
Ere scythe to bayonet gives way,  
And ravens croak where coos the  
dove.



## HAROLD, THE BOY-EARL: A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

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## CHAPTER XVII.—A ROMAN-BRITISH CHRISTIAN FUNERAL.



IN the hearts of the Britons the last hope of being able to expel the English from the land seemed now to be extinguished. The silly feuds that armed them against each other weakened the British force. In the instance now before us the want of chariot-men had greatly helped the English, who found them much more difficult

than other foes to meet. We have seen how careful Blue-tooth had been to provide against their onset by horsemen in their rear. But who destroyed the chariots? who weakened Britain's might? who caused the fall of Powis? We saw in civil conflict how it was they themselves, Britons attacking Britons, were Rolf's best allies. Llewellyn's war with Powis had weakened both the kings; the chariots had been broken by King Llewellyn's men; and though, no doubt, Earl Blue-tooth had fought them, even had they been combined in one strong force to crush him, yet of course it would have been a task much harder for his hand. This was no isolated case, for all the petty kings of Britain were much of the same calibre as Powis and Llewellyn.

The news had reached the Domina that everything was lost, that Llewelyd and Llewellyn were in the grim earl's hands, that the troops were cut to pieces, no quarter being given and no mercy being shown. Pacing her room in agony, she called a female slave and bid her summon Candida, the last one left to her—Llewellyn slain and Gwendolen lost, found, and gone for ever! Where was her other child?

Poor Domina! Now show thy Christian fortitude and trust. The slave returns with horror depicted on her face. The wretched Candida, it seems, in impious despair, had taken poison when she learnt of Britain's overthrow, and lay now dying on her couch within. Frantic, Octavia rushed along, and passing through her halls reached that sad chamber where her child lay passing from the world.

She clasped her daughter in her arms; she called for nurse and leech, but all too late they came. Candida was no more!

Octavia fell at the bedside, fell in a deathlike swoon. How long she lay we cannot tell, for the slaves and nurses fled, and through those halls and past the house women and children rushed, screaming, "The foe! the English foe! Fly to the hills!—away!" and Thorskull's troop of English horse pursued the flying crowd, and there were shrieks and prayers and tears throughout the fair domain. The

horsemen passed Llewellyn's house. They saw no armed foes, but had been told that farther on a stand was being made of certain Britons who had come too late to join the fray when King Llewellyn lost his crown and life on Moiman's Plain. So off they galloped to the place where these men might be found. Then came the foreward of the host, with Blue-tooth at their head, and thence passed onwards to the plain where Llewellyn had formed his camp that night when he prepared to meet King Powis and his men.

Here, while he halted for a space, he saw the horsemen come who under Thorskull's guidance had sought the British clan reported to be waiting him upon that very plain. But, as it seemed, the tale was false. Some twenty men had met to speak together of their state, and what they ought to do. They were but peaceful husbandmen, and when they saw the foe they fled in all directions. Some escaped, but many fell. So Thorskull halted with his hand and rested with the earl, and the troops were made to pile their arms and eat their soldier meal, and fires were made and feasts prepared.

But meanwhile Llewelyd and Owen arrived upon the ground, and they told Earl Rolf that they would fain enter Llewellyn's house because Penruddock needed rest, and shelter could be found more suited for his aged head than that hard bed the earth.

So Rolf and Hildeberght and Llewelyd, guided by Owen Gwynn, rode back to King Llewellyn's house with very scanty train.

Here Owen showed the atrium, and then the council-hall, and where the boys had been confined, and where they made escape when they were captured by the king, and where the tower stood. He showed the way to where the rooms for good Octavia lay, and found the curtains all torn down and the doors all broken in. So he entered with Earl Rolf and all the others who had come, till they found the mournful chamber where Octavia lay in swoon. They saw that Candida was sped, and thought at first the Domina had passed away from earth, but Owen said,

"I think, Earl Rolf, she lives, and if thou wilt we will bear her to her chamber, away from this sad sight; she saved thy Harold, good my lord, and if I do not err thou wilt not in the end regret that the brave boy was caught! She is the noblest woman next to Earl Rolf's own wife that ever graced this British land, and what is rare with us, she lives a Christian, and her faith is the spirit of her life."

"Ha!" quoth Earl Rolf, "I fain would know some of that wondrous faith, and Lady Edelgitha would gladly see this dame. Bring here Penruddock. He is old and is the rightful lord of all this place about us. Send for him, Owen, straight."

Octavia, placed upon the couch where we have seen her rest, at last regained her consciousness, but gazed around her room uncertain whether what she saw were not a horrid dream, for the earl stood full before her in his coat of burnished mail. The eagle wings upon his helm seemed weird and very strange. And Llewelyd too, that

much wronged youth, was there, and Owen Gwynn beside him was watching her most carefully. Then Owen told her she was safe although her cause was lost; that grim Earl Rolf had gained the day, but, out of thanks to her for the rare kindness shown his son, had ordered him to say that in the English dwelling of Earl Harold and the boys a welcome was in store for her which very soon would show that Englishmen, though ruthless foes, were not the worst of friends. He bade the noble Domina fear nothing from her foes, who were indeed her friends! He spoke to her so gently that she scarcely thought it he; and all the turmoil round her, the sight of Rolf in arms, the absence of her people, all seemed a fearful dream. She closed her eyes and pressed her hands in anguish to her brow, and when she drew them back there stood Penruddock gazing at her face with curious scrutiny.

"Oh, king!" she cried, "our God is just, to Him belongs the right to punish or to give reward! I told Llewellyn it was wrong, that all his plans were nought. For 'unless the Lord build up the house, our labour is in vain!' and see the truth! where is the house? Llewellyn, where is he? Vain were his plots—his labour vain, his hope an idle dream all flown away, all past and gone, and Britain bathed in blood."

The old king smiled and took her hand. "Fair Domina," he said, "at least I know one loyal heart and British through and through. It has not been without its good that I was driven hence, for I have seen our English foes and learned to love them too. They are most truthful in their faith, true to that pagan creed. If they were Christians, Domina, another tale had been of government in Britain of sweet domestic love, for they are loving parents and very faithful friends. So I shall beg of thy love to leave this scene of woe and to accept of grim Earl Rolf the shelter of his roof, the friendship of his lady, who will shortly know thy worth, for Harold sure will never tire of singing thy high praise."

"King Morwen, it becomes not me to choose my lot in life. My course, perhaps, may soon be run, but while I draw my breath I bow to Him whose perfect will shall guide me to the end. So do with me just as ye list. One only boon I crave, to let me see my husband's dust and Candida's as well with Christian rites of sepulture entombed with Gwendolen."

The wishes of the Domina were then explained to Rolf, who with grave courtesy—not unlike that of modern men of distinction—promised to do everything in his power to promote her wishes and to make her feel that she had found a friend. The great contempt which he had always felt for "dogs of Christians" and "British hounds" had not by any means left his mind, but he was what we should call nowadays "too true a gentleman" to show these feelings under present circumstances. He had been much affected by the tragic end of Gwendolen, and was interested in the mother of the girl who had been slain for Harold. From the few words he heard from Harold he was convinced that he



owed the boy's safety to her care, and the soft place in the grim earl's heart was his son. Therefore, Briton and Christian though she was, he felt himself bound in common courtesy to do his best for her. So a few of his own guards only were placed around the villa, and Owen was enjoined to visit all the smaller dwellings in the neighbourhood to find men who would undertake the charge of fashioning the tomb according to the rites of Roman-British Christendom. The few grown men left in the district kept aloof; their number was but small, for all had been compelled to serve in the late disastrous war. A youth he found lamenting his dead father and cursing these same English told him that Casnodyn ap Gwyrwyn, a rich man some miles off, had been Llewellyn's friend, so Owen bade the rustic guide him to this same Briton, whom in due time he found. Casnodyn eyed him strangely but made him no reply, leaving him there on horseback, nor prayed him to alight. Some time passed by in waiting, till Owen, with impatience, struck with his ashen spear-staff against the oaken door. Then out came Casnodyn again, with three stout serving-men—rude rustics from the harvest—he, pointing then to Gwynn, said, "Beat the foul knave to powder! Traitor to God and king, he sold us to the English, and now would rob our homes of the few rags there left us! Upon him! tear him down!"

Much trouble, then, had Owen to save himself by flight, but he was mounted strongly, and escaped without a wound, though Casnodyn shot after him some arrows, badly aimed, that whistled past him through the air as he fled headlong forth. But riding farther onward, he met a stripling boy and asked him if he knew a house where priests were to be found.

"Right well I know a house," he said, "where priests may yet be found, but thou art riding from it. It is my father's home, and there are some priests in hiding, fearing the English axe and spear; and if thou seekest priests, my friend, better thou turnest back."

"Thanks, my young springald!" said Owen Gwynn. "I had enough already of thy good father's strain. He hardly listened to my words, and never made reply, but ordered grooms to beat me, and tried to shoot me down! I thank thee for such courtesy! Commend me to the churl!"

"Stay!" cried the boy. "What is thy name?"

"My name is Owen Gwynn; and what is thine, thou saucy one? And what is it to thee whether my name be Gwynn or Wyn?"

"I'll tell thee," said the boy. "They say a man named Gwynn or Wyn has sold the land for gold, and that he rides in Blue-tooth's ban, and seeks our British blood!"

"Tell thy most British father, boy, that I am through and through a friend to Britain and her sons, and by his catiff act the king may lie without the rites of Christian church. Tell me some other dwelling where priests may yet be found."

"There is none," said the boy again. "But tarry thou awhile until I see my father. I think I know a way to serve the good Octavia, if what thou sayest be true."

So saying, our young Howell ran until he reached the home, and then he sought his mother out and begged her to persuade his father to send off the priests, and that

the tale was true, and Owen Gwynn had only come to serve the Domina."

"How canst thou tell," the mother said, "if that false knave speak true? But I will speak to Casnodyn and he shall answer thee."

She left the women's chamber, and she sought the ancient hall where Llewellyn rested on his way before the British fight between him and King Powis when the might of both was crushed just at the time they needed it against the English host.

But the hall was full of armed men in council with the host, and around were flung their bucklers and their helmets and their shields, and they were quaffing mead and ale, but not a sound of glee was heard throughout the chamber, though the draughts were long and deep.

In the centre blazed the fire, and by its flickering light one could see the war-worn warriors, with brows of anxious care, discussing many a problem regarding Britain's fate. Some lay reclined on benches, some sat on Roman chairs, some paced the chamber thoughtfully, some slept upon the floor. And even when the lady came they scarcely marked her entrance or noticed her at all.

She sought her husband's side, and said she thought it shame to have driven Owen from the door without attempt to learn the truth of what he told.

Dark lowered the brow of Casnodyn.

"The boy was Owen Gwynn," he said, "as false and foul a heart as any in the land. He lurked about the villa, he sought to slay a bard, he fled with English prisoners, and delivered up the land for gold to foul Earl Blue-tooth, who slew a thousand men! I repent me that I missed him, but I shot in such a rage that I could hardly guide the arrow as he fled from us even now."

"I say nothing about Owen Gwynn, let his own heart judge his cause, I am thinking of Llewellyn, who they say unburied lies. I hear that Rolf has brought him to lay him in his tomb beside his daughter Gwendolen, and it were very base to refuse him Christian sepulture because, forsooth, the lad who brings to us the tidings is a catiff dog, and false! Now listen to my project. Let those six churchmen come whom thou hast safe in hiding, and two of them can ride down to Llewellyn's villa to see if all be true, and if it be, one can return and fetch the other four, and we can lend them rustics to aid them in the rites. What think ye, chieftains? Say I well, or have ye better skill to guide us at the moment? If so, be pleased to speak!"

Then up rose Hylllyn Fergus, and thus he spoke his mind:

"I know young Owen, lady; he is faithful to his kin. That he did not love Llewellyn is not so very strange, for Llewellyn slew his father and took his kinsman's crown. The boy is a good Christian, and I believe would think it shame to leave the king unburied while he could find the means to get the churchman's blessing read over his remains."

Then rose the host Casnodyn. "My wife has said her say, and I will not deny it she is right if this be true. I feared a snare with Owen. I thought he smelt us out, and would only find these chieftains, and then sell their blood to Rolf. But it may be as she tells us, and I counsel that we send two priests in proper vestments to do the fitting rites; but four of us will borrow four other churchmen's

dress, and ride as if to aid them, but with arms beneath the 'stole.' We can cut our way through many a line of English guards, and bring off the priests uninjured, if they really seek their lives. What think ye of my project? Say who will ride with me?"

"I will," said Hylllyn Fergus, and two more said the same.

Then Casnodyn left the chamber, and after a brief space came back again with laughter beaming from both his eyes. "Look, chieftains, look! These humble priests are better off than we. Each of them has a change of clothes, which doubles just our band. We enter now Llewellyn's house twelve strong with the two priests, and I have chosen sturdy ones, Anselm and Father Boyne."

The chieftains were delighted. It was a sorry jest, but they thought it quite a merry one, so few they saw those days. And quick they dressed themselves as priests, while their steeds were saddled fast, and soon the twelve were galloping to where young Owen stood.

"The saints be praised!" quoth Owen Gwynn. "The boy has told the truth; the priests are here, and now the king may soon be laid in peace." Then, turning to the elder priest (Casnodyn dressed in stole), he said, "I am right glad, sir priest, that thou hast come this way. Llewellyn ap Cattraeth lies dead in his council-hall. He fell in battle like a chief. I begged Earl Rolf to bring the body of our hero and inter it in his tomb. I was a prisoner to Rolf, but he has set me free because I helped his fair young son to fly his prison."

"A most strange story," said the priest. "A traitor deed it seems to set the wolf's fierce offspring free to turn and rend the fold."

"Thou knowest not that I am kin to Morwen, rightful lord of all this district, forced to fly before Llewellyn's spear. I love my kindred. Who does not? Llewellyn was my foe, and he imprisoned me within the very selfsame tower in which the English lads lay bound. Now, well I knew the place, for when a very little boy I played there all day long. I knew each path and winding stair and secret hiding-hole, and those four boys were locked up in a room not far from mine, in which the opening through those walls was hidden from the view. I heard them talk in English, and I spoke to them again, and taught them how to find the springs and how to move the bars; and so, in fact, they let me out, I did not set them free. Unluckily, Llewellyn came by some foul chance and caught us just when we had reached the last door of them all. Again he shut us up, and I again contrived to flee. I met the boys upon the road. We joined our fates again, and robbers took us to their hold, and sent me off to Rolf, because I speak some English words, to buy the youngsters free. And so he came with bill and bow and paid them, not in gold. He sent the boys to England while he warred with Britain's kings. He kept me prisoner a space to act interpreter, and now he sends me to find priests to bury the king himself and Candida."

"What?" said Casnodyn; "Candida? Has she too passed away?"

"She died this morning or last night, I know not which it was; she died by her own hand."

The seeming priest now sought the rest, and held much earnest talk, but Owen could not hear their words, for two priests of the train came forward from the rest



and spoke of the dreadful news which he had brought among them, and so they rode along.

But now the villa came in sight. Owen rode on before and told Earl Rolf, the king, and Llewelyd how he had found the priests, how he had asked of Casnodyn, and how he had replied with blows to his request to have a priest to do his work over the ashes of the king. Rolf called him nothing straight, and said that he would

visit him before he left that place. There was a gleam in Earl Rolf's eye when he said "visit him."

"Admit the churchmen," said the earl, and Owen led the way. The council-chamber was the place where the king's body was, and all the party entered there before the rites began, to see him as he lay in death, that most unhappy king. Beside his bier another stood, and there his daughter lay. The churchmen twain, the

genuine priests, objected that no rite of sepulture could be performed on one who took away her life by her own act, by her own deed a sinful suicide.

The other priests opposed this view, and said that Candida, as being daughter of a king, might here be held absolved, because the wretched state in which the land was when she died had forced her to her death!

(To be continued.)

## WYCLIFFE AND TYNDALE.

FIVE hundred years ago, on the last day of December, there died at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, the greatest Englishman of his time. Few names are more familiar to British

dispatched John of Gaunt's commission to negotiate with Gregory.

The results were of little importance. In a short time Gregory made as free with English

the first reformer to appeal to the people and ignore the learned and wealthy. His motto was, "I believe that in the end the truth will conquer."

The Church soon awoke to her danger, and twice in the year 1347 was Wycliffe summoned before spiritual tribunals. The first time was when he appeared before Convocation at St. Paul's, whither he went accompanied by the two most powerful men in England, Lord Percy and the then unpopular John of Gaunt. The result was a riot brought on by the Bishop of London's partisans, in which an attack was made on Lancaster's magnificent house in the Savoy, destined to fall a few years later by the hands of the Kentishmen under Wat Tyler. Wycliffe was dismissed with an injunction against preaching new doctrines, which proved of no avail. The second time was when he was called before the Pope's special commissioners at Oxford. The feeling in his favour in his own University was, however, too strong for anything to be done, and again he was dismissed with a futile prohibition against continuance in his preaching.

In 1378 occurred the death of Gregory and the schism in the Church which produced a double pontificate—one Pope at Rome, Urban vi., ruling in opposition to another at Avignon, Clement vii. Such a scandal as this could not but open the eyes of men to the weak points of the papal case, and naturally gave Wycliffe's arguments increased force. At first he sympathised with Urban, but as the struggle proceeded and he saw the adoption on both sides of every means, however unlawful or wicked, that were likely to prove successful, he found himself repelled from both and indifferent to the success of either.

It was about this year (1378) that he began work on his translation of the Bible. The New Testament was translated first, and we may assume it as a fact that this was the work of his own hand. The Old Testament was begun either while the New was in progress or soon after its completion, not, as it would seem, by Wycliffe himself, but by one of his friends—most probably Nicholas of Hereford, who carried it as far as the Apocrypha. From this point it was continued and completed by another hand, probably Wycliffe's own.

In those days there was no printing-press, and the copies had to be written; there were no publishers, and the author had himself to look after the distribution of his work. The methods of publishing were various. The usual way was to place a copy in the hall or library of some convent or college, where all might come and read, and, if the book pleased, order a copy for private use. Others set up pulpits at cross-ways and in public places and read aloud, and those who liked could buy copies for themselves.

Wycliffe, however, had but little trouble in the matter. The interest in him and his work enlisted a hundred expert hands, who, though they toiled to multiply copies, could hardly supply the many who were eager to buy. Some ordered complete copies to be made for them; others were content with portions; in many instances the same copies served several families; and in a very short time Wycliffe's English



Tyndale.

boys than that of the "Morning Star of the Reformation," and of the boyhood of few men is there less known.

He was born about 1320, near the village in the neighbourhood of Barnard Castle, in the Yorkshire North Riding, from which he took his name—John de Wycliffe—and his early days were passed amid the pleasant dales that skirt the Tees. At fifteen he came south to Oxford, and at Balliol began a most distinguished University career. Step by step the highly-gifted Yorkshire lad made his way up until it could be said that "Oxford was at the head of the Universities of Europe, and Wycliffe was at the head of Oxford."

Wycliffe first appears prominently on the scene as one of the commissioners sent to Bruges by Edward III. to settle once for all the claims of the Pope to supremacy in England. These claims had never been really acquiesced in, and the struggle against them, though often relaxed, had never been abandoned. Of late it had grown in intensity. In 1351 Parliament had passed the Statute of Provisors asserting the rights of the English Church, and in 1353 the most famous of the *Premunires* forbidding any questioning of judgments of English Courts, or any prosecution of suits beyond the kingdom. These Acts, however, but stayed the storm. The Pope refused to abate his claims, and Edward, alarmed at the discontent of his subjects, endeavoured to bring matters to a crisis, and

benefices and their revenues as ever, and the discontent of the people with their spiritual teachers and political leaders, instead of being allayed, grew deeper and deeper. In fact, as stated in our article on the "Rising of the Commons" in the part for last November, the prosperity of the country had sunk to its lowest ebb. Edward's popularity had culminated at the Peace of Bretigni in 1360, and now, old in years and bankrupt in purse, he had descended to such acts of senseless tyranny as forced from Archbishop Islip that plain-spoken letter in which he tells his Majesty, "When men hear of your coming everybody at once for sheer fear sets about hiding, or eating, or getting rid of their geese and chickens or other possessions, that they may not utterly lose them through your arrival. The purveyors and servants of your Court seize on men and horses in the midst of their field work. They seize on the very bullocks that are at plough, or at sowing, and force them to work for two or three days at a time without a penny of payment. It is no wonder that men make dole and murmur at your approach."

To the people at large, however, the luxury, extravagance, and malpractices of the leading members of the hierarchy were even more conspicuous than the king's oppression, and in formulating their complaints—with his mind more than ever impressed by what he had seen at Bruges—Wycliffe took the lead. He was



Bible had obtained a wide circulation and brought new life into many an English home. "You could not meet two persons in the highway but one of them was Wycliffe's disciple."

The queen herself, Anne of Bohemia, was a Wycliffite, and through her the reformer's opinions spread to her native country, and through John Hus and Jerome of Prague gradually permeated Germany, until they showed in their full strength in the great upheaval under Martin Luther. Wycliffe's life from his return from Bruges was one long struggle against the religious corruption of the time—a struggle, however, which he was strong enough always to win. In 1379 he fell seriously ill at Oxford, and in what were thought to be his last moments the four regents of the mendicant friars, whose orders he had so vigorously attacked, hastened to his bedside and urged him to recant before he ceased to breathe. "You have death on your lips," said they; "be touched by your faults and retract in our presence all that you have said to our injury." But the reply was worthy of the man's energy and steadfastness: "I shall not die, but live, and again declare the evil deeds of the friars."

Wycliffe died five years after this at Lutterworth, and there he was buried. By the decree of the Council of Constance in 1415 his books were condemned as heretical, and his body was ordered "to be taken from the ground and thrown away from the burial of any church," and his grave was ransacked, his bones being burnt in a fire and the ashes cast into an adjoining brook. This brook bears the name of the Swift. "Happily," says good old Thomas Fuller, "for it conveyed them into the Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the

main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wycliffe were the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over."

Wycliffe's Bible was from the vulgate. It was abandoned at the Reformation for the translation by Tyndale, which now forms the basis of our authorised version. It had been revised by Wycliffe himself, assisted by Purdey, but the merit of the work being somewhat unequal, the authority doubtful, and the phraseology having become archaic owing to the rapid growth of the language, it was thought better to accept the more modern work of the Gloucestershire priest.

Tyndale was born near Berkeley in 1484. He went to Oxford, then to Cambridge, and in 1522 was tutor in the house of Sir John Walsh at Little Sodbury. Here he translated the *Enchiridion Militis* of Erasmus, and did other good work, preaching occasionally on College Green, in the neighbouring city of Bristol. His opinions, however, proved somewhat advanced, and so, after horrifying the visitors at Little Sodbury by his freely spoken criticisms, and being "rated like a dog by the ordinary," he came to London.

To Tunstall, then bishop of that diocese, he unfolded his scheme of translating the New Testament from the Greek, a scheme to which the bishop found many objections. Preaching one day, however, at St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, Alderman Humfrey Monmouth was so struck with the sermon that he sought out Tyndale, took him home with him, kept him for six months, and then gave him ten pounds to take him to Wittenberg and study under Luther and Melancthon. The ten pounds were paid by Monmouth yearly after Tyndale

had left, and for his patronage of the heretic the good alderman was sent to the Tower.

Whether Tyndale reached Wittenberg or no is a moot question. Anyhow, he soon completed his translation of the New Testament and was at Cologne in 1525 attempting to print it. After ten sheets in quarto were struck off Tyndale had to quit the town owing to the proceedings of Cochleus, the blustering "broom for sweeping down the cobwebs of Morison." Tyndale fled to Worms, and then, changing his plan, first set up an octavo Testament, and on its completion proceeded with the remaining sheets of the quarto edition.

Copies soon found their way to England, and Sir Thomas More and other magnates did their utmost to prevent their circulation. They denounced them as "straunge leynynge," they burnt them as heretical, and in every way persecuted those who bought or read them. They might as well have attempted to stop the rising of the tide.

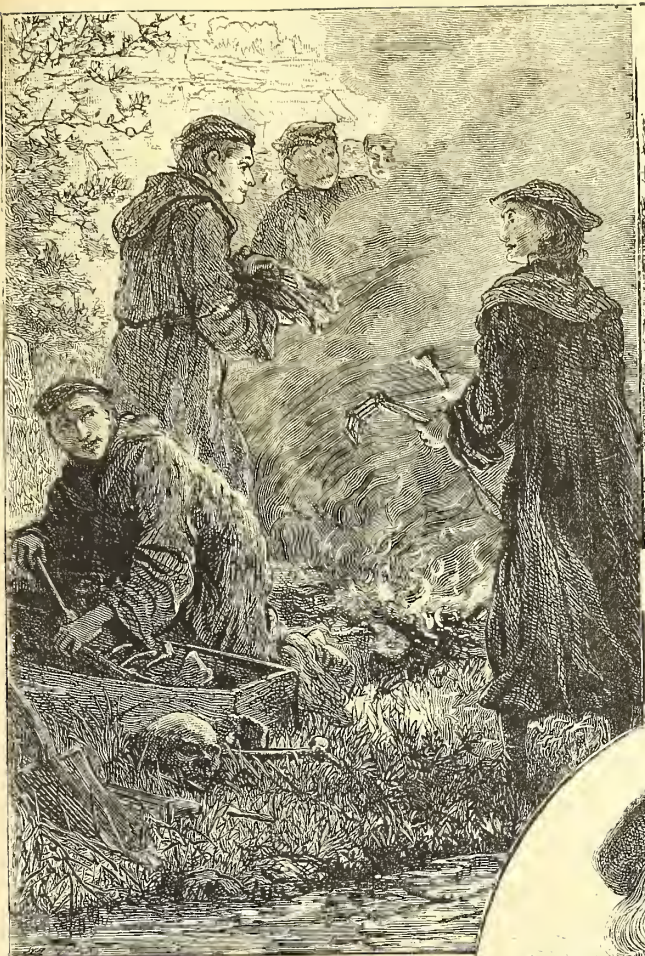
Tyndale published many other books from his Continental retreats—some from Worms, some from Marburg, some from Antwerp, where he was acting as chaplain to the English merchants. He was at last arrested and taken to Vilvorde, and after two years' imprisonment was on Friday, October 6th, 1536, chained to the stake, strangled, and burnt to ashes. His last words were, "Lo d! Open the King of England's eyes!"

The next year, by royal command, the Bible was officially welcomed in England, and placed in every church for the free use of the people. Tyndale's work was done. He was "a man whose history is lost in his work, and whose epitaph is the Reformation."



Reading the Bible in the Streets of Old London.





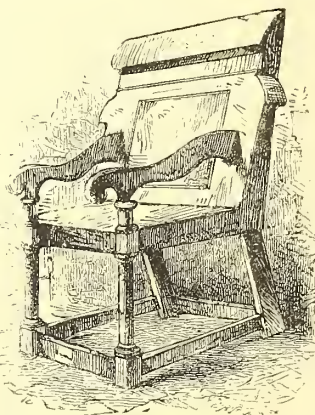
2.—Throwing Wycliffe's Ashes into the Swift.



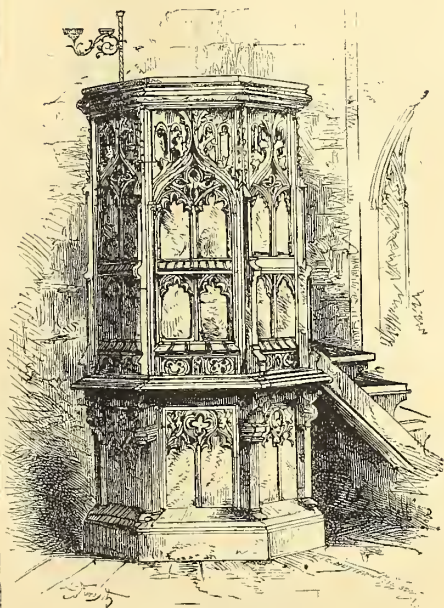
3.—The River Swift.



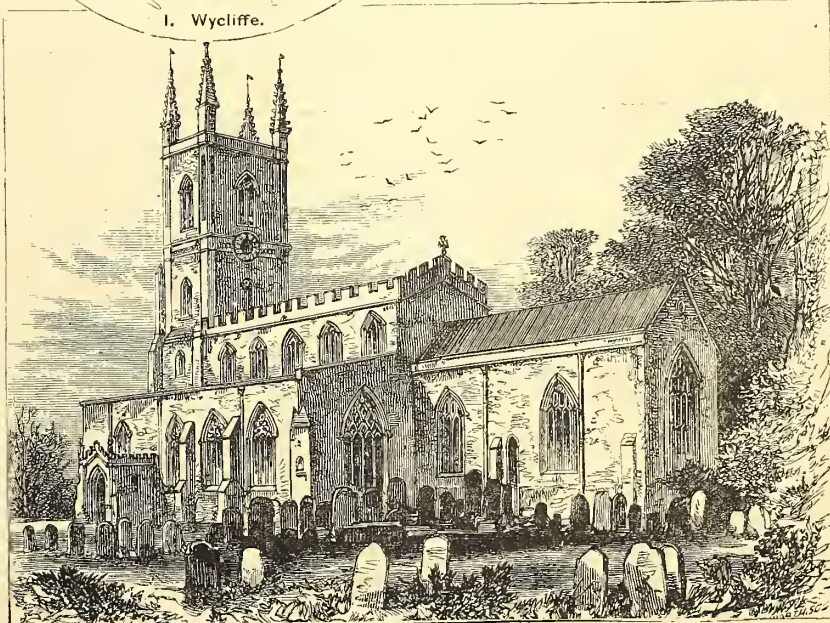
1. Wycliffe.



4.—Wycliffe's Chair.



5.—Wycliffe's Pulpit.



6.—Lutterworth Church.



## DRUMS AND FIFES; AND HOW TO BEAT AND PLAY THEM.

By J. ARTHUR ELLIOTT,

Author of "Poor Regimental Jack," "Kavanagh of Lucknow," etc.

## PART III.



has at least one key, and others four or five. Except, perhaps, as a toy, the fife has now no existence; all instruments of that kind being, with one or two exceptions, flutes. The exceptions are the piccolo and the flageolet, the latter instrument being, however, never used in a band, as the hautboy or oboe (a superior form of it) takes its place.

The piccolo is a well-known and shrill little instrument, used both by brass and drum-and-fife bands. There are two of these tiny flutes, one being in the pitch of E flat (♭) and the other in F natural (♮). When the ordinary flutes are playing in the key of D, the F piccolo is used and played in the key of G, and *vice versa* as regards the other.

The flute is a remarkably sweet and tractable

instrument, but it is often wofully misused. Like the drum, there is also a manner of playing it, apart from the mere fact of having learned to play it, and this makes all the difference in the world between harmony and discord; and, unlike the drum, there are no mysteries attached to it (except such as instruction-books create in the mind of the pupil), and its acquisition is so easy that any person possessing the least taste for music will be able, from the diagrams we give below, by ordinary attention and practice—say two hours a day—to play tunes within a period of three weeks or less.

We do not mean, of course, that he will be able to accomplish such ambitious productions as Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," or the march from "Le Prophète," but our young pupil may delight his brothers and sisters, if he have any, or his friends and neighbours (!), with such good old English airs as "The British Grenadiers," "Old Bob Walker," "Polly put the Kettle on," "Pop goes the Weazel," or even the new songs of the day, "Far, far away," and "Balachava." There will be, practically, no limit to his abilities in this direction, while the more ambitious tunes will gradually yield to the increasing assiduity with which he applies himself to his interesting study.

The size of the flute to be procured by the pupil on first commencing his studies should be the B flat, with four keys. It can be obtained at any respectable musical instrument maker's for about seven or eight shillings. But by-and-by, when the pupil has progressed so far as to be able to play operatic pieces, etc., he might venture to purchase a concert flute, which, being much larger in size and more intricate in

its construction, is, of course, proportionately expensive. The price is from a guinea to twenty or thirty pounds. Some are made wholly of silver. We would advise our pupil, though, not to begin with the silver flute too early, as it generally produces an impression in the minds of expectant listeners which the performance, perhaps, fails to justify.

Having, then, procured a flute, the pupil must hold it to his mouth by placing the fingers of his left hand upon the first row of holes nearest the mouth, and those of his right upon the lower row, the flute pointing towards his right side. To obtain the lowest notes, or "make the flute speak" (as it is termed), care should be taken to keep these holes well covered with the fingers—all the fingers being down for D, the lowest note in the scale for four-keyed flutes. The edge of the mouth-hole should be pressed gently against the lower lip, and *not* covered with the top lip. Then, as if the player was going to whistle, he should blow, or breathe, softly into the instrument until he obtains a rich, full sound. For the higher notes, the flute will have to be pressed more tightly against the lip.

In holding the flute thus, however, the learner must beware of practising jokes, who by pulling the top of the instrument suddenly away from the mouth cause it to rebound upon the nose with a result anything but pleasant.

There are seven notes in music, and with the B-flat flute these commence at D, and are repeated (with two or three exceptions) three times, or *octaves*, as they are called. The following diagram gives the "natural" and simplest scale for the instrument in question:

THE "NATURAL" OR DIATONIC SCALE FOR THE FLUTE.

The black spots denote the fingers down. The round spots denote the fingers or keys up.

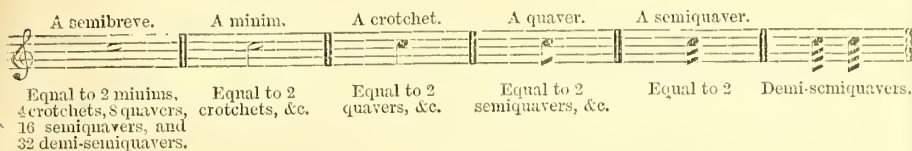
The above should be mastered in two or three lessons, and the names and forms of the notes learned thoroughly. The pupil can then apply himself to the following and complete scale:—

THE CHROMATIC SCALE.


A sharp raises a note half a tone, and a flat lowers it half a tone. Hence the two notes made alike here and there in this scale.



Having quite mastered these scales, the next thing is to learn the value of the notes so as to know how long to dwell upon each in playing a tune. This is easily accomplished as follows:—




Next comes the "key" in which a tune is to be played, and this is always ascertainable by

the signs which follow the "clef"  at the commencement of the tune. For instance, one sharp (#) would indicate the key of G, in which all the notes in a tune would be played natural except F, which would be sharp. Two sharps the key of D (in which F and C would be sharps). Three sharps the key of A (F, C, and G sharps), and so on. In the same way with the flats (b). One flat denotes the key of F, two the key of B, etc., etc.

The key in which a tune is pitched is also indicated by the last note in such tune, as it generally finishes with the key-note.

Then the time of a tune is shown next. What is called "common time" is marked thus—C, and contains four beats or crotchets in a bar, or

eight quavers, or sixteen semi-quavers, or thirty-two demi-semiquavers. "Two-four time" is expressed thus,  $\frac{2}{4}$ , and contains two beats or crotchets in a bar, etc.; "three-four time" ( $\frac{3}{4}$ ) three beats; "six-eight time" ( $\frac{6}{8}$ ) three quick beats or six quavers, etc.

The five lines  are termed a "stave," and a stroke down through them from top to bottom thus | is a "bar"; two such strokes || being a "double bar." The latter completes a tune or a part of a tune.

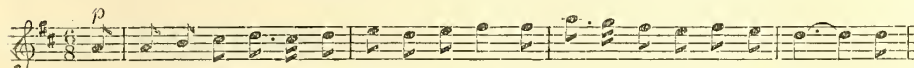
Having mastered these matters, the pupil can begin to try simple tunes or exercises, and in three weeks, if he has persevered with his studies, there is no reason why he should not only play but sing the following song, which is especially dedicated to them by the author of these papers, and with which we appropriately conclude them.

### SONG—DRUMMERS AND FIFERS.

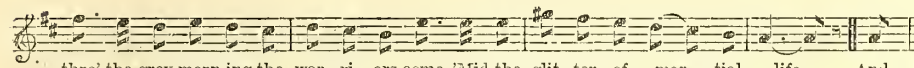
Written expressly for the BOY'S OWN PAPER, by J. A. ELLIOTT,

Vivace.

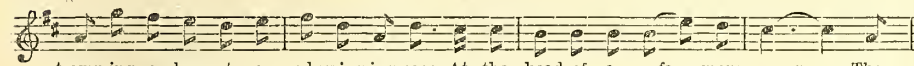
Author of the popular song "Balacava" (*Oh, 'tis a famous Story!*)\*



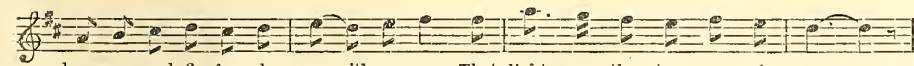
1. The vil-lage is roused by the sound of the drum, And rings with the tones of the fife, As  
2. The jack-ets they wear have a his-to-ry, too, As ma-n-y may read at a glance, For  
3. For gal-lant they've been up-on ma-n-y a field, And well for their coun-try have fought, The  
4. Oh, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly trills the shrill fife, With ga-lop, march, pol-ka, and song; The



thro' the grey morn-ing the war-ri-ors come, 'Mid the glit-ter of mar-tial life. And  
on their white lace the small em-bles in blue Are the once fa-mous lil-ies of France. Ab,  
palm of the brave they to none e-very yield, While they win the re-ward they have sought. Vic-  
roll of the drum gives a crisp-ness to life, As the reg'tments go marching a-long. Our



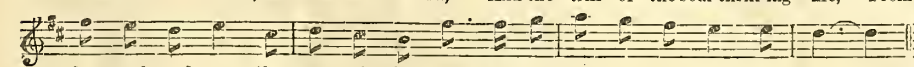
tramp-ing a-long at a good swing-ing pace, At the head of a fa-mous corps, The  
well may those drummers and fi-fers show pride, As so gai-ly they're marching to-day, With  
to-ri-a's Cross shines on ma-n-y a breast, Wher-ev-er our flag is un-furled, But  
drummers and fi-fers are trus-ty and brave, None are tru-er than them in the land, They



drummers and fi-fers play up with a grace That light-ens the ter-rors of war.  
re-so-lutemien and a sol-dier-ly stride, And hearts'rea-dy braced for the fray.  
they bear the best va-lour's no-blest crest, Who beat the Queen's drum round the world.  
of-ten strike hard England's honour to save. Hur-rah for the drum and fife band!

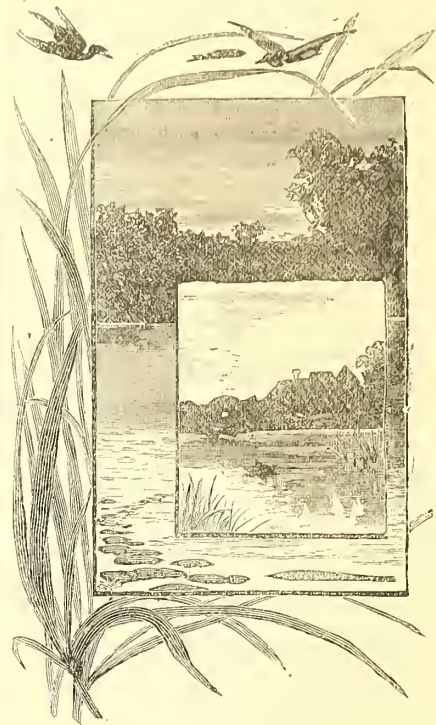


With the rat-a-tat, tat of the drum, And the trill of the soul-thrill-ing fife, From



bar-rack and camp they mer-ri-ly come, 'Mid the joys of a sol-dier's life.

## Correspondence.



CONSTANT FLOUNDER.—You will find the small gas engines advertised in the "English Mechanic" and other technical papers.

AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—The Christmas and Summer Parts were not paged with the paper, and will not be bound up with it. There will be no alteration in the size of the cases, so that you must bind in some other style if you decide to include the extra hundred and twenty-eight pages.

A COLLECTOR (Ontario).—We never recommend tradesmen. You must procure the addresses from a directory, or get a copy of "Nature," "Knowledge," "Science Gossip," "Science Monthly," etc., and select from the advertisers.

C. HAYNES.—From the Canadian Government Office in Westminster you can get pamphlets giving all particulars as to emigration and land grants in Manitoba, etc. Apply there by letter or in person.

J. G. L.—If we were painting a picture we should choose for the rocks the colour they appeared to be. You should use your eyes, and be truthful instead of conventional.

A THREE YEARS' READER.—The information can be obtained from the Post Office authorities, and to them you should apply. In your three years' reading you must have seen that to all such questions from persons in search of situations our reply is the same—go to headquarters.

SOMERSET.—The lowest grade for which you can enter is that of boy writer, and your wages begin at 12s. per week, and end at about fourteen shillings per week, depending on the number of hours you work. Boy writers are eligible for other branches of the Civil Service on passing the necessary examinations, but have no claim to preference. For particulars of examinations, perhaps the cheapest and fullest information is to be found in the penny "Civil Service Candidate," published by the Civil Service Department of King's College, London. Tenpence per hour is a man writer's pay.

MEDICUS.—A "Guide to the Medical Profession" is published by E. Gill at 170, Strand, and you should consult it before deciding. The Students' Number of the "Lancet," published in October every year, will also be of great use to you.

M. C. B. and T. W.—Apply to the Secretary, Marine Society, Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., with regard to the Warspite training-ship off Charlton Pier. The official pamphlets on the Army and Navy are now procurable from the various post-offices.

F. S. M.—1. The uniforms of Continental armies can be gathered from the illustrated papers. At the United Service Museum in Whitehall Yard is a series of figures showing those of the British army of the past. 2. There is no cheaper Army List than the official one, and you can get that through any bookseller—to your order. 3. The Condor carries three guns, the Dryad nine, and the Infexible four.

T. P. BEDFORD.—It is not unlikely that "My Friend Smith" will be published in book form, but some time must elapse before it is done.

\* Published by Francis and Day, 195, Oxford Street, London, W.



**FRANOS.**—You "can get clown's or circus clothes" from the nearest costumer, and "the best thing to make your hair curl" will be waiting for their arrival, which will take place about two minutes before you are "jest a-going to kennece." Far better do your clowning in ordinary dress, or design and make your suit at home, and during the progress of the work awake, as you probably will, to the utter absurdity of your boyish ambition.

**POLICEMAN.**—For all situations in the Police Force apply direct to Scotland Yard, or to the City Police headquarters.

**A. T. R.**—1. A man of genius is always unique, and unqualified superlatives cannot apply in your estimate of his relative merit. Critics could not possibly be agreed on such a subject. Scott, Newton, and Raffaele were among the greatest in their different vocations, and that is as far as it would be safe to go. 2. Something coming later on.

**A. KING.**—You will find something about canoe lines in Neison's "Boat Building," in Dixon Kemp's "Yacht and Boat Sailing," and in Tiphys' "Practical Canoeing," obtainable from any bookseller. Neison's costs half-a-crown.

**COLUMBAE.**—1. You can get a pair of good homing pigeons by consulting the advertisements in the "Exchange and Mart." We cannot recommend tradesmen through these columns. 2. We hope we shall "live to answer many more questions," but if they go on at this rate we fear that neither you nor we will live to read the answers!

**H. L. GORDON.**—Certainly not. Had the articles been published in book form they would not have appeared in these pages. The Boy's Own Paper does not give reprints as original matter.

**A. MAY.**—Letters addressed to the "Editor" should never contain requests for copies, or touch on business matters. For such details please send to the publisher, Mr. Joseph Tarn, 56, Paternoster Row.

**T. N. S.**—1. Maceration is the only satisfactory method of skeletonising. In all the more rapid processes the softer parts are eaten away, and the smaller bones are lost. 2. Change the water when the odour becomes too offensive for you.

**W. G. and Others.**—We have something better to do than to criticise the grammar of our contemporaries, and we would esteem it a favour if you were to refrain from sending us cuttings of what you are pleased to consider their slips and errors. In nine cases out of ten the quotation is right and the comment wrong, and the quoter has come to grief on the slippery sands of some sub-fossil grammar. When you get older you will find quite enough to do in correcting your own mishaps without troubling yourselves about crowing over those of other people.

**A LIVING SKELETON.**—1. A complete set of the Boy's Own Paper, including current volume, will cost you £2 3s. 6d. 2. The packets of plates are all kept. They cost one shilling and eightpence each. 3. The indexes of all are in print; but those of Vols. III., IV., and V. are very much more detailed than the others, and are sold separately.

**F. B.**—In such calculations for raising water you take the height alone into consideration. Water will always rise to its level, and the allowance for friction may almost be disregarded.

**C. A. KERRY.**—You would have a better chance of future success if you were to pass through a training ship, such as the Worcester or the Conway, before being apprenticed. The premium varies from seven to seventy pounds, fifty pounds at the least being required by the leading passenger lines. For names see the advertisements in the daily papers, or on the bills near the dock gates.

**J. G. WARD.**—You are wasting your time in tackling a geometrical impossibility. Trisecting an angle by the assumption that you have accurately trisected an arc is a mere evasion of a problem which has been recognised as insoluble by every mathematician from Pythagoras downwards.

**O. R. P.**—Try the Marine Society in Bishopsgate Street Within. Their Thames ship is the Warspite, off Charlton. Personal application should be made for the Chichester or Arethusa.

**A WELL-WISHER.**—The values of coins are simply taken from stray quotations extraordinary enough to be worth mention; and we know not where you can, for instance, daily obtain ten shillings for a George III half-crown—nor does anybody else. If in any periodical you find a definite statement that such coins are now worth a certain price, write at once for the authority, and ask if the cash will be forwarded on receipt of the goods. The values of such things are stated with extreme looseness, and a vast amount of disappointment to young collectors is the result.

**VARNISH.**—Any clear varnish will do, but the best varnish is the best, and that is artist's copal, which, though rather expensive, will dry harder and clearer than any other you can get. Do not put on the varnish too liberally; half a pint should cover a large area. Of the ordinary trade varnishes those used by carriage-builders are the best. With your permission we will quote from your letter as to how you made the screen: "On the frame I stretched some strong linen, tacking all round the edges, sized the linen, and pasted over this a sheet of strong white paper; then laid a ground with opaque or size colour, next traced the designs which were printed in Boy's Own (and which I had enlarged by aid of the pantograph, also made from directions out of your paper), and coloured these with opaque colours, putting plenty of size in them, so that I hope they will stand varnishing."

**R. ATKINS.**—1. Our arrangements are now complete for this volume. 2. The opaque slide lantern is not likely to act unless you have got the focus quite right. An optical instrument should be carefully made.

**T. P. K.**—1. Neil Gow, the best player of dance music that ever held a fiddle, was born at Inver, near Dunkeld, on March 22nd, 1727, and died March 1st, 1807. He composed a great number of tunes, some of which you will find in any of the collections published by his son Nathaniel. He it was who said no man was worthy to be called a master "until he could gar himself greet wi' his fiddle." 2. There is a biographical dictionary specially devoted to the north of the Tweed. It is called "A Book of Scotsmen," and is published by Gardner, of Paisley.

**D. S.**—The fullest book of reference for all the lower forms of life is the "Micrographic Dictionary" by Griffith and Henfrey, published by Van Voorst, of Paternoster Row.

**S. T.**—The name of the compass plant is *Silphium laciniatum*. It has been planted on the prairies, and even there the leaves of the young plant have turned their edges due north and south. The leaf stalks are rather long, and show the peculiarity as soon as they get to be three or four inches high.

**FRANCIS ERNEST.**—There is a school of practical telegraphy in Prince's Street, Hanover Square. Perhaps an inquiry there would put you on the right track.

**E. O. HANSON.**—For temporary frosting make a strong hot solution of sulphate of magnesia and common gum, and dab it on to the glass while warm. For permanent frosting take out the window-pane, bed it firmly on a piece of cloth, sprinkle it with damp silver-sand, and rub it over with a piece of marble, so as to scratch it thoroughly.

**TOMMY ATKINS.**—Cooke and Wheatstone are usually considered to be the inventors of the present telegraph. See any encyclopedia or biographical dictionary for details and history of other claimants.

**G. F. BROWN.**—We had an article on the telephone in the first volume. Please refer to it for answers to your queries.

**BROKEN LEG.**—Several books on Australian exploration are published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. Apply to them for catalogue.

**SAMBO.**—To make black tracing-paper, otherwise manifold paper, smear ordinary paper over with a mixture of grease and lampblack, and wipe it off with a piece of cotton wool twelve hours after the first application.

**J. S. F. W.**—1. Ketchwayo. 2. The journey from Liverpool to New York now takes a week.

**P. B.**—He might do for the figure-head. This is the only "part about a ship" that we can imagine your good-looking cousin—"very short-sighted, hasty, proud, and rather deaf"—would be fit for.

**ZINGARI.**—We should think you had better collect the flowers yourself. You are more likely to get them through a seedsman than through a druggist.

**PROVOCATION.**—The clause in the indentures as to making up time at the end does not apply to public holidays; it is only of effect in case of illness, or lengthened absence.

**C. G. H.**—For such information you should apply to the headquarters of the regiment, which a reference to any Army List will give you.

**R. A.**—A gentleman "in the true sense of the word," as you call it, is one of gentle blood, and his position in life would make no difference.

**B. L. COHEN.**—All the fishes you name can be fished for in the winter months. The close time is from March to June.

**C. B.**—1. There are several manuals of wood carving; one is published by Benrose and Sons, Old Bailey. 2. The word cañon, pronounced and written in America canyon, is the word applied to the almost perpendicular valleys excavated by the rivers in the Western States.

**A YOUNG UNITARIAN.**—Theodore Parker was born at Lexington in Massachusetts in 1810, and died at Florence in 1860.

**ALFRED.**—See "Ghosts at Holly Court" in the second volume beginning in No. 47, and "Spiritualism at Home" in the fifth, beginning in No. 222.

**W. A. D.**—The original Wenham Lake is in the New Hampshire mountains, as stated in "The Playground of Ice," and the others have had the name temporarily given to them.

**AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.**—The preparations and processes used in photography are too elaborate for us to treat of here. You must get a manual specially devoted to the subject.

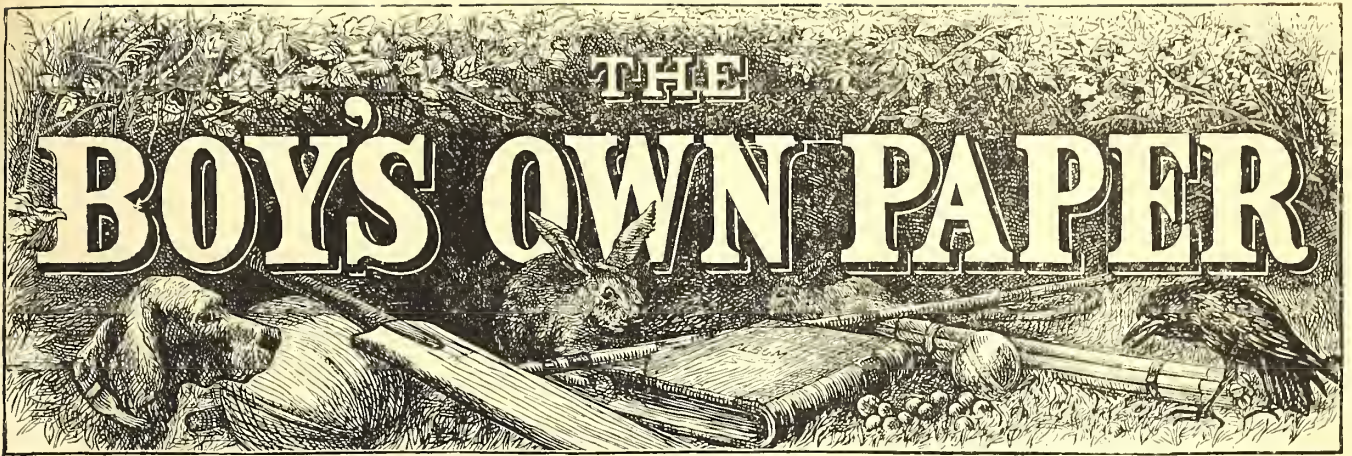
**J. DOUGAL.**—A little oxide of iron in the drinking-water will not do a bird any harm.

**ISOSCELES.**—All such handicrafts are learnt through apprenticeship. Apply for information to some one in a fair way of business. As it is only a few that become artists, you should base your expectations on your prospects as an artisan.

**IMPATIENCE.**—You should deal at another newsagent's, where orders are more promptly attended to. The papers are all published from this office on the same date, and those who come first get first served. We can make no distinctions.







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## HAROLD, THE BOY-EARL:

A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY PROFESSOR J. F. HODGETTS.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued).

PENRUDDOCK sat upon the chair which formed Llewellyn's throne. At his right hand there sat Prince Llewyl, and Rolf sat at his left, and on the fourth, next the earl's chair, had Owen Gwynn his seat. Now Blue-tooth could not understand a word of this dispute, but he watched the priests right narrowly, and then he said to Gwynn,

"Where didst thou pick those churchmen up? Are all your priests like them? Two of the band are as I thought your



"The good Domina could say no more. Tears choked her utterance."



Christian priests should be. The other ten!—regard them well! are they real churchmen? Say, I think thou wouldst not play me false, for if thou didst—! Let Thorskull place a guard quick in the atrium there. And not a sound must there be heard. Let some one bring my axe and put it down just by that door—quick and be silent, Gwynn."

Then Owen hastened off abashed to think Earl Rolf should doubt his faith to him he loved so much, all pagan though he was! He left the chamber, found that earl who led the heavy horse, and begged that twenty of his men might sentinel the hall.

"I come from grim Earl Rolf to thee, who bade me bring his axe and place it at the council door just ready for his hand."

Earl Thorskull smiled.

"Earl Rolf," he said, "had never told him such a tale as that. What Rolf commands, his ban will do; he never asks too much, and so I know, sir British knave, that this is not his will!"

"How?" exclaimed Owen. "He bade me ask thee to be quick. He said that time was short. Give me his axe, and post the men. Be quick!"

"Rolf's axe, my friend, thou *canst not lift!*" said Thorskull, with a laugh; "but I will post the men and take the axe myself."

He left the atrium and chose his men, and just returned in time to hear Earl Rolf say, quietly, "Gwynn, tell those priests of thine I think their quarrelling unmeet in such a scene and place; tell them I have some skill in settling disputes, and if they wish I will decide how to perform the rites!"

Owen, who had returned at once when Thorskull left the hall, translated what the grim earl said, and saw to his surprise that the looks those churchmen flung him back were not of peaceful kind. He saw fresh meaning in the glance, and now he deplored Earl Thorskull's heavy mood.

"That stupid earl," thought Owen Gwynn, "may spoil Earl Blue-tooth's plans."

But Rolf sat calmly in his chair, nor made another sign until he heard Earl Thorskull's foot tramp through the atrium. "What noise is that?" he calmly asked, and looked at Gwynn and smiled. "If that be Thorskull, ask him here. I left my staff outside."

Then Owen stepped down to the door and beckoned Thorskull in, who brought the ponderous battle-axe, which few but Rolf could wield. All this was done so quietly, so calm the grim earl sat, that none within the council-room could see the smallest sign of any feeling but contempt in that unruffled face.

"I thank thee, Thorskull, for the pains thou hast taken to bring my axe. See thy men stationed in the room, and take thy seat with us."

Without exertion, as it seemed, those giant champions came, and Thorskull placed them round the room in a half-circle shape. And all this time the two real priests were laying down the law to show how Candida could not share her dead father's tomb.

Penruddock marked this sad dispute, but he marked something more—he saw that ten of those twelve priests wore arms beneath their stoles. He spoke to Llewyl, who answered him that they were in the hands of Rolf, who doubtless would know how to act. And when they saw the twenty stalwart men, each a head taller

than the Britons, armed with the fearful weapon of the North, they could not but admire the foresight and skill which never deserted Blue-tooth in any emergency.

The dispute was rising to a higher pitch than would be supposed suitable to the clerical character assumed by the British chieftains, and so badly sustained by the priests themselves, when Rolf calmly rose to his feet and said, without raising his voice above its ordinary pitch,

"There seems to be a difference of opinion among these holy men. I am no member of their church, but I am now inclined to settle this discussion in my own simple way. Owen will first translate and then I will proceed."

He paused, as did the disputants, and Gwynn performed his task, translating very pithily the grim Earl Blue-tooth's words.

Then Rolf went on,

"It seems to me from what I learn from Gwynn that two of you are better versed in churchcraft than the rest. The point disputed seems to be the rite of sepulture. Now I am very practical, and therefore if the king will but permit me I decide the matter in this way. Ye are not clear on burial points. We'll bury you at once, and that will give convincing proof of how the thing is done. Of course" (he said this to the guard) "you kill the nithings first who come disguised before their king in such disgraceful sort. Take them away!"

The gleam that shot from his clear eye was not a pleasant thing to see for those it fell upon.

"Take them away," he said; "dispatch them straight, and let these priests be sent with fitting escort to the house from which these catiffs came."

Then there was strife for life and death, but in those stalwart hands the smaller Britons had no chance, and they were soon subdued.

Then Owen said to grim Earl Rolf,

"Among those ten is one who saved thy Harold's life and mine in very bitter need. He gave the English youngsters food and shelter in his hall, he gave them back the ban dog Bran, which had been found by him when they were taken by that king whose cold remains lie there!"

"Which is he, Owen?" quoth the earl. "I give him up to thee, and give him thanks from grim Earl Rolf; say he is safe for me!"

And then the nine were marched away and were never heard of more. The priests were quickly sent to fetch their brethren of the cloth, and Owen told them as they left to let their scruples be, to tell their brethren nothing of what had passed with them, but to perform the funeral rites for daughter and for king.

Pale with affright the priests rode off attended by a guard, and Rolf, Penruddock, Gwynn, and Llewyl partook of right good cheer till the priests returned with book and bell and cross, and all the gear that they required in their rites of holy sepulture.

Some little distance from the house or villa, or "the hold," on a smooth flat piece of ground was shaped the funeral mound. A leaden coffin held the king, another held his child. But Gwendolen? Her ashes lay in a Roman urn enshrined. This urn was placed between the two who slept in metal shrouds, and they rested there in all their pomp of arms and brave attire. He wore the torque about his neck, his shield upon his breast, his battle sword beside him, and his helmet on his

brow. She was in white; some jewels were clasped about her neck, but her whole attire was simple as she used it in her life. Then came the churchmen chanting the grand Gregorian Chant, and their voices seemed to open the gates of heaven above; their vesture pure and spotless, white as the driven snow, while the vessels for their office were rich in gems and gold. The service was impressive, and the pagans who stood round were still and very solemn till Penruddock threw some sand on those who lay before him in their last resting-place. Then the rustics piled the grave-mound over the solemn place. The service was concluded, and the priest blessed all the throng, both Christian men and pagans, and then withdrew with song.

Of those who watched this service none seemed so struck with awe as that cruel grim Earl Blue-tooth, who was deeply moved with it all. He spoke to none and heeded not what Llewyl or Owen said, but he marched back very thoughtfully to where Octavia sat. Many of her slaves had come again, finding no shelter among the terrified peasantry, who would receive no one into their houses for fear of the pagan earl. Most of the men had been cut down by the axes of the English, but, under Gwynn's management, there was soon a tolerable household formed, and more order and comfort in the place than could have been expected, so that when Rolf joined Octavia he was surprised at the change which a few hours had effected. He sat down near the couch on which we have seen her several times already, and motioned Owen to a seat near them, when he was surprised to hear her address him in English.

"My lord earl, thou art doubtless indignant that thy son and his brave companions should have been imprisoned and otherwise unkindly treated by my husband. But it was not his fault; poor Llewellyn was under the control of a person who made him believe in witchcraft and the like. The appearance of thy boys gave this wretch an opportunity of working on the credulity of my poor husband, and under his influence they were treated harshly, but the crowning felony was to inflame Llewellyn so against thy Harold as to cause him to attempt his life. This wickedness returned on his own head, and he slew his darling daughter Gwendolen clad like a Saxon boy."

Here the good Domina could say no more, tears choked her utterance. Then said Earl Rolf,

"I know that story, lady. And it seems to me I owe thee reparation."

"Thou, Earl Rolf!"

"Yes, I. Through me the boys sought Britain, and through that freak thou hast lost husband and two daughters. Nor is that all. Penruddock is the lawful king, and he will take his throne in justice, unless my master claims the whole by right of conquest. In any case I owe thee heavy reparation. So I beg thou wilt accept such hospitality as my humble roof can give until a house is finished for thy use more in the Roman fashion than we like. Harold has told me much, and his boy's heart, so full of gratitude, overflows in love to thee. My wife will love thee for her Harold's sake, and so will all the mothers of those boys who travelled with my son. Here it seems thou hast not one to love thee, and without love a woman's heart is empty. Through my son thy daughter has been lost, but thou



hast really found a son in him. Come to thy son! Thy daughter is no more, thy son invites thee through his father's lips to join us and be happy. For thy faith, take with thee what thou wilt of priests and books; thou hast free power in England, though a British dame. A church shall, if thou wilt, arise for thee, and it shall be as free for thee to speak and act among my people as for myself and wife. Fear

nothing. For the Britons in this place, they think thou art a prisoner; be it so, then art thou safe from them."

The good Octavia could make no reply, her heart was overflowing; she left them for the present, for she could not speak, and went to her own chamber, where she wept.

"And, Owen," said the grim earl, with a smile, "which is it, home or England?"

"Tell me," said Owen, "of another home and I would not see England!"

"Across the sea," said Rolf, "there is a colony of Britons from this isle. First thou shalt come to us, and if we please thee not those Britons yonder may. Now to my warriors; I have much to do, and it is growing late."

(To be continued.)

## STRANGER THAN FICTION;

OR, STORIES OF MISSIONARY HEROISM AND PERIL.

### III.—THE MARTYR OF ERROMANGO.

BISHOP PATTESON was martyred at Nukapu on September 20, 1871; two-and-thirty years before another famous tragedy had happened at Erromango. That island, also known as Koromango, had been discovered by Cook in 1774, and its inhabitants had ever after been known as amongst the most savage of the peoples of the Pacific. With their yard-long clubs and diminutive bows and arrows and spears and slings they had always shown themselves opposed to any attempt at landing on their coast, and their reputation as the cruellest and most constant of cannibals had of itself done much towards keeping intruders at a distance.

On the 20th of November, 1839, the missionary ship *Camden* cast anchor in Dillon's Bay, one of the few breaks in the lofty cliff line at the eastern end. For Erromango, though built of coral—in its madrepores have been found as high as five hundred feet above sea level—is ninety miles in circumference, and has a central range of considerable height springing from a precipitous girdle that rises sheer up from the waves. As soon as the anchor was dropped a canoe containing three of the islanders put off from the beach, and to meet them a boat was lowered, and in it three missionaries, Messrs. Williams, Harris, and Cunningham, with Captain Morgan and four sailors, took their seats. Mr. Williams tried to enter into conversation with the natives, but found to his disappointment that their language was one with which he was unacquainted. Their dialect, in fact, belongs to the Melanesian and not the Polynesian group, and his experience in the Societies and other easterly archipelagos proved useless.

The boat was steered towards a creek, and some beads and a looking-glass were thrown ashore, and a supply of fresh water asked for by signs. The pantomime was understood, the water was brought, and Mr. Harris waded to the land. The people who had gathered on the beach precipitately fled, and Mr. Williams called to Harris to sit down and wait. This he did, and slowly the natives returned, and after a time offered him some cocoa-nut milk. Among them were several little boys at play, but no women were present—a suspicious circumstance, as the women are always kept in the background when hostilities are expected.

As soon as friendliness was shown by the present of the cocoa-nut milk Mr. Williams landed and began to distribute some cloth in return for the gift. While he was doing so Mr. Harris advanced into the bush, to be followed a few moments later by Mr. Williams, who counted out aloud in Samoan to see if the lads would recognise any of the words. Mr. Cunningham, who had also got ashore, noticed the fierce looks of the men and warned Williams of his danger, but either he was unheard or unheeded.

Suddenly, as he was stooping to pick up a shell, Cunningham heard a loud shout, and, looking up, caught sight of Harris running for his life. He turned round and rushed back to the boat, and Williams followed his example, while a blast from a conch-shell urged on the islanders in pursuit. Harris slipped, and before

he could regain his footing the angry natives were upon him and he was clubbed to death. Williams was caught at the water's edge, and

were with him on that day dedicated to the service of the Saviour was Robert Moffat, the famous father-in-law of Livingstone.



Rev. John Williams.

struck senseless by a blow from a club. The boat was backed, and Captain Morgan tried to frighten away the savages with a blank cartridge. In spite of a shower of arrows he landed, but the bodies were dragged into the bush out of his reach, and pursuit being obviously of no avail, the captain returned to the ship and made sail for Sydney. The *Favourite* was dispatched to the island. She arrived there on the 26th of February, and found that the missionaries had been eaten, and that only their skulls and a few of their bones could be recovered. These were reverently taken to the Samoans, and there, amid such a scene of grief as has seldom been witnessed, John Williams, "the martyr of Erromango," was buried among the people who loved him much, and for whom he had given the best years of his life.

He had commenced his career as an ironmonger's apprentice. At the age of eighteen he had one Sunday evening heard a sermon which affected him greatly and made him seriously bethink himself of his spiritual condition. He had joined a "youths' class," and therefrom derived much of his education. In his twentieth year he acted on a suggestion of his pastor's to join the ministry, and, passing the necessary examination of the London Missionary Society, was charged to proceed to the Pacific, whence at that time had arrived an urgent request for help in preaching the Gospel. Among those who

Having got married—his wife was Mary Chanuer—he started for Tahiti. Thence he was called by the people to Hualine, and thence he was called to Raiatea, the largest of the Society Islands.

Raiatea was a stronghold of the old religion. In one of its sombre valleys was the Temple of Oro, the war god, who claimed human sacrifices as his due. The superstitious natives—a story is told of one of them hearing a cockatoo talk in a vessel's cabin and fleeing for his life terror-stricken at having heard the spirit of a man he had murdered—had at last discovered the baselessness of their worship, and gave the young missionary a cordial welcome. The state of the island, compared with the flourishing condition of its neighbours, where Christianity had been preached, had impelled the king to invite him thither, and maintain a sort of benevolent neutrality towards him.

By preaching very little was to be done, and so Williams set to work to teach by example. He had always been noted for his ingenuity and general handiness, and here these gifts found full scope. He built his own house complete, with sash windows, venetian blinds, and verandah. By his skill at the forge he made his own tools and fittings. The house was an eight-roomed one, and this he finished in fine style, using for mortar the lime obtained by pounding coral. Having built the house he



made the furniture, and for the first time the islanders saw what a difference civilisation makes to men.

her he returned to the islands, and cruising about in her sowed broadcast the seeds of the Gospel. Of his many missionary cruises in her



Wilson and Hyder Ali.

The king was delighted at the success of the enterprise, and, wonderful to relate, set to work himself to build a house like the missionary's. Once the monarch turned to labour, his subjects dutifully followed the example, and soon a well-built village sprang up. In a short time each man found what he was best qualified to do, and betook himself to a special trade.

Having encouraged them so far, Williams gradually led them on to build a chapel. The chapel was in every way a wonder for the islanders, and when the missionary from his own forge successfully produced a pair of chandeliers the monarch's admiration knew no bounds. By living with them, by sympathising with them, by teaching them to work, the skilful missionary had securely enlisted their confidence, and this, with the familiarity with their language he had by this time acquired, rendered the task of conversion, with God's blessing, an easy one. Soon Raiatea became one of the happiest islands in the Pacific.

An attack of illness led Williams to think that he would have to leave his people. For a year he was dissuaded from doing so, and then he went to Sydney. There a ninety-ton schooner was bought (the *Te Matama*), and in

and the ship that succeeded her space forbids us here to speak; suffice it to say that the missionary never rested in his efforts to help on the cause to which he had devoted his life. In 1834 he came home and spent four years advocating that cause, and meeting with much success. In 1838 he returned in his new ship, the *Cambria*, and the next year met with his death, as we have seen, at Erromango. His last sermon when he left his faithful people was on a text afterwards looked upon by them as prophetic: "Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more."

He was born at Tottenham High Court in 1796, the same year, curiously enough, that the London Missionary Society started their first ship, the *Duff*, on her first cruise. She was commanded by Captain Wilson, whose extraordinary adventures in India have formed the theme of many a missionary address. He had been taken prisoner by the French, and hearing that Suffrein, the French commander, was about to hand over all the English prisoners to the tender mercies of Hyder Ali, made his escape from the tower at Cuddalore, in which he was confined, by jumping down a forty-feet wall.

At the base of the wall was the crocodile-haunted Coleroon, and into its waters he plunged and swam across into safety without mishap. Climbing a height on the other side, however, to survey the country, he was spotted by some of Hyder Ali's peons, and recaptured. He was stripped naked, had his hands tied behind him, and then taken before the terrible chief himself. When interrogated he gave a truthful account of his escape from his prison at Cuddalore, but when he said he had swum the Coleroon the Indian exclaimed that he must be romancing, for had he even dipped his finger in the water he would have been seized by a crocodile. Upon being convinced, however, that Wilson's story was true, he exclaimed, "This is a man of God!"

Wilson was chained to a soldier and driven naked, barefoot, and wounded, for five hundred miles up the country, and then, loaded with irons weighing two-and-thirty pounds, was thrust into a horrible den known as the Black Hole. While there, so great at times was his hunger that his jaws snapped involuntarily when the scanty food came into view. Often a corpse was unchained from his arm in the morning that another sufferer might take his place and die during the next twenty-four hours. In this place he remained twenty-two months, and was then released with thirty-one others at the submission of Hyder Ali.

Wilson was at this time utterly reckless in religious matters, and notwithstanding at Bencoolen soon afterwards every European in the ship he commanded met with his death, he still continued his callous career. He made his fortune and returned to England with Mr. Thomas, one of the Baptist missionaries working at Serampore, and Thomas tried in vain to win him for the Gospel. At last, when he had left as he thought the sea for ever, and was living in retirement at ease on his means, he happened to meet with an old number of the "Evangelical Magazine," and what he read therein so influenced him that he resolved to spend the rest of his life working for the conversion of the heathen. He offered himself as a volunteer to the London Missionary Society, and was by them entrusted with the command of their first ship, and in her so managed matters that the early success of the missions in the South Seas was mainly due, under God, to his efforts.



House at Rarotonga where Williams lived.



## HOMES OF MANY LANDS.

PART I.



Egyptian Mud Huts.



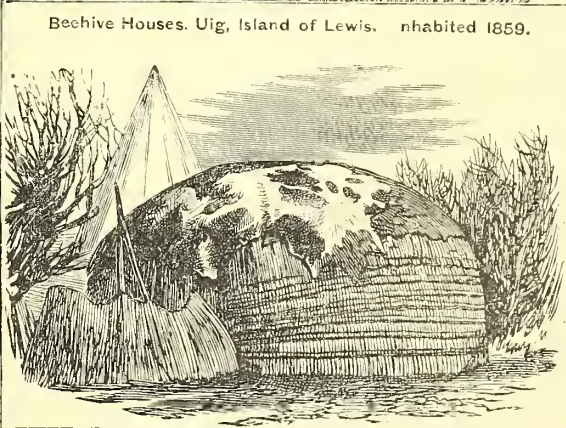
Beehive Houses. Uig, Island of Lewis. inhabited 1859.

IN the hut of the late Cetewayo we have a very ordinary type of the dwellings of uncivilised man. The sides and roof are made of inter-banded branches, daubed with mud, and covered with skins.

From observations as to what is going on now amongst savage races, it would seem that man in his early days took shelter in and under trees. Gradually the boughs of the trees were fastened together so as to afford a better protection, and then, after a long, long interval, rushes and minor vegetation were woven amongst the clump of boughs, and gave us the first hut. The shelter of the trunk was then in some cases abandoned for



Eskimo Snow Houses.



Cetewayo's Hut.

that of the hillside, and fallen boughs took the place of those that were still on the tree. Then, taking a hint from the caves, a basement of rough stones was introduced, and this foundation led the way to the Cyclopean masonry whose stones were selected to fit into each other's angles by the aid of that rough clinometer known to stonemasons as the bevil.

We can trace all architecture back to its wooden days. Pillars and arches are but copies in stone of the original trunks and boughs. Where wood is plentiful, wood continues to be used; where brick is cheapest, brick is used; where stone is easiest found, stone is used. The material of which a house is built depends upon that which lies readiest to hand, but its plan depends on custom, and always bears in it the marks of its origin.

The simplest houses in the world are perhaps those of the Andaman Islanders, which have only a roof of bamboo or palm leaves, supported in front by two poles from six to eight feet high, and at the back have two others rising only a couple of feet from the ground. The Andamaners are as peculiar in other things as they are in their architecture. They are a pocketless race, and when a husband dies the widow hangs his skull on a string round her neck, and uses it ever afterwards as a handy box for small articles! The Veddahs of Ceylon, the pigmy race that has the trained hunting buffaloes, have also very simple huts of boughs and bark.

The Fuegian wigwam is hardly worthy of the

name. That miserable people—whose women, quite unclothed, go paddling amongst the rocks with their babies in their arms seeking at low water in the depth of winter for the shellfish which form their scanty food—require very little protection from the night air, and a few broken branches stuck in the ground and thatched on one side with grass and rushes is all that they have. It has been called a haystack; it is only by courtesy that it can be so spoken of.

The Patagonians, who are only separated from the natives of the Land of Fire by the Straits of Magellan, are very much more advanced in their notions of housebuilding. Their huts are rectangular, from ten to twelve feet long and ten feet deep, six feet high at the rear, and a foot higher in front, and are made of a frame of poles stuck in the ground, and having forked tops to hold the cross-pieces on which rest the rafters supporting the roof of skins. As the gipsy moves with his caravan so does the Patagonian take his house about with him. The poles and rafters are carried from place to place, and a piece of hard pointed wood goes with them to serve as a spade to dig the post-holes.

Wood is scarce in Patagonia, but in the far north it is scarcer still. In the summer the Eskimo dwells in skin tents held down with stones, and for a tent-pole uses horns lashed together. Earth and drift timber also furnish materials for his more permanent dwelling in the winter, but as a rule he builds in snow and

ice. Ice is colder than snow, and it has the disadvantage of being transparent. An Eskimo ice house permits as much to be seen of what is going on inside as an ordinary greenhouse amongst ourselves.

To make his snow cottages the Eskimo chooses a drift of hard, compact snow, and on it traces a circle, the snow within which he cuts into oblong slabs six or seven inches thick and two feet long. These blocks are laid round the circumference. It takes two men to build a house, one working from the outside, one from the in. The walls are gradually shortened as they rise, and at last a dome-shaped structure some nine or ten feet high is completed over the man inside, who in cutting his way out makes the doorway. The rate at which these houses are built is considerable. Sir Leopold McClintock hired four Eskimos for a few nails to erect a hut twenty-four feet in circumference and five feet high, and this was very neatly done in a day. To these anthill-looking arrangements there is in most cases a tunnel or antechamber as a protection to the door. Scoresby found in Greenland that this tunnel slanted up and down so that the air should mix more gradually with the atmosphere of the interior. Generally, however, the passage has a step in the middle, the half next the hut being lower than either the snow outside or the floor within. When the house is finished an ice slab about two feet in diameter is fixed in for a window, the snow around is shovelled up all over the dome to



protect it and fill up crevices, and what snow has been left within is used to form the furniture. A bench is made of snow all round the wall, and on it are put the paddles and the tent-poles covered with birch boughs and andromeda bushes, and on this softish cushion come the skins.

In the spring the snow houses melt away, and it is when the weather is too hot for his snow hut and too cold for his tent that the Eskimo passes the most miserable period of his existence. In some places in the North-West he builds a permanent and odoriferous hut of the bones of whales and walrus, floors it with split timber caulked with moss, and has a store-room below; but this is only done by the more southerly families. The atmosphere of these "yours" is simply indescribable. The Eskimo is not over nice in his habits, and he knows it. It is related that when he wishes to show special respect to a guest he will fork the piece of meat out of the seldom-emptied pot, and, having solemnly licked off all the dirt and soot which is sure to be sticking to it, hand it over nice and clean to him he delights to honour.

In Kamtschatka the winter houses are built exactly like a vault, oval in shape, and sunk a

dozen feet below the surface, the framing being of wood and whale-ribs, the roof of grass and earth. The entrance to these dwellings is by a notched pole, and the Kamtschatkan goes down to dinner very much in the fashion of a bear in the familiar pit. In the summer the Kamtschatkan lives in a pole-hut built up on a platform, the underground vault being only his winter residence.

The Kamtschatkans are not the only people who live underground, nor are the Eskimo the only dwellers in mole-hills. To say nothing of the mud-huts of Egypt, in Uig, nearer home, "beehive houses" are still inhabited, and the "Picts' houses" and "weems" of the Scots have been the puzzle of many an antiquary, as have been the Celtic huts on Dartmoor and in other parts of Britain.

Of the Scottish "brochs"—which would seem to have been the better-class dwellings of the early inhabitants—south of the Caledonian valley only three specimens are known to exist; north of it, on the mainland and the adjacent islands, are three or four hundred. The broch at Moussa, in the Shetlands, is a circular tower, composed of a dry-built wall fifteen feet thick,

and enclosing a court twenty feet in diameter. The wall is forty-five feet high, and has no opening to the outside except the doorway leading to the court. Opening from the court are a series of chambers on the ground floor, built in the thickness of the wall, and vaulted with overlapping masonry. Above these are successive ranges of level galleries, also in the thickness of the wall, each going round the tower, the roof of one forming the floor of the other. In the centre is a well—as is nearly always the case; and indeed, in some of the examples, drains have been put in to carry off the waste water. Among the relics found in the ruins are hand-mills, lamps, and pottery, ornaments of metal, a brooch of brass and bracelets of jet, needles, spindle-wheels, weft-combs, and reindeer bones; a collection showing that the early inhabitants knew how to sew, to spin, and to weave; that the reindeer, now vanished from Scotland, was hunted there not so very long ago; while the brass brooch affords fair evidence that the broch-dwellers were contemporary with at least the beginning of the Roman occupation of Britain.

(To be continued.)

## OUR OPEN COLUMN.

### WORDS OF CHEER.

JOHN and NORMAN write from Montreal: "We are two boys in Canada, and, needless to say, devour the contents of your paper with colonial avidity. Our minister (Rev. A. E. Mackay, pastor of one of the largest churches in this city, and author of several popular books published by Hodder and Stoughton), seems to read the B. O. P. almost as regularly as we; he tells us it is so *manly*. We often recognise your magazine as the source of facts he makes use of in his sermons. A few Sabbaths since, in addressing the Sabbath-school, he asked, 'How many boys here read the BOY'S OWN PAPER?' A great many hands were held up. 'How many are reading the "Willoughby Captain?"' Quite a number, I see. Well, there is a boy in that story called the "Pi." Why was he called that?' etc., etc. We mention this as one indication of the unbounded popularity in this part of the world of yours, the giant of juvenile monthlies."

### HINTS ON BUILDING MODEL YACHTS.

BY O. O. ASHWORTH.

In an article under the above heading in the BOY'S OWN PAPER for June 5th, 1880, we published the proportions for the spars of model yachts. Just lately we have had a letter from the author of the article, giving us some revised and better proportions for some of the spars. The following are the revised proportions:—

A cutter's bowsprit outboard should be from  $\frac{1}{5}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the length on water-line; generally a length of  $\frac{1}{5}$  will give a sufficiently long spar.

Inboard, the length of a cutter's bowsprit should be  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the length outboard.

In a yawl-rigged model yacht the same proportion of bowsprit will do as in a cutter. A yawl's mizen-mast should be equal in length from deck to truck to  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the length of mainmast, deck to masthead, whilst from deck to hounds the length should be  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the mainmast deck to hounds. A yawl's mizen-mast should be stepped just abaft the place where the rudder-head comes up through the deck.

A yawl's mizen-boom should be equal in length to the distance from the aft side of the mizen-mast to the end of the counter, plus  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the length on water-line added. A yawl's mizen-yard should be, as I stated in the article in the number for June 5th, 1880, the same length as the mizen-boom.

If a yawl is to have a gaff-mizen instead of a lug-mizen, the length of the mizen-gaff should be  $\frac{1}{3}$  or  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the length of mizen-boom.

In a schooner the mainmast from deck to underside of crossrees should be equal in length to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  or 3 times the greatest beam; whilst the length of the foremast, deck to underside of crossrees, should be  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the length of mainmast, deck to underside of crossrees.

A schooner's bowsprit outboard should be from  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{5}$  of the length on water-line.

A schooner's fore-gaff should be equal in length to  $\frac{1}{9}$  or  $\frac{1}{10}$  of the distance between the fore and mainmasts measured on deck.

In a schooner the fore and mainmast heads should be equal in length to  $\frac{1}{2}$  of their respective masts, deck to underside of crossrees. A schooner's fore and mainmasts should be placed as follows. The centre of the hole for the foremast should be  $\frac{1}{10}$  of the length on water-line abaft the fore end of water-line, and the centre of the hole for the mainmast should be  $\frac{1}{10}$  of the length on water-line abaft the fore end of the water-line.

## THE TIGERSKIN:

By LOUIS ROUSSELET,

Author of "The Two Cabin Boys," "The Drummer Boy," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XXVII.—A ROYAL INTERVIEW.

BARBAROU'S accident was not so very serious after all. The repair of the famous coat required but a few stitches. Latchman, like all native servants, was very handy with the needle, and soon removed all trace of the catastrophe; in fact, he did better, for, by putting in a double lining, he rendered a return of the calamity impossible.

But the gallant Marsellais could not entirely console himself, although Holbeck all the morning tried his best to make him forget his misfortune.

"Your triumph, Barbarou," said he, as they sat down to breakfast, "was complete, and no one can hold you responsible for the strength of your coat stitches. As the guests left they were unanimous in praising your famous cotillon, and Mr. Titbit, who is the correspondent of the 'Mofussilite,' promised to send a very flattering account to his paper—omitting, of course, any reference to the unfortunate accident at the finish."

"Then," said Barbarou, proudly, "do you think that the Bombay journals will mention my 'King-of-the-Tigers' cotillon?"

"I am sure of it," answered the doctor; and, to put an end to this delicate subject, he said to Everest, "As for you, my dear friend, please accept my heartiest felicitations at your brilliant conduct. I think you are already within sight of your recovery. A little perseverance and the desired result will be attained. I can even say that, for a commencement, you have pushed your courage to the verge of heroism. To face a cotillon is a most brilliant action."

"I am not at all proud of the action," said Everest, with a smile, "for I only bowed to circumstances; I did all I could to keep away from it."

"It does not matter," replied Holbeck. "All I know is that you played your part most gallantly. When you were standing bolt upright among the company, and evoking with your gilded plaything the genii of the forest, I thought you were really superb."

"You are too flattering."



A REAL BOY.—A real, true, hearty, happy boy is about the best thing we know of, unless it is a real girl, and there is not much to choose between them. A real boy may be a sincere lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, even if he cannot lead the prayer-meeting or be a preacher. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb, and shout like a real boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. A real boy is also peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He takes the part of small boys against large boys. He discourages fighting. He refuses to be a party in mischief and deceit. Above all things he is never afraid to show his colours. He need not always be interrupting, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do anything because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God, or is a Christian. A real boy never takes part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meets the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for all things of God he feels the deepest reverence. And a real boy is not ashamed to say "father" or "mother will not like it if I do so-and-so." It is only your sham, milk-and-water boys that are afraid to do right. —The Outlook.



"Don't apologise," said the doctor. "I saw you laugh heartily and frankly, and that, you know, would not have happened to you a short time ago. It is true that, if I were not afraid of exciting our friend's susceptibility, I should add that the attack of hilarity coincided very strangely with the destruction of one of your coats which decorated Barbarou's shoulders."

"Oh, the traitor!" exclaimed the sailor. "He laughed at my misfortune!" "Believe me, my dear friend—" said Everest, apologetically.

"No apologies," continued Barbarou; "I forgive you because you have laughed, and I will crack your coat as often as you please if it will only have the same result."

"You are the best fellows in the world!" exclaimed Everest, with sudden enthusiasm, and, rising, he held out a hand to each of his companions, and they shook it warmly. "Allow me," added he, "to thank you. Instead of leaving me to my misanthropy, you bear all my ill-humour without complaint, and really, by your goodness, generosity, and disinterestedness, lead me to love my fellow-men."

"My dear Everest," said Holbeck, "I am not worthy of all your compliments. You are ill; I am a doctor, and want to cure you, that is all. I wish to show you that humanity is not so bad as you think, and that the qualities which you are pleased to recognise in us are, thank God, very largely represented."

"I begin to believe a little in them," replied Everest. "It is true that here I have met with vain pretentious people, who think me humble in rank and fortune, and treat me with some disdain; but, on the other hand, I have found others whom this apparent humility has not prevented from showing a discreet sympathy, such as everything compels me to think disinterested."

"Yes," said Holbeck, "this colony of the Armoudjan is an excellent image of society, and, in spite of a few absurdities—and where are they not?—the majority of those who compose it are decent people."

"My friends," said Barbarou, who did not care for long dissertations, "you know that we are to meet at two o'clock at the gate of the Armoudjan to go to the Mouti Mahal."

"Meet? Mouti Mahal? Why?" asked Holbeck.

"Have you forgotten," answered Barbarou, "that his highness to-day inaugurates his summer palace, and that the ladies and members of the Tigerslayers' Club are invited to a gigantic picnic in the palace gardens?"

"I had forgotten it," said Holbeck, frankly. "Since we came here jollification succeeds jollification with such regularity that I verily believe the story of the King-of-the-tigers has been invented with the sole object of disseminating innumerable indigestions. We go from breakfast to lunch, and from lunch to picnic, and, what with the dinners and the suppers, I do not know a stomach that can stand it."

It often fell to the little naturalist to protest against the life of pleasure that was being indulged in at the Armoudjan, but his protestations were merely matters of form. At heart, though Holbeck was compelled to pass his life in the solitudes of the wild woods, he was an eminently sociable man, and his delicate and playful character found these few weeks spent among amiable and educated people highly

agreeable. If he did not allow himself, like Barbarou, to have his head turned by the glitter of aristocracy, he none the less considered it a piece of good fortune to find himself mixing in a world from which his humble position had hitherto excluded him.

A few minutes after the conversation we have just narrated Holbeck bestrode his peaceful mule, and, escorted by his companions on horseback, rode off towards the gate of the Armoudjan.

Beneath the large trees at the point where the roads met a crowd of horsemen had collected from all parts of the camp. This time the squadron was increased by the addition of several ladies in the saddle, while their mammas occupied the landaus which his highness had placed at their disposal.

At two o'clock precisely Colonel Shaughnessy gave the signal, and the cavalcade moved off, the horsemen caracoling beside the carriages. The road was wide and in good condition, and stretched away south of the town, ascending through a wooded valley, the view from which was bounded by the Mahadee hills.

After a journey of a couple of hours, during which the horses were severely tried at some of the hills, the monumental gate forming the entry to the Mouti Mahal park was reached. Almost immediately the summer palace of his highness appeared in view, and was greeted with a general shout of admiration.

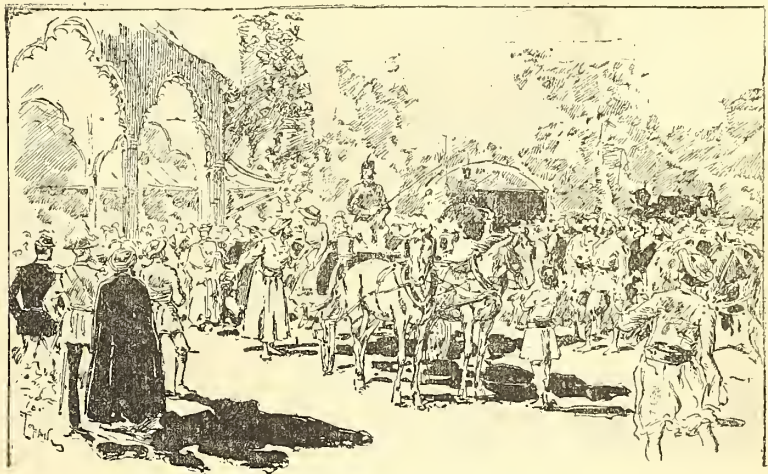
In the centre of a wide stretch of verdure, begirt by thick woods, lay a vast assemblage of buildings, with innumerable terraces, towers, and minarets. Dominating all rose the Mouti Mahal, the palace of pearls itself, one of those luxurious archi-

soldiers were in waiting at the palace, and as the ladies and gentlemen of the camp of the Armoudjan pulled up in front of the principal front, his highness Goulab Sing appeared in person to receive his guests.

With great gallantry, and with the air of a man schooled in all the rules of etiquette, did the Maharajah hasten to the carriage which bore Mrs. Butnot and Mrs. Peernose, and offered them his arm to aid them to alight. Then he ran to greet the other ladies, and then when this duty was accomplished shook hands in due rotation with the principal members of the club, not forgetting his favourite Holbeck, "the most learned doctor, and Grand Cordon of the Royal Order of the Horn of Siva."

On entering the great hall, which occupied the centre of the ground floor of the palace, the king's guests could not help again expressing their admiration. The room realised all those fairy conceptions which our European decorations imitate by artful effects of colour and light. But here the magnificence was real. Columns of white marble, encrusted with mosaics and precious stones, supported a ceiling picked out in gold, silver, and lapis lazuli, from whence hung, like bouquets of flowers, elaborate ornaments in rock crystal, glittering in their rainbow tints like so many jewels. Between the arcades surrounding the room were strange idols, with heads many and grimacing and innumerable arms, all clothed in rich brocades, and covered with gems and precious stones. At the end was the golden throne itself, fixed on a base of lapis lazuli from Badakshan.

The colonel gave expression to the



"Goulab Sing appeared in person to receive his Guests."

tectural fancies that Indians alone know how to realise—a monument in the grandeur of its proportions; an artistic jewel in the delicacy and profusion of its ornament. On three sides of a level lawn were the long, many-coloured façades, with their light traceried arcades; while on the other side of the rectangle was a large sheet of water, where swans and birds of brilliant plumage were collected, and which bathed the very base of the buildings and reflected the balconies and moucharabies. Beyond the green was the park, planted with gigantic trees extending up to the wild naked rocks, whence leapt a foaming cascade, whose waters fed the tranquil lake.

Quite an army of servants, pages, and

visitors' surprise at such an accumulation of marvels when, addressing the king, he said,

"How is it, Maharajah, that up to this day you have kept us in ignorance of this palace, which I do not hesitate to call one of the marvels of India? I suppose you were afraid that such a spectacle would render us insensible to all the splendid things you have hitherto shown us?"

"You are mistaken, colonel," said his highness. "If I have not shown you this palace, where my ancestors have deposited all the riches of their treasures, it is because I myself have till now been kept away from it by a terrible enemy. It is to you that I owe the power of coming here to-day."



"What enemy could have obliged your highness to abandon so enchanting a place?" asked the colonel, with surprise.

"You shall know," said the king. "From the time of my regretted and venerated father, the Maharajah Rambhir Sing, this palace has always been my favourite residence. Here it is that, resting from the cares of government, I can

princes and nobles who came to bow before me. The bayaderes, the servants of Siva, danced in the centre of the hall to the sound of the viol and the flute, and the Brahmans intoned the slokas of the sacred hymns.

"Suddenly a terrible noise was heard outside the room. The chants ceased, the bayaderes paused in their mystic dance,

throne expecting the messenger of an angered deity.

"And then I saw enter this deserted hall, with slow, majestic step, an enormous tiger, so gigantic that I, who have killed fifty in my lifetime, never saw one like him. I recognised the rapacious monster that for a year had been ravaging my kingdom."

"The King-of-the-Tigers!" exclaimed the sportsmen, much interested in the story.

"The King-of-the-Tigers himself," said Goulab Sing. "Advancing into the middle of the room, he stopped, and I felt his eyes of fire fixed upon mine. He crouched, and uttered a formidable growl, echoed again and again by the vaulted roof. I thought he was going to leap upon me, and I felt my blood freeze in my veins. But I remained motionless, apparently impassible.

"Then the monster, turning his head, perceived the effigies of the Deotas ranged round the hall, and thinking probably that I was but one of them, like them a block of metal and a cluster of stones, he uttered a hoarse growl, arose, and went away with the same slow, majestic stride.

"Perhaps he would have gone off without harming any one, but a poor bayadere happened to cross his path as he went. The tiger bounded on to her, and bore the unfortunate woman away to the woods. Her piercing shrieks resounded in my ears for many a day thereafter.

"My people pretended that the ferocious beast had found the victim he sought, for the Bagh Rajah, like all the man-eaters, is said to prefer the fair sex."

"How horrible!" exclaimed the ladies, and more than one of them glanced in terror at the stretch of lawn where the tragedy had taken place.

"Ladies," said General Butnot, "you need not reproach the King-of-the-Tigers for what I consider his excellent taste."

The general's well-meant pleasantry did not seem to allay their fears.

"From that day," said the Maharajah, "the tiger frequently returned to this palace. Several courageous shikaris who endeavoured to dispute his entrance were one after the other slain by him. Confessing myself vanquished, I abandoned these enchanted halls, which became the favourite retreat of the redoubtable monster."

"But then it is terrible for you to have brought us here!" exclaimed Mrs. Whatafter. "If the tiger were to come!"

"Be not afraid, madam," said Goulab Sing. "The King-of-the-Tigers has been gone from here for many days. He precipitately fled when he learnt that the noble sportsmen of Europe had come to my assistance. I am afraid that if ever he comes back it will only be after they have gone."

(To be continued.)



"The King-of-the-Tigers himself."

come far from the noise of the capital and pass the happiest moments of my life among devoted friends. Here it is also that, following the custom established by my ancestors, I have always held the great assemblies of my kingdom, and celebrated in this sacred hall the ceremonies of that religion of which the divine Deotas have made me pontiff.

"About twelve months ago I had just sacrificed in the adjoining temple the white bull that every year on the eve of the Dassara I offer to Siva, the all-powerful sovereign of Merou.

"As soon as I finished the sacrifice I took my place on this throne, and, clothed in my triple golden crown and my royal mantle, I received the adorations of the

and I, in anger at the unusual interruption, gave orders that the author of it should be immediately chastised. But while I was speaking a terrible growl greeted my ears.

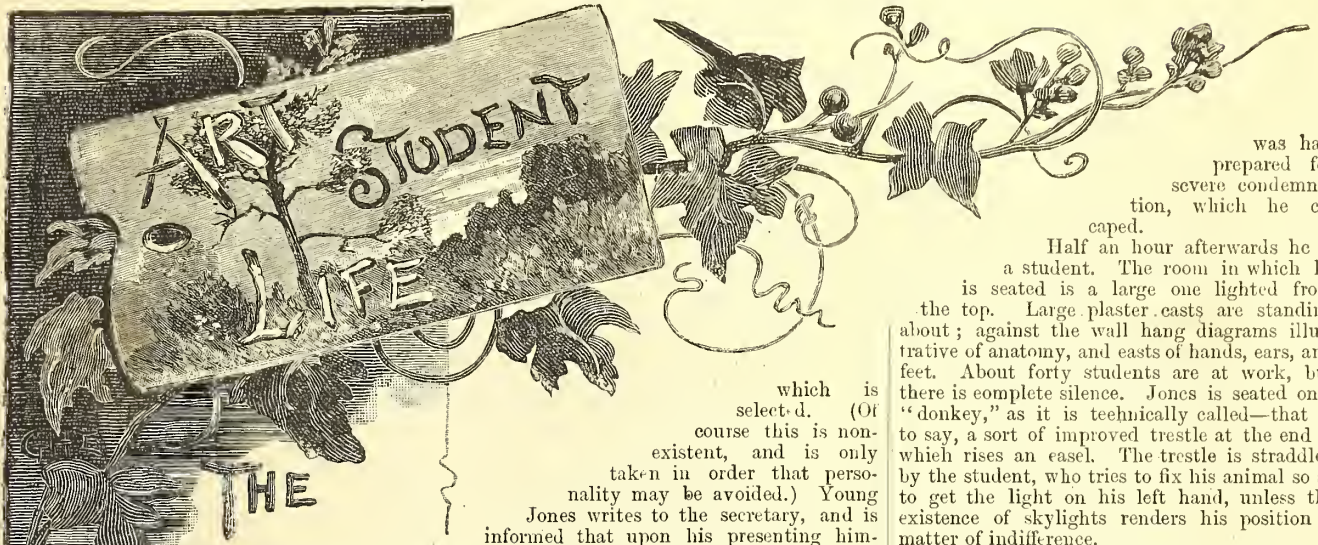
"In an instant nobles, warriors, priests, and dancers, seized with indescribable panic, rushed out of this hall. Even I was seized with the same terror, and would have quitted my throne and fled, but the heavy ornaments of gold, the jewels and the chains which ornamented my shoulders, kept me in my place. I did not attempt to take off these ornaments, these emblems of my sacred power. I blushed at the thought of imitating my servants, and I resolved to die, if I must die, like a king, and so I waited on my





## WHAT SHALL I BE?

OR, AIDS TO THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.



overcrowding of the professions is the common complaint of those who are members of them. The Church, the Bar, Medicine, are all full to overflowing. It would seem natural that the arts, to the successful prosecution of which a special talent is necessary, could not possibly suffer from that congestion which overtakes professions for which most men of liberal education can fit themselves by special training. It does not seem so, however. The supply is more than equal to the demand in the arts as in other occupations, and to judge by the numbers of those who seek to enter the temple of the Muses and follow one or other of them with a lifelong pursuit, the supply is by no means likely to decrease.

Now that the arts are gaining in popular estimation, now that a celebrated artist is at least as well known and sought after as a successful financier or M.P., the attractions of the artist life are leading many to enter it who a generation ago would have thought it beneath their dignity. It will perhaps be as interesting as useful, therefore, to many of our readers to know something of the sort of life which an art student leads before he can shake himself free from the trammels of his teachers and show the world what he has in him.

There are schools and schools, and the first difficulty of the young man or woman who elects to be an artist is to decide which school to join. The Academy is the best training-school, but it is the halfway house in the student's long journey. He hopes some day to enter its portals, but he has not the courage to try to commence his career where many end it. So the first thing to decide is where to attain that peculiar style of work and fineness of execution which the Academy demands before she will admit the aspiring student.

Let us, then, follow in imagination the fortunes of a student of average attainments and average standing, whom we will call Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones lives in the country; he has a decided taste for drawing, and has executed some water-colours which have gained the warm plaudits of the local connoisseurs. His father, a doctor in tolerable practice, is willing that his son, who seems unable to follow any calling but that to which his tastes incline him, should try his fortune as a painter. So inquiries are made, prospectuses are obtained from the South Kensington School of Art, the Slade, the St. John's Wood School, and the various others of more or less importance which exist, and after much cogitation one is chosen.

Let us suppose it is the Lincoln's Inn School

which is select-d. (Of course this is non-existent, and is only taken in order that personality may be avoided.) Young Jones writes to the secretary, and is informed that upon his presenting himself with proper testimonials he will be admitted to study during the next term. The fees, which are payable in advance, are five guineas for each of the three terms.

Jones accordingly comes to London, not without sundry counsels from his parents as to the necessity of looking upon his profession as something more than an amusement. Dr. Jones is not quite able to divest himself of the idea that painting is a proper occupation enough for leisure hours, but is scarcely serious enough to engage a man's life. However, he is sufficiently liberal to believe that it is quite possible it may be just as difficult to learn the anatomy of a man's body for artistic purposes as for therapeutic. So, with many cautions and the best introductions he can give him, he sends his son to town to carve his way to fortune, or at least to paint it.

Jones's first care is to establish himself in a lodging within a walking distance of his school. He means business, and does not intend to spend money till he has earned it, so he contents himself with two rooms, choosing his sitting-room for its north light and his scanty bedroom because it happens to be attached to his sitting-room, which is to serve as studio, library, drawing-room, and everything in one. For this sumptuous accommodation he is charged seventeen shillings a week, including attendance, the latter item appearing chiefly in the bill.

Punctually at 9.30 Jones presents himself at the doors of the school. He finds a batch of fellows there before him, like himself evidently strange to the place. However, an appeal to a porter results in their being shown in to an office, where the principal master soon joins them.

Jones has brought with him a couple of his most successful sketches, of which he is secretly not a little proud. Rather to his disquiet there seems to be considerably more stress laid on the appearance of his fee than on the drawings. However, he is asked if he has brought anything to show, and he confesses he has, a confession which lacks that half-proud humility which used to accompany the production of his works at home.

"Landscape, I see," says Mr. Ferguson. "Have you done no figure?"

"No, sir, not much; I don't get on so well with figures."

"You must manage to if you are aiming at the Academy," is Mr. Ferguson's reply.

Jones does not feel so encouraged as he could wish. It is evident that he will not create a furor in the artistic world just yet. But he is too sensible to be disappointed, and though he secretly hoped he might win approbation he

was half prepared for severe condemnation, which he escaped.

Half an hour afterwards he is a student. The room in which he is seated is a large one lighted from the top. Large plaster casts are standing about; against the wall hang diagrams illustrative of anatomy, and casts of hands, ears, and feet. About forty students are at work, but there is complete silence. Jones is seated on a "donkey," as it is technically called—that is to say, a sort of improved trestle at the end of which rises an easel. The trestle is straddled by the student, who tries to fix his animal so as to get the light on his left hand, unless the existence of skylights renders his position a matter of indifference.

It is no Venus that Jones is studying, not even her foot. He has to wait a long time before he rises to that. At present he is engaged in painfully copying a large design for a decorative panel in outline. This is a test of accuracy of drawing, and Jones soon comes to the conclusion that it is a very good one. He is not allowed to measure, and if he were to follow out the plan in vogue in his drawing-class at school and prick a pin through the paper to fix the points of departure he would soon bring down on himself the wrath of the authorities.

Of these authorities Jones has at present a very vague conception. One of the assistant masters, of whom there are three or four, sets him his work to do, and after about an hour has passed he is conscious that some one is looking over his shoulder.

"Not quite so fast," says a voice behind him. "You must be accurate first and facility will come afterwards. If you start with facility you will never be accurate."

"How long ought I to be doing this?" asks Jones.

"As short a time as possible to allow you to do it well," is the rather vague answer. "You don't seem to have got that curve quite in place. Where will you be when it meets that intersecting one?"

Jones looks at his work rather disconsolately. This is very different from water-colour, or even oil, which he has used a little. And he has not learned yet that to expect a master to give praise is to expect what it would be unwise to give, except in rare instances.

The clock strikes eleven, and there is an instant hubbub in the room. Half the men leave their easels and wander to that of a friend, or make an excursion in search of some needed material. Jones feels very friendless, he does not know a soul in the place. Evidently the man working near him is in a similar condition. The two eye each other for a moment; at nineteen the bonds of etiquette are not yet tightened. Jones plucks up courage and speaks to his neighbour. They have a minute's chat, then sounds the bell for silence and work is resumed till lunch.

There is an interval of an hour. Jones forgot all about lunch, so is compelled to seek it outside the school, though he sees that many stay and demolish sandwiches in little groups. But Jones is not sorry to get into the open air, nor for that matter is Smith his neighbour. So the two go to a restaurant and have a frugal meal, and before it is over they are companions if not friends.

The afternoon passes as did the morning. Jones returns to his lodgings at the close of the



school at five and spends the evening in writing home and dipping into a work on anatomy. He has arranged with Smith that some evening soon they shall meet and do some study together, but at present he feels as if he wants to be alone. A strange sensation, that of being alone in London and unwilling to lose one's loneliness. Fortunately it soon wears off.

Next day passes very much like the first, except that Jones picks up acquaintance with a couple more students, both fresh to the school like himself. As the days go by he begins to wish he knew some of the more advanced men, who might give him a hint or two. But he finds that though they will answer a question evilly enough they do not encourage his advances, though with those of their own standing they are friendly to an uproarious degree. Jones complains to his friend Smith about it one lunch-time.

"Oh, that will be all right in time," said Smith. "You can't expect them to be hail-fellow-well-met with every one before they see what he's made of. Besides, we're all working against each other, so it isn't likely they will tell you all they know."

"You mean they are all going in for the Academy?"

"Yes, and as the vacancies are limited, if you get in that keeps one of them out."

However, Smith's rather selfish view of the motives of the seniors seemed ill-founded, for after a time the thaw melted, and Jones found himself as generally popular as he could reasonably expect. By this time he was promoted from outline drawing to copying from casts of geometrical figures, and now at last he was permitted to copy a cast of the ear of the David of Michael Angelo.

How he did plod at it! In view of the requirements of the Academy, he was obliged to practise the fine stippling, which those who favour the bold style term "niggling." Two whole weeks was he in drawing and shading in chalk that ear, but when he had finished it he knew how to draw an ear at least. Still, he began to feel that years must pass at this rate before he did anything but stipple a cast, so he resolved to confine himself to academical work when in school, but to give freer vent to his inclinations when outside.

In this Smith was ready to second him, so the pair made excursions every Saturday afternoon, sketch-book in hand, noting down in rapid style anything and everything that caught their fancy. An ostler rubbing down a horse, a rheumatic cabman mounting his box (slowly enough to allow a rapid sketch, to be finished afterwards), a child with a wheelbarrow, anything. This gave them facility of execution and something still more important—the power of catching the salient points of that which they drew. And drawing from nature was a fine corrective to the deadening influence of drawing from a cast under an arranged studio light.

Burton, one of the senior students, used sometimes to express himself in no measured terms as to the system of drawing in vogue at most of the schools.

"They tell you to do an impossibility," he would say. "You are given a plaster cast to copy, with all the lights and half-lights and the rest of the jargon; a sheet of white paper is put behind it to throw it up; you are told to leave the background out and draw your cast. The materials you have are black chalks, and with these on white paper you have to reproduce a cast which is whiter than its white background. Why don't they do like the French, and give you grey paper and black and white chalks?"

And so on, generally winding up with a reference to his friend Felton, who tried to get into the Academy "about forty times and failed, and is now making a fortune."

That is so far comforting to Jones, who feels that his chance of entering the Academy the first time he tries is very remote.

He soon gets to like the life very much. There is enough steady work to make him feel he is really working, and enough leisure to give him opportunity for self-culture, without which no artist can have much chance of being great.

Jones does not mean to be a mediocre man if he can help it, so he reads high-class poetry to elevate his thoughts and enable him to approach a subject poetically. He frequents the National Gallery and South Kensington, and does not waste his time there. He takes every opportunity of getting out into the country, and studies nature closely, fired thereto by the perusal of Ruskin, who is his present beacon-star. So that on the whole Jones bids fair to be a success.

A friend has pointed out to him that there is no reason why he should wait until the days of his studentship are accomplished before he does something on his own account. Why should he not try and illustrate for some magazines? There is "Ferguson's Pictorial Magazine," which comes out once a fortnight, full of stories and articles of all sorts, illustrated. Why not try and give the result of his Saturday excursions? Get Brown to write the letterpress or do it himself and work up the sketches which he has taken. Jones is diffident of his powers, but is ready to try. However, he finds that first of all he must study the size of the sketches required and start anew as regards the medium he is to use. His first efforts are rejected, but he sends them elsewhere and they are accepted. He gets two guineas for four sketches which took him an evening each to do. Rather poor pay, but decidedly worth having to Jones, who finds in time that he can work faster and better. At the end of the term he finds to his satisfaction that he has paid his fees with the results of his labour, and with no small complacency writes to tell his father so.

He has another good bit of news to rejoice his heart. There is a sketching club in connection with his school. Once a fortnight every member has to contribute a drawing or study on a given subject or else be mulcted of sixpence. The members take it in turn to propose the subjects, which are of the most varying description and treated still more varyingly. Sometimes it is an abstract subject—"Hope," "Despair," etc.; sometimes the illustration of a line from a poet—"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day," or something of the sort. On a fixed evening the drawings are exhibited, the two best having been first decided on by a master. The prize-winners receive ten shillings and five shillings respectively, the result of the half-crown subscription at the beginning of the term.

Needless to say, criticism is rampant on the show evening; and as the authorship of the drawings is kept secret, any one who wants to hear the real opinion of his comrades about his production need only listen, when he will probably hear quite as much as is pleasant for him. In time the style of the different students becomes pretty well known, and then it is often an object to produce a study in a style as different as possible from the usual one.

Jones was only fairly successful during his first term, once getting the second prize for a sketch of "Confidence," which he depicted by a young child putting up its face to be kissed by a crusty-looking old curmudgeon. However, at the end of the term there was held a grand exhibition, to which friends were invited, when an R.A. came to adjudicate and deliver the prizes. The subject was given out a month in advance—"Jacob at the Well"—and Jones worked hard at it. To his mingled surprise and joy he was bracketed second with his friend Smith; a veritable triumph. Next term Jones was treated with more respect, and his chance for the Academy spoken of as not a bad one.

His holiday was wisely employed. In point of fact an artist has no holiday any more than an author; even at those times when he seems to be idle he is accumulating, perhaps unconsciously, material for future work. Jones, who was flushed with his success, made his vacation one long series of studies, spending a fortnight of it in the most deserted village he could find, that he might give himself up uninterruptedly to his work. He scarcely felt happy away from it.

We need not follow his career much further. At the end of his next term he submitted his

work to the Academy, the principal item being a drawing in chalk of the Venus of Milo, which had seized his imagination. What labour he had expended on it! How he had worked it up to the finest degree of perfection of which he was master! He spent an anxious time waiting for the verdict, and when at last he was officially informed he had succeeded he thought himself the happiest man on earth.

Of course he bade good-bye to his school, leaving with some regret the room in which he had spent so many pleasant hours. The rest of his student life must be spent within the Academy walls under the eye of an R.A. and in companionship with men amongst whom will probably be found the leading names of the next generation. With everything to make him aspire, a man must indeed be determined to waste his time who refuses to do his best; and Jones, at all events, had his eye on the gold medal. But what gave him greater joy than even the possession of the medal could have bestowed was the knowledge that no more fees were payable now, and that he could relieve his father of a considerable drain on his not too well-filled purse.

In imagination we can see Jones making constant advances till at last, after five years' hard labour, he wins the travelling scholarship of £200 with the gold medal. What more can he desire? And at what better point can we leave him? May his future prove as successful as the beginning is bright.

## SLOGANS AND WAR-CRIES.



THE "war-cry," or "word of onset"—the "clamor militaris" of the Romans, the "cri de guerre" of the French, the "eathghairm," "slughorn," "slugan," "sloggan," "slogan," "slagan," or "ensenzie" of the Scots, the "ubub" of the Welsh, the "ul-lulu" of the Irish—is of very remote antiquity, and from it is generally derived the motto beneath the heraldic shield.

Like the war-whoop of the modern savage, it served to terrify the enemy, and at the same time by its peculiar sound to animate the courage of the friends within earshot and guide them to the point of danger. Amongst Asiatics especially it still flourishes in all its vigour, and many a hard-fought field in recent days can tell of the power of the Mohammedan "Allah! ll Allah!" amongst Oriental eries, second only in its volume of sound to the "Hur, Hur, Mahadeo!" of the Mahrattas.

The modern British slogan is the cheer that is nearest expressed by "hurray"—not "hooray"; there is no "hoo" in the genuine British cheer—which is just as effective and very much more simple than the old "St. George!" of the English kings, or "St. Andrew!" of the Scotch, or the "Merry England!" of the bowmen, and "Scotland for ever!" of the Lowland rank-and-file, which it has almost superseded.

Some of the ancient war-eries, in truth, were very much too elaborate for popular consumption, and in the heat of fight could never have been used except in an abbreviated form. Although they are chronicled at full length by the courtly historians, it is obvious, from an unguarded expression here and there, that there was a great difference between the formal war-cry of the knight and the actual shout of his



men. At Hastings, for instance, in reply to the Norman "Nostro Dame, Dieu ay nous ado!"—a variant of the Scandinavian "Thor aid!"—the English cry was an invocation of considerable length, which as the fight proceeded was dropped altogether and replaced by the very homely equivalent of "Get out!"

The national war-cry of England was "St. George!" though many of the kings used "Montjoie!" which as a good loud-sounding word of many meanings was also adopted by the kings of France and the Dukes of Burgundy. "Montjoie Notre Dame!" was the English cry, "Montjoie Saint Denis!" the French, "Montjoie St. Andrew!" the Burgundian. Richard I. at Jaffa used "Guyenne au Roi d'Angleterre!" and it was in Palestine that he adopted what afterwards became the Garter motto, "Dieu et Mon Droit." King Edward III. at Calais shouted "St. Edward and St. George!" Cressy was won by "St. George!" alone, and the Black Prince at Poitiers led on his men to "St. George, Guyenne!"

The Scottish cry from the very earliest times was "St. Andrew!" although the Western Highlanders at the fight on Luton Moor in 1138, since known as the Battle of the Standard, were rallied to the shout of "Albin! Albin!" The Welsh war-cry was "Alleluia!" The Irish war-cry, we are told, was not "St. Patrick!" but "Abboo!" meaning "Victory!" or "I will burn," and hence the "Crom-aboo" of the

Leinster Fitzgeralds, the "Shanet-aboo" of the Desmonds, the "Gabriagh-aboo" of the Bourkes, the "Butler-aboo" of the Butlers, and the "Lanndarg-aboo!" of Shan O'Neil, who gave such trouble to Elizabeth.

The war-cries of the Continental nobles are handed down to us with great care. Anjou shouted "St. Maurice!" Artois "Montjoie au blanc epervier!" Auvergne "Clermont au dauphin d'Auvergne!" Bourbon the common "Notre Dame!" Bar "Bar au riche due!" Bretagne "St. Yves, St. Malo!" Champagne "Chartres et Pars avant!" Flanders "An Lion!" or "Arras!" and Foix "Béarn!"

Of other historical war-cries we have the "Ambrones!" of the Goths, the "Right and left!" of the Germans, and the "A Mat!" or "Santiago! Close!" of Spain; the "St. Peter!" of the Papal troops, and the "Montjoie d'Anjou!" of the French kings of Sicily; the "Palle!" of the Medici, the "Marco!" of the Venetians, and the "Marzocco!" of the Florentines; to say nothing of the more ancient shouts of the Roman and Italian soldiery—such as the "Hercules invictus!" of Pompey and the "Venus viatrix!" of Cæsar—varying with each general and each war.

Scotland has quite a reputation for curious and expressive war-cries. Thanks to Sir Walter Scott, many are "familiar as household words." Says he in "Marmion," before the armies join battle at Flodden Field:

"O for one hour of Wallace wight,  
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,  
And cry—'Saint Andrew and our right!'"

And at the taking of Turnberry, in the "Lord of the Isles":

"The Bruce! the Bruce! to well-known cry,  
His native rocks and woods reply.  
'The Bruce! the Bruce!' in that dread word  
The knell of hundred deaths was heard."

And in the same poem, in the last charge of De Argentine on the English side:

"Then in his stirrups rising high,  
He shouted loud his battle cry,  
'St. James for Argentine!'"

And there are many other instances.

But few of the English war-cries have been handed down to us, and these invariably consist of the knight's surname. By Henry VII., cap. 10, in 1495, all private shouts of war were forbidden, and only the national "St. George!" permitted, the result of the interference being that even the "St. George" dropped out of use. In these days of long-range rifles and skirmishing order the slogan has almost received its death-blow. We would that grim war itself were passing away with its ancient slogans.

## A BOY'S TOUR THROUGH EGYPT, THE DESERT, AND PALESTINE.\*

THOSE who have never been beyond the shores of our own little island, and have only learnt about other lands through an atlas, or from story books, would probably feel the same as I did if to-morrow they were asked to accompany their father and friends, who intended starting in a fortnight's time for a four months' tour—from January to May inclusive—through Egypt, the Desert, and Palestine.

I suppose there are very few boys who would not jump at such a proposition as eagerly as I did.

Well, it was all decided. I knew I was to go, and yet it seemed far too good to be true. Could I really be going to see with my own eyes countries that, to me, only existed in school books and on maps? Yes, it was true, hurrah!

Then came the confusion and bustle preparatory to a long journey. Luggage limited to sixty pounds. What must I take? what must I leave behind? One thick suit, with extra pair of trousers, overcoat, macintosh, flea-proof night-shirts, pocket-filter, collecting-boxes, etc., etc.

At last the day has arrived. I need not describe the numerous good-byes, but may mention that on one old lady friend declaring that we should "never be seen again," but should leave our "bones bleaching in the desert," we tried to comfort her by the assurance that we would at any rate label them for future travellers to bring on.

Now we are off! Really moving out of dirty, foggy London, and bound for lands of warmth and sunshine. It was a bitterly cold night in January, but buried in our rugs and wrappers the time passed quickly until we found ourselves at Dover.

The first thing to be done was to convey all luggage on board the steamer and make ourselves comfortable in the warm saloon reserved for us. Nothing was to be seen. On board all was confusion. Almost an hour passed before the steam-whistle sounded, and we tried to realise that four long months would pass before we should see the white cliffs of old England again. The sky was clear, and it was close upon midnight when we came on deck to catch the first sight of a new country. The

moment we landed our luggage was seized by those necessary evils, the customs-house officers, who, having done their duty by removing a few straps and peering in a careless manner into a portmanteau or two, permitted us to take our seats in the train for Paris.

How evident it was that, though only two short hours had passed, we were in another land, where the language we had always spoken and heard was useless! Sleeping through the night, we reached Paris the following morning at seven o'clock, and, breakfast over, sallied forth to "do Paris." It was exceedingly cold, immense heaps of snow lying at every corner. The first thing that struck me was the width and clean appearance of the streets. Of course we went to the Louvre, Notre Dame, and other chief places of interest.

We were not long in discovering that we were in a Roman Catholic country, for in one church I noticed the text, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," and immediately below it a money-box "for prayers for the repose of souls in purgatory." But I must not stay at Paris when nine hours will take any one there, and as we are bound for Egypt we will travel with all speed.

The first part of a journey, as of a story, is nearly always the most "dry." At least so we thought the following day when we left Paris at half-past four a.m. for Marseilles, with the not very delightful prospect of twenty-four hours in a railway carriage. During the journey we stopped occasionally and got our meals at the buffets at the stations. How glad I was to know a little French, and how I wished I could speak with the same ease as the smallest children.

At length we arrive at Marseilles, and having seen our belongings on board the steamer, and ascertained that it does not start till midday, we prepare to explore the town. In walking through the streets we noticed the number of very fine mules that were used instead of horses, a striking peculiarity of their harness consisting in a huge horn of leather rising from the collar. Some of the streets are very fine, and there are many magnificent buildings. We were surprised to find considerable quantities of snow. Wandering through what may be called the "Seven Dials" of Marseilles, it appeared to be washing-day, some of the alleys being crowded with women who were washing by the side of a

stream which occupied the greater portion of the street (if such it might be called), so that we had to pick our way with some care.

We visited several churches, beneath one of which is a curious natural cave with a life-size representation of Christ in the sepulchre surrounded by guardian angels. A magnificent sea-wall forms one of the chief features of the city, to protect which immense masses of concrete have been tumbled into the sea in utter confusion. Scrambling along we came upon a man spearing eels. The spear was a pointed bamboo about fourteen feet long, which he used with great skill, generally securing something at each thrust. I noticed that he continually poured oil upon the water to get a smooth surface before striking at the fish.

But now it is almost time to start, and we hurry off to the steamer. It is not without some misgivings that we examine what is to be our home for eight days. The decks are soon cleared of the noisy, ragged crew who have assisted in loading, the whistle sounds once—twice—and we move slowly from the shore. The rest of the day passed pleasantly enough. None of us felt even squeamish, and we began to hope that we were "good sailors." Alas! we soon discovered our mistake.

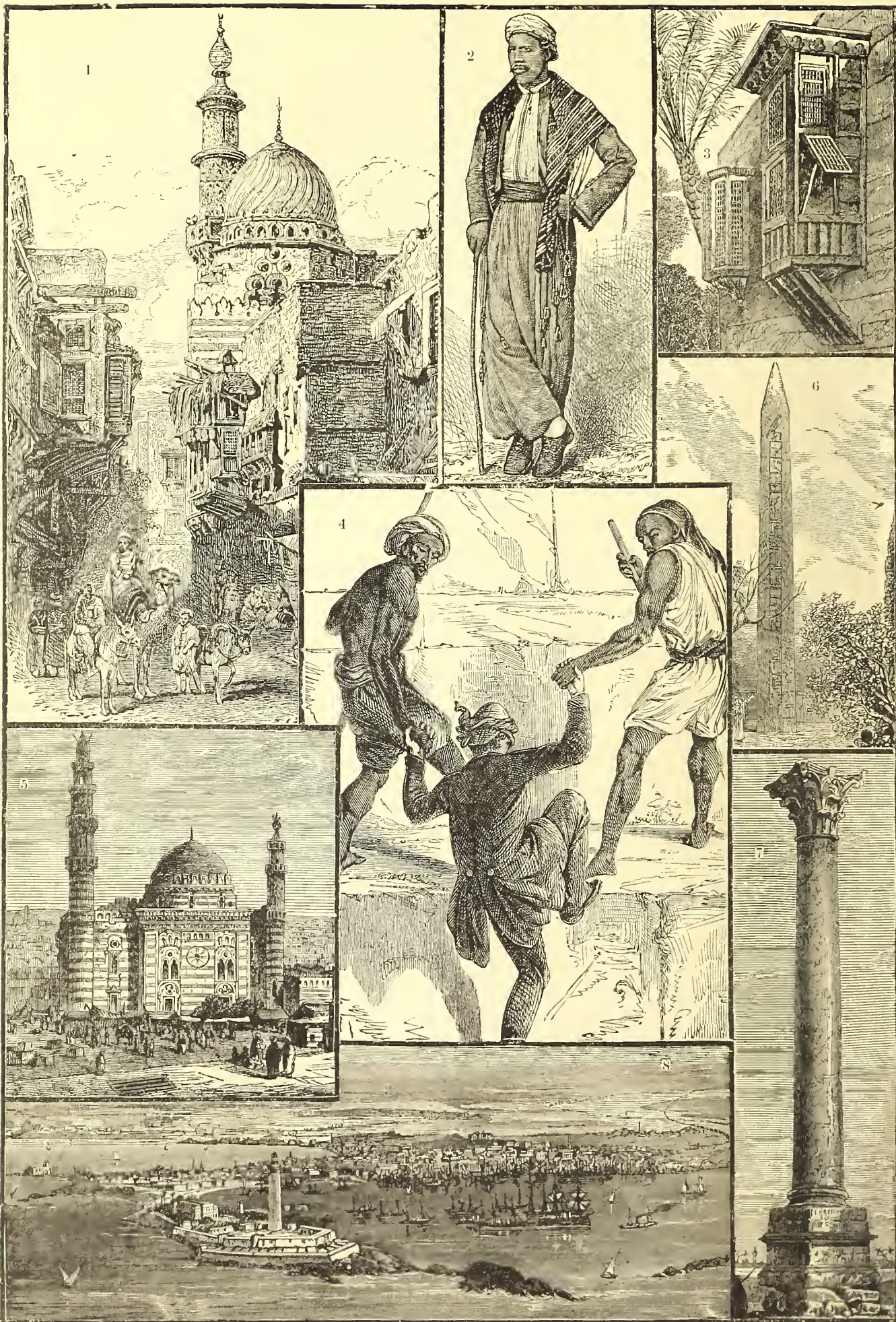
I was delighted with my "bunk" close to one of the port-holes, and slept soundly for the first night at least. Next morning we were up early, the "we" meaning myself and two others. The rest of our party, though upon inquiry they appeared to be perfectly well, for some reason or other, best known to themselves, still kept between the sheets. Upon reaching the deck no land was to be seen, we were really "at sea."

Later on the hazy outline of Corsica appeared, and soon afterwards we were coasting along by Elba. What we saw of it, at any rate, was rocky and desolate-looking. We certainly did not envy Napoleon a home on such a spot. A few hours brought us to Ischia and its famous castle, then to Capri with its beautiful blue grotto.

Towards evening the sea was decidedly rougher. White horses were to be seen in every direction. As I began to feel a curious uneasiness, especially when the ship "pitched" more than usual, I remembered that I had had a small bottle of pilules given me on leaving home, said

\* This is really what it purports to be. It is the record, by a boy, of a boy's tour.





1 Street in Cairo      2 Our Dragoman.      3 A latticed window in Cairo.      4 Mounting the Pyramids.      5 Mosque of Mahomet Ali, Cairo.  
 6 Obelisk at Heliopolis.      7 Pompey's Pillar.      8 Alexandria, before the bombardment.



to be a most wonderful cure for sea-sickness. How eagerly I read the directions and swallowed the stated number; but alas! instead of feeling better, was most decidedly worse, so much so that I was glad to follow the example of my companions and hurry off to bed. A good night's rest made me feel almost well again, and the following morning I was on deck early. The sea and sky were intensely blue, and we kept a good look-out to catch the first sight of Vesuvius and of Naples, where we hoped to spend the afternoon.

Long before entering the bay we caught sight of the summit of Vesuvius, smoke issuing from the crater in volumes, assuming most fantastic forms, and extending as far as eye could see. Our steamer at anchor, we went ashore, and having only one hour to spare, hired three carriages, at one franc and a half each the hour, and drove through the streets, in a short time gaining a tolerably good idea of the city.

Two days this week it has been snowing hard, and we are told that it had never been so cold here. As we returned to the steamer the fire on Vesuvius was visible every now and then blazing up with great brilliancy. The bay, as the darkness increased, was superb, the lights of the city extending for miles along the water-line, whilst the moon, nearly full, caused the deep-blue waters to sparkle on every side; and, towering above the snow peaks of the distant Apennines, rose in dark outline Vesuvius, with its black beds of lava, its north-western summit covered with snow and its head a flashing fire. We walked the decks till Naples and its lights vanished.

Next day we passed what has gone by the name of the lighthouse of the Mediterranean—Stromboli. What a curious place to live on! for though two thousand years have passed since there was a great eruption, it is nevertheless an active volcano. Our captain says we may expect bad weather, and shall "catch it" when we round the next headland. He was not far wrong. We did indeed "catch it." It was a night long to be remembered. Wind dead against us, blowing a gale, crashing timbers, doors slamming, cries of distress, smashing of crockery, the sailors' "Hey! ho! ahoy!" the wind whistling through the rigging, and the dashing of the waves were the sounds through a terribly long night.

Morning comes at length. I determine to get up. But first I must dress. This was no easy matter, as standing without support was impossible. At last that important operation was finished, and I staggered on deck. Where were our friends? The company was strictly select. The sight, never to be forgotten, amply rewarded me for all my trouble: waves mountains high; ship rolling 45°, bows diving into the great white-crested billows, lifting the screw high out of water, and then the terrible jerking plunge again with a noise like thunder. Now a big wave strikes us on the port bow, making the ship shiver from stem to stern.

Dinner-time was great fun. How to balance our soup-plates in one hand and eat with the other was the difficulty. A sudden roll and away went the long seat. Those upon it clutched at the tablecloth, and soup, glasses, knives, forks, and tourists were strewn all over the floor.

Things are looking serious. Extra steering tackle is being prepared; the mats in the cabins are floating about. How much depends on the screw at the stern and that long shaft connected with the engines!

About 3 p.m. we entered the Straits of Messina, and enjoyed for an hour or two cessation from tossing. Etna was lost in a dense mass of clouds, and the hills on the Italian shore were covered with snow to within a few hundred yards of the water's edge. Passing Scylla and Charybdis, we saw nothing of the fearful surging of the waters described by Virgil.

We steam slowly into the harbour of Alexandria, three days after time, and anchor close to a large vessel that had been delayed by the same storm. We learn that one terrific sea had completely swept the decks, carrying away four men and much of the bulwarks.

An armada of boats surrounds us, and we are quickly rowed to the shore. Here we find ourselves in a perfect Babel of tongues. We shoulder our way through the crowd. One of the chief things that struck me was the infinite variety of colour, the poorest people being frequently dressed in scarlet, blue, or bright yellow.

First we went to that famous monolith, Pompey's Pillar, and made a sketch. Close by are some tombs, and in one of these lives a Moslem saint, or rather maniac. Emerging as we passed, he commenced rubbing his head in the dust with a perseverance worthy of a better cause; then, producing a long bar of iron, he thrust it with great violence into his eye and throat. For this horrible performance of course he wanted "backsheesh." This word has been well described as the Alpha and Omega of the East.

We visited the gardens of the Pasha, occasionally open to the public. They are very fine for Egypt, where everything seems in a state of neglect. Farther on we saw the last Cleopatra's Needle, flying the stars and stripes of America, and preparing to be shipped to the New World. It is very similar to the one on the Thames Embankment.

How little we thought that cannon-ball and flame would so soon demolish the house we stayed in, and hundreds of others.

Early the next morning we started for Cairo by an express train, which goes at twenty miles an hour. Travelling through what was the land of Goshen, we have a capital opportunity of examining this famous country. The evidences, as also the cause, of its fertility were apparent enough, for the waters of the Nile had not entirely disappeared after the annual overflow. Every village appeared to be built of mud. Many were in ruins, the water rising higher than usual causing them to crumble away. We passed several lakes over which myriads of wild birds were skimming with exquisite effect. Long trains of camels and donkeys laden with oranges, cotton, and sugarcane reminded one of the Ishmaelite traders of Joseph's time. The whole country as far as eye could see is perfectly level, and green with the early crops, which are frequently succeeded by two or three in the year.

But now the cry, "The Pyramids in sight!" makes us look eagerly out of the windows of our carriage, and there, just before us, though many miles distant, rise those huge and wondrous tombs that Abraham, Moses, and Joseph have looked upon.

Arrived at Cairo, tamarisks, oleanders, and feathery palms growing in a garden under my bedroom window tell how different the temperature is to that of England.

We are soon mounted on very capital donkeys, the correct thing here, and are threading our way through the bazaars. Cairo is a much better type of an Eastern city than Alexandria. Only those who have seen can thoroughly know what an Oriental bazaar really is—the high overhanging houses with their latticed windows, the narrow streets and windowless shops with their lazy turbaned occupants squatting cross-legged in the midst of the goods smoking narghehs.

We push our way through a perfect sea of turbans, dark faces, and bright colours—Moslems, Copts, Arabs, Nubians, Jews, veiled women, and shoeless children—now narrowly escaping being knocked down by a long string of heavily laden camels, now in the midst of a marriage procession with its band of music, or to English ears miserable discord. Soon we emerge into a wider street; there are the runners before the carriages of the wealthy, as in the time of Joseph. We visit the famous Mosque of Mahomet Ali, where the three hundred janissaries were murdered. Our professional guide said five thousand.

To-day we are going to Heliopolis, about seven miles from Cairo. A solitary obelisk in the centre of a ploughed field alone marks the site of this once famous city. Mounting our donkeys we ride along by hedges of cotton and orange trees, the ripe fruit of the latter hanging very temptingly beside the dusty road. A tree

was pointed out as being the very one under which Mary and Joseph rested when they fled into Egypt. Of course we believed it!

The next day a lady at the hotel hearing we were going to sleep at the Pyramids, exclaimed, "But how can you do that; who will you have to clean your boots?" Determining, however, to risk the terrible consequences of not having our boots cleaned for forty-eight hours, we started early by the Nile boat to Baidrachin. Many curious vessels passed us, some made chiefly of reeds plastered over with the mud of the river; here and there what appeared to be a floating haystack, the barge weighed down to the water's edge.

On landing we mounted donkeys and galloped to the site of ancient Memphis, and made a sketch of the gigantic statue of Ramises II. lying in the mud of the Nile. Riding on over the sandy desert we soon came to the tombs of the sacred bulls. The entrance was discovered deep down in the sand only a few years since. Thirty-one splendid sarcophagi of polished red granite about fifteen feet square, brought all the way from Upper Egypt, testify to the great veneration the ancient Egyptians had for their sacred bulls. In these tombs the heat was intense. On emerging we were glad to use tinted spectacles and green veils to shade our eyes from the dazzling sand. Then we visited the Serapeum, or temple in which the bulls were worshipped. On the walls the drawings were as distinct as though they had just been done. We reached the Great Pyramid as the sun, sinking over the distant sand-hills, was tinting everything with gold.

The Pyramids from a distance disappointed us. It was not till reaching the very base that we began fully to realise their gigantic proportions. As we had determined to see the interior of Cheop's Pyramid by night, we were soon surrounded by many more attendants than were necessary, and proceeded to the small entrance in the side. Several very steep ascents up the polished granite the Arabs literally hauling us along, and we reach a small room known as the "King's Chamber." Here, standing around the single sarcophagus, we sang the Doxology and National Anthem. The Arabs then gave us a war dance. They certainly looked more like demons than human beings. Once again in the open air, we went to the house that was built for the Prince of Wales. Having slept a few hours in the room he used, we rose early to see the sunrise from the summit of the Great Pyramid. As no traveller may ascend alone, and the Arabs were still sleeping, we wandered along in the bright moonlight to the wonderful Sphinx that for so many centuries has been staring over the great waste of sand. The Arabs ready, we commence the ascent. Two or three of these brawny sons of Ishmael seized each of us. I may say that they are all tall, fine-looking men, but, being entirely innocent of soap and water, are decidedly preferable at a distance. These Pyramids were once coated with polished granite, but this has long since been stripped off, and the traveller has to ascend a succession of rude steps some three or four feet in height. This is by no means so easy as it may seem, huge masses having been dislodged and fallen down. Twenty minutes' hard climbing brought us to the top. The cold was intense, as the sun had not yet risen. However, we had not long to stand and shiver. As the light gradually rose in the east the darkness drew off like a curtain, and we saw the most glorious sunrise I ever expect to witness. Here, from a height of about five hundred feet, we could see far into the desert. To the east was Egypt, looking like a green belt, extending just as far as the Nile had overflowed and no farther. An Arab undertook to descend the Pyramid, cross the intervening space, and ascend to the summit of Cephren's Pyramid in ten minutes.

"Impossible!" was the exclamation of all, but he did it. In descending some of our friends had to be roped, since looking down from such a height made them giddy.

Once at the bottom comes the last but not the easiest operation of paying our attendants. It was a sight I shall never forget. What with



the halloaing, shouting, and fighting, to a European it would seem that nothing less than murder was about to be committed. One favourite way of settling a discussion seems to be spitting in each other's faces!

At last all received something. Of course,

they were not satisfied—and not likely to be while there remained the slightest chance of receiving more "backsheesh." We could have wandered amongst these grand monuments for a week, but were compelled to hasten back to Cairo to prepare for our desert journey. A

capital road is now made from the Pyramids to Cairo, and along this our donkeys cantered nearly the whole way. Occasionally we had a shot at some white ibis, or vultures gorging themselves on a dead camel, but, having only revolvers, seldom did them any harm.

(To be continued.)

## JOHN SMITH THE GREAT:

A TRUE STORY OF ADVENTURE, PERIL, AND SUCCESS.

### CHAPTER I.

AT the well-known City church of St. Mary Woolnoth, at the corner of Lombard Street, there stands, as we have seen in our part for last March, the tomb of Sir William Phipps, the first colonial governor of colonial birth; at St. Sepulchre's, at the corner of Holborn Viaduct, there is that of a far greater American celebrity—John Smith, Governor of Virginia and Admiral of New England.

Of all the heroes of the days of Elizabeth and the first James none did more work, or did his work better, than Captain Smith, and why he has so slipped out of recollection in this country is rather difficult to understand. It may be owing to his familiar name rendering his ready identification so difficult; it may be, and more probably is, owing to the very multiplicity of his adventures having given rise to the suspicion that his history is too marvellous to be true.

For never, perhaps, lived there a man with a more sensational career. Adventure after adventure follows each other in so startling a manner that we get quite dazed at the wealth of incident. As a chronicle of thrilling experiences, hair-breadth escapes, and plucky triumphing over difficulties, Smith's autobiography is without a rival in the language. Of course there is much in it that in these more privileged times, when the Bible is within every one's reach, and its blessed teachings are bearing fruit, that shocks one not a little; but *then* the world seemed to live by fighting, and the man who took no part in the constant conflicts was hardly looked upon as a man at all. Now, happily, we know better: moral conquests—and evil is ever with us to be fought—are harder than the merely physical; and peace has her noble victories as well as war. But to our story.

Capt. Smith wrote several books, among them his own history, and therein enjoyed a great advantage. He may have recorded only what he thought creditable, and omitted the doubtful and the commonplace; he may also have exaggerated. But there is little reason to charge him with having done these things. Wherever his narrative can be checked it is found fairly full and straightforward, and nothing has been discovered since to his serious detriment which is not mentioned therein. For the adventurous captain was a public man, the real founder of Virginia, the oldest State in America, and in the United States is thoroughly appreciated, and has quite a literature devoted to him.

He was born at Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, in January, 1579, the year that Spenser published "The Shepheard's Calendar," and that in which the Spaniards received so sultry a greeting and rapid turn-out from Ireland at the hands of Sir William Drury. When Philip made his second attempt to wrest the crown from

Elizabeth, Smith, a boy of nine, took part in the rejoicings at his native village, shouted among the loudest at the defeat of the Invincible Armada—and resolved to be a sailor.

His first school was at Alford, his second at Louth. At neither did he do much good, and to the end of his life his spelling, particularly of foreign names, was absolutely appalling. His mother died when he was quite a child; his masters seem to have been somewhat harsh with him; his father, whom he respected most, was, he says, "cholerick;" so that his boyhood was rather troubled, and at last, despairing of happiness on land, he made up his mind to run away to sea.

To get the means to do so he one day sold his books and satchel and returned to the school intending to escape as soon as possible. No sooner had he entered the playground than he was told that the master wished to see him at once. Fearing that his secret had been discovered he went in to the interview. It was for no misdeed he had been summoned, however; the master had sent for him to sympathise with him and to tell him that his father was dead.

All thoughts of running away were now abandoned, and Smith went home to the funeral. At Willoughby he stayed till he was fifteen, and then he was bound apprentice to Thomas Sendall, the great merchant of King's Lynn. Sendall was a stern master, Mistress Sendall was the thriftiest of housewives, and Smith was the most enterprising of apprentices. The end may be imagined. It was not long in coming. One fine morning just after the very early breakfast Smith slipped out and walked off home to Willoughby. His guardians were not overpleased to see him, but they procured him a position as page to the son of Lord Willoughby, and with him he started for Orleans. He reached Orleans, and was immediately dismissed by Mr. Willoughby's governor on the ground that the retinue for the intended tour through the capitals of Europe was quite large enough.

Instead of at once returning to England, Smith went to Paris, and made friends with a Scotchman named Hume, who borrowed his money, and gave him letters to "powerful friends" in Scotland to ensure his getting employment under King James. This was in 1594. Having seen Paris, Smith journeyed northwards, and finding at Rouen that he had not the wherewithal to pay his passage-money across the Channel, dropped down stream to Havre, and there, "with no two coins to jingle against each other," the boy of fifteen enlisted in the English force under Sir John Norris, then helping King Henry IV. in recovering from the Spaniards the places they held in Brittany.

The Dons were soon cleared out of

France, and Norris was ordered off to Ireland to cope with Tyrone. Smith, who had had very little fighting, remained behind, and joined a free company under Captain Duxbury, to proceed to the Netherlands and there continue the contest with Spain. Here he spent four years and saw much small service.

In 1598, the war having ended by the Peace of Vervins, Smith at nineteen found his occupation gone, and took ship to Leith, to present his letters of recommendation to Hume's relatives. The vessel was wrecked on Holy Island, and Smith, though saved, was very much knocked about, and fell ill of a fever. For long days he lay between life and death, but the islanders nursed him through, and at last he was able to walk off "along the causeway which connects the island with the mainland at low tide, having had enough of the sea—for a time."

He journeyed to Edinburgh, and there found that Hume's relatives, though hospitable, were of no exalted rank, and had no influence whatever. In disgust he returned to Willoughby, and there became quite a village hero. Being weary of the greatness that was thrust upon him, he resolved to retire from the society of his fellow-men, built himself a "bower" in a distant wood, and became—a hermit!

The "Hermit of Willoughby," however, soon had enough of his loneliness, and after spending some time at Tattershall Castle, Earl Lincoln's seat in the Fens, took ship for the Low Countries in search of adventure. The Emperor Rudolf was engaged in one of his numerous wars against the Turks, and was hard pressed to retain Transylvania, which Sigismund Bathori had the year before put under his protection. Smith was delighted at having the chance of "fighting the infidel," and set off in hot haste for the seat of strife.

He had met with four Frenchmen, one of whom had announced himself as a great nobleman, and promised to introduce Smith to the Duchesse de Mercœur, whose husband was then the emperor's general in Hungary. With the "nobleman" and his friends Smith went on board ship bound for St. Valery. At St. Valery the Frenchmen went first ashore, and with them took all Smith's luggage, it being arranged that the boat would return for him. The boat, however, did not return till the next day; the men were simply swindlers, who, in league with the captain of the vessel, had possessed themselves of all Smith's outfit except what he stood up in. There was of course a great disturbance, and Smith was put on shore, having had to sell his cloak to pay his passage-money.

With him went a fellow-passenger to whom the rogues were known, and at his suggestion they started in pursuit of Mortain. There they found the "nobleman,"



but could get no satisfaction out of him—he was a lawyer's son, and the lawyer's knowledge of the criminal law was extensive and convenient. Smith's friend was an "outlaw," and could not appear; and seeing that nothing could be done without considerable delay, they parted company, and the young Englishman wandered about from port to port in search of a ship in which to work his passage. All his money had gone; he even got to the point of starvation, and one day sat down by a spring in the forest to die.

A good Samaritan, however, happened to pass that way, took him to his home, and set him on his legs again. No sooner was he well and strong, and off once more in search of an adventurous livelihood, than in passing through a grove of trees near Dinan he came upon one of the four

Frenchmen who had robbed him. There being no lawyer present, fighting commenced immediately. Cursell drew, Smith drew, and in a very short time the Frenchman was badly wounded, and on his knees confessing his villainy and screaming for mercy.

Having thus settled with the Frenchman, and left him to the villagers to take care of, Smith, hearing that one of the noblemen in the neighbourhood had been educated in England, took the liberty of calling. He was warmly welcomed and handsomely treated; and then, with much regret, continued his journey to Marseilles, where he hoped to get a ship to take him to Italy.

He was successful, and the ship started. A gale came on, and she had to run into Toulon. On again putting to sea the

weather grew stormy, and the captain crept in shore and dropped anchor not far from Nice, close to the little island of St. Mary.

The crew were Catholics, the passengers were pilgrims bound to Rome; Smith was the only Protestant on board. As the weather continued rough these intelligent fanatics persuaded themselves that the elements raged because of the presence on the vessel of the hated Huguenot. He, in fact, was a Jonah, and out he must go if the tempest was to be stilled. In vain Smith expostulated; in vain he struggled; he was "the accursed of Heaven," he was a "dog," a "pirate"—"all Englishmen were pirates"—"they were not going to perish for his life." And so they took him up and pitched him headlong into the sea.

(To be continued.)

## RIBBONS OF OUR ROWING CLUBS.

As a companion-plate to "The Cricket Colours of our Leading Schools" in the June part, our readers will find in the part for September a collection of "Ribbons of our Rowing Clubs." These are all drawn to scale, and the run of the pattern can be easily made out in all cases, except, perhaps, that of London, where the narrow white bands come at such wide intervals that their insertion in the plate would have been misleading, and only the broad blue background is consequently shown.

All the champion clubs that took honours in the Metropolitan Amateur Regatta on the 10th of last July are represented. The Thames, who won the £200 cup, beating Kingston and London and becoming champion of the senior fours for the year; the London, who rowed a wonderful dead heat with the Thames for the £350 cup, and divided with them the senior eight-oar championship after a race in which there was hardly a yard between the boats at any time between start and finish; the Anglian, who won by a yard the £100 cup and the junior eight-oar championship after their splendid race with the West London; and the Twickenham, who so easily carried off the championship of the coxswained senior fours.

Many of the leading clubs on our other rivers also have their places on the sheet. The Tyne gives us Newcastle and Seotswood, the Trent gives us Burton and Nottingham, the two Ouses give us York and Bedford. We have the black and white of Dublin, the pale blue of Cambridge, the yellow and black of the Tewkesbury Avon, the red and white of the Manchester Agecroft, and the blue with red monogram of the Derby Derwent, all off the metropolitan river. In the very many cases where the ribbon of two or three clubs is of the same pattern, the club best known out of its own district is that given.

Occasionally the colours of the boat clubs at our two older universities have been asked for; we can give them here appropriately, and our readers can make a sheet of them for themselves. At Oxford—Balliol has pink, white, blue, white and pink; Brasenose, black with gold edges; Christ Church, blue with a red cardinal's hat; Corpus, red with blue stripe; Exeter, black with red edges; Jesus, green with white edges; Lincoln, blue with a mitre; Magdalen, black and white; Merton, blue with white edges and a red cross; New, three pink and two white stripes; Oriel, blue and white; Pembroke, pink, white, and pink; Queen's, red, white, blue, white, blue, white, red; St. John's, yellow, black, red; Trinity, blue with white edges; University, blue with yellow edge; Wadham, light blue; Worcester, blue, white, pink, white, blue; St. Alban's Hall, blue with arrow head; St. Mary's, white, black, white; and Magdalen, black and blue edges. These are all the chief clubs.

At Cambridge—Caius has light blue and black; Catherine's, blue and white; Christ's, blue; Clare, black and golden yellow; Corpus, cherry and white; Downing, chocolate; Emmanuel, cherry and dark blue; Jesus, red and black; St. John's, bright red and white; King's, violet; Magdalen, indigo and lavender; Pembroke, elaret and light slate; Peterhouse, dark blue and white; Owen's, green and white; Sidney, red and blue; Trinity, dark blue; and Trinity Hall, black and white.

## Correspondence.



J. PROCKTER, W. BISHOP, and Others.—You can hardly expect us to be overwhelmed with grief because the entire edition of the Christmas part sold out at such an unexampled rate that there were none left for the late comers! You or your representatives should have ordered early, as we told you, and then you would not have been so disappointed. That your agents chose to buy the part at a premium from other agents, and charge you accordingly, is regrettable, but that is hardly our fault. Of the Summer Part we printed an increased number, but late comers may have been unable to obtain it. Another year be wise in time, and order early.

COMPASS.—The mark on one leg of the horseshoe magnet shows that the end so marked is the north end. Bar magnets are best for working with. It often happens that you fall with a horseshoe.

CANAL DE SUEZ.—For appointments under the Suez Canal Company apply to the offices in Paris, or to one of the English directors.

TROUBLESOME.—Very! but see back, and trouble yourself. Skin-dressing was fully gone into in the third volume.

PRENT.—An apprentice is "allowed" the holidays mentioned in his indentures—and no more.

COUNTRY LADDIE.—1. You did quite right with the ferns. They will come up all right in good time again. 2. No, don't attempt browning your gun at home.

A. FRASER.—There were five articles on cardboard modelling. They began in No. 200, in the December part for 1882.

A. O. MANDY.—To black bronze brass, clean the winch in aquafortis, rinse it in clean water, and then leave it in a mixture of twelve parts of hydrochloric acid to one each of sulphate of iron and pure white arsenic, until it turns the colour you want. Rinse it in clean water, dry it in sawdust, polish it with blacklead, and lacquer with green lacquer.

HERCULES.—You can obtain a cheap dog from the Battersea Home, but it is not the place to go to for a good one, unless you are a thorough judge. The better plan is to answer or insert an advertisement; but the best is to get some friend to choose the dog from some noted strain.

J. HALL.—1. We gave an article on stone-polishing a few months back. There is no book specially treating of the subject. 2. Slacken the first string when you have done playing. That is the only way to keep it from snapping.

SCHOOLBOY.—The "Fifth Form at St. Dominic's" is not yet published in book form. You can get it by buying the fourth volume.

M. D. D.—1. George III. half-crowns as a rule are worth two shillings and sixpence. Surely you can see that a coin almost daily met with is unlikely to have any fancy value. 2. Cut off the curls at once, and keep the hair as short as you can. A boy should be ashamed of such effeminacy.

PHENIX.—Before you can teach chemistry or electricity you must hold a first-class certificate from the Science and Art Department. Write to Secretary, South Kensington, S.W.

A. F.—1. The owl is a night bird, the crow a day bird. 2. The silver is blackened by the excess of sulphur in the gas fumes. 3. The variation of the compass is now 18° 12'.

XERXES.—Articles on ventriloquism were given in our first and third volumes, and to them you should refer. See the parts for June, 1879, and January, 1881.

PATRICK MIRE.—1. Moore's Irish Melodies can be obtained through any bookseller. There are editions at all prices. 2. We know of no trustworthy history of Ireland.

COEOANUT.—Stalemate is given when you are in such a position that your king cannot move unless into check.

P. TUCKER.—For all guns you must have a licence. There is no exception.





**AN OLD READER.**—1. The coloured plate of British Freshwater Fishes was given away with the June part in 1881. 2. "My Boat, and how I made it," was in our third number.

**A ST. CLAIR OF THE ISLES.**—The few appointments in the Colonial Civil Service are filled by colonials. The examinations are not held here. You are of course eligible if you like to go.

**LASCCELLES.**—The back parts and numbers in print can be had through any bookseller or stationer.

**T. GOYER.**—There have been colonial bishoprics since 1787. The oldest bishopric in England and Wales is that of Llandaff.

**R. K. N.**—The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has £20,000 a year; the Lord Mayor of London has £10,000 a year. We have no desire to fill either post, so cannot say.

**H. POPE.**—1. The Mahrattas came into note first under Sivaji. The name of the Peishwa or prime minister who made his office paramount and hereditary was Balaji Vishvanath. The territory of the Peishwa was annexed in 1818. 2. Dannemora is in Sweden; it is famous for its iron mines. 3. There are now thirty-eight States in the Union. General Arthur was Vice-President.

**NUMMUS.**—For a very good reason. There was no gold coined at the Mint in either 1881 or 1882.

**J. P. B.**—You can make your boots permanently waterproof by soaking them for some hours in very thick soap and water. It seems that a fatty acid is formed in the leather by the soap, and this makes it impervious to water.

**CROQUET.**—1. You are not lighter after a meal than you were before—unless, as was suggested by an examinee, you have dined off puff-paste. 2. You are heavier with the breath out of you than with it in, and hence on delicate scales you will rise and fall as you breathe. 3. Diving is not swimming under water in the sense that you mean.

**MEDIEVAL FOOTBALL.**—Of course you know better than the rest of the world. You were an eye-witness of the game in the reign of Elizabeth? Unfortunately the custom has not died out. J. B. P., of Dundee, sends us the following cutting from the local newspaper: "ORKNEY.—For the first time in Kirkwall all the drapers and clothiers held Christmas as an entire holiday, most of the other business establishments having a half-holiday. In the afternoon a football match took place in the streets of the town, between those residing above and below the Market Cross. After a sharp struggle, the former were victorious, carrying the ball to the head of the town."

**J. PLACE.**—The leading railways of England are the London and North-Western, the Midland, and the Great Northern.

**EVENING HYMN.**—You will find the poem in a book entitled "A Library of Religious Poetry," published by Sampson Low and Co.

**A SCHOOLBOY.**—1. Mistletoe grows best on soft-barked trees, such as the apple, the poplar, etc. It never grew very abundantly on the oak, and the rarity of its growth thereon had a good deal to do with the Druidical ceremony.

"The greenish, greyish, waxen wings  
Still tell of Balder's doom,  
Deep in the dark old hero times  
To Friga fraught with woe,  
Who made her son invulnerable  
To all things here below,  
Forgetting but one plant on earth—  
The mystic mistletoe.  
Its smooth branch gave the fateful braid  
Which blind old Hoder hurled,  
And, bribed by Loki, swept away  
Bright Balder from the world!"

Balder, the Northern Apollo, was restored to life, and the mistletoe given to the goddess of love, and every one who passed under it received a kiss, to show that the branch was an emblem of love, and not of death.

**E. H.**—The BOY'S OWN PAPER is published in October every year, under the title of "The Boy's Own Annual," and the price is seven shillings and sixpence. Did you never look in a bookseller's shop about Christmas-time?

**W. Y. S.**—The hot wind of Italy is the Sirocco, of Spain the Solano, of Arabia the Simoom. The Harmattan is the dry wind of Guinea, the Pampero is the dry gale of La Plata, the Puna is the cold gale of Peru. Typhoons are the hurricanes of the China Sea, Cyclones are revolving storms, Tornados are ordinary storms with lightning and rain.

**SEASICK.**—Seasickness is akin to biliousness; those who suffer much from one suffer from the other. No general cure is possible, for the causes and conditions are not the same in any two constitutions. Our "cure" is—fight it out, and make up your mind that it will soon be over.

**DONEG SALANO.**—Mix vegetable black and any varnish together, and with the mixture you can write on the glass.

**F. W. SAVIDGE.**—The novelist who writes under the name of "Ouida" is Louise de la Ramée. She was born in 1840. For further particulars see "Men of the Time."

**TIRO.**—1. You can make the section at the load-water-line either broader or narrower than at the deck. If you make it broader the sides are said to tumble home. 2. Red deal is the best wood for spars; lance-wood is too heavy. You would not want shrouds for a two-foot cutter, but if you have them make them light, and fix with as little metal work as possible. Shrouds properly speaking should be looped over. 3. The nearer you sail to the wind the tighter you haul your sheets, but the proportion that the length of the mainsheet bears to that of the jib depends on the boat. It is seldom equal; some boats like their head-sails much tauter than others. In practice the fore-sheet is seldom altered; it should be about free enough for the foreboom to work easily and yet not overhauling the boat's side. 4. A better plan is to pass the rope through the eucly and tie the end of it to it, and to fasten the loop on to the ringbolt by a hook. 5. Never have a pole mast if you can help it. When your topsail is down you are carrying timber aloft that must drive you to leeward.

**A WELL-WISHER.**—Printing-ink is a mixture of linseed oil, black resin, soap, lampblack, etc., which you had much better leave alone, and which you can buy more cheaply ready-made.

**W. H. MANNING AND OTHERS.**—Why not send on suggestions for competitions? We shall be glad of them.

**S. E. SMITH.**—There is no danger in iodine, and none in hartshorn, and you can get them separately from any druggist worthy of the name.

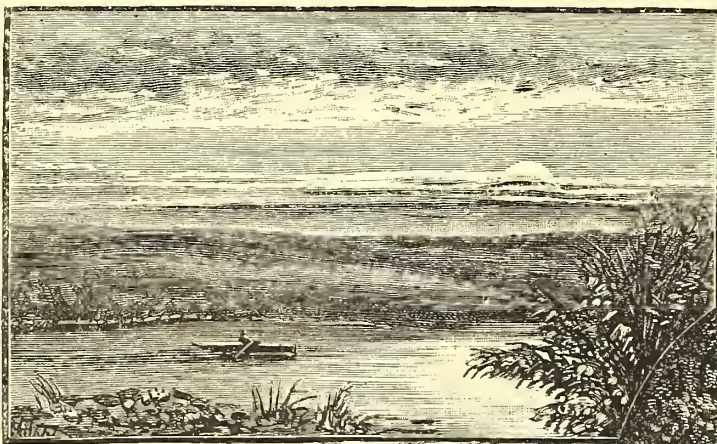
**CRELE.**—You should write to the paper in which the information appeared. We have quite enough to do to manage our own affairs without going out of the way to supplement or confirm the statements made by our contemporaries.

**C. W. GOULD.**—"Oblige by printing it in a former number," indeed? That is exactly what we will do. You can see the former number 157, and make a perpetual calendar for yourself, as scores of others have done.

**CANOE (Durham).**—See No. 245 for "How to Build a Canadian Canoe." Send us neither stamps nor stamped envelopes. We should not answer you if you did. Any reply we may have to make must come through these columns.

**A. SANDGROUNDER.**—We should advise you strongly to stay on shore. A deaf steward is unlikely to become popular with seasick passengers.

**W. H. M.**—Your suggestion has been anticipated. For the last three years the Correspondence has been included in the index supplied with the volume, and which can be had separately, price one penny.





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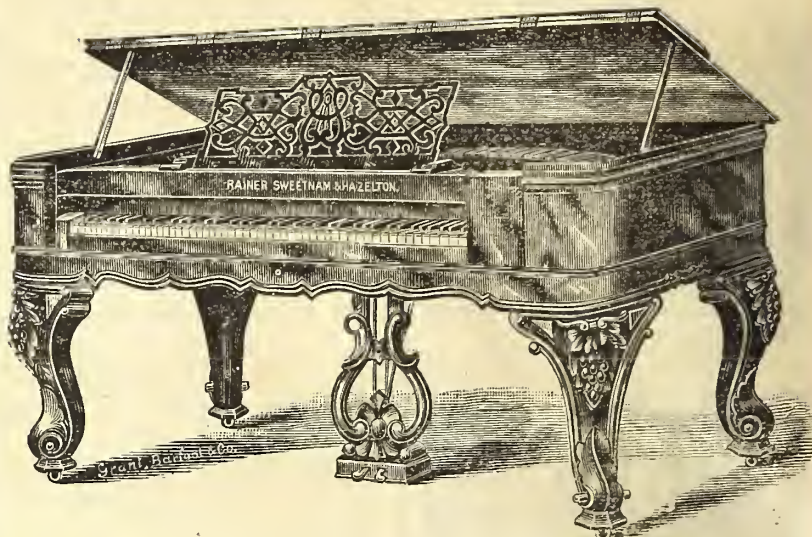
### A. NORMAN,

4 Queen Street East, - - - Toronto

### Catarrh—A New Treatment.

*From the Montreal Star, Nov. 17, 1882.*

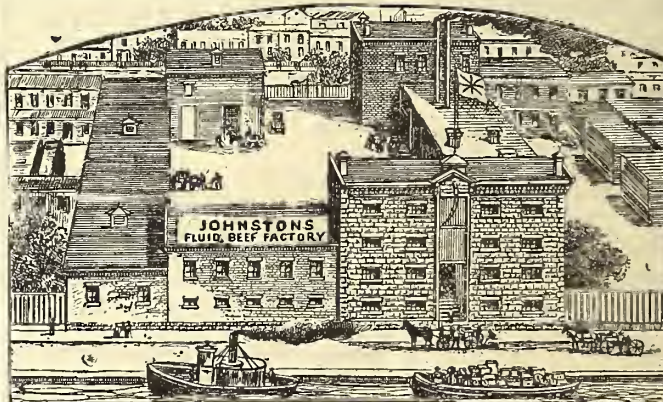
Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern medicine has been attained by the Dixon treatment for Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissue, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination—this accomplished, he claims the Catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure Catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured Catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple, and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.



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